Saturday Review

February 11, 1967 35¢

"Heavy the Oar to Him Who Is Tired, Heavy the Coat, Heavy the Sea," by Ivan Albright
(See the Fine Arts, "No Single Fact Is as It Seems," by Katharine Kuh.)

CAN WE STAY PROSPEROUS?

By Stuart Chase

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Len Heath promised his wife someday they'd be "swimming in champagne."

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And here they are. Splashing it up in the bubbles of Nuuanu Falls, the falls that look like champagne.

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Len used his United Credit Card and charged the whole trip: jet fare, hotel, rented car – everything he could arrange as a package with his Travel Agent. And he's paying the easy way – by the month.

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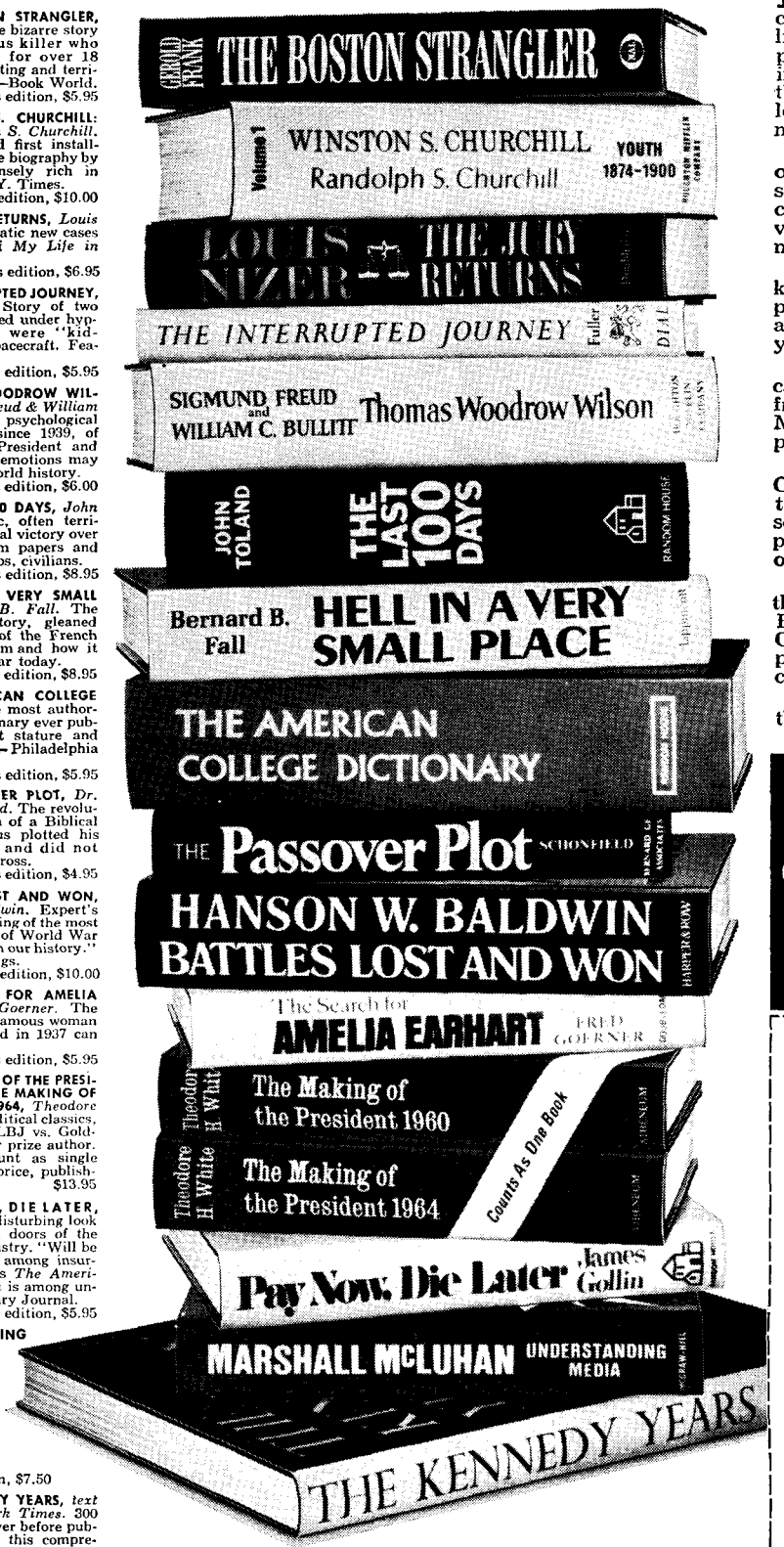

How DID the public image of Winston Churchill differ from the real man? How can society protect itself against crazed killers like the mysterious Boston Strangler? Is the public being given the whole truth about flying saucers? Books that raise questions like these not only go behind the news in their relentless search for answers, but often actually make news themselves.

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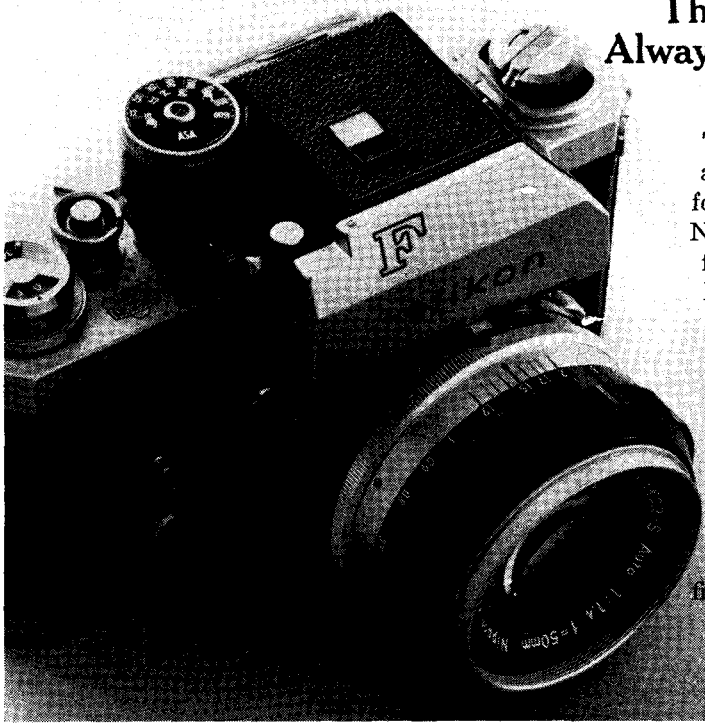

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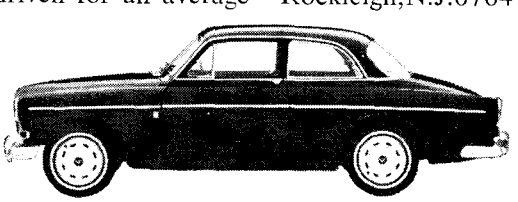

Saturday Review

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Is it true that in the museums on the Riviera the girl guides wear bikinis?

No.

But it's worth thinking about. After all, the distance between museum and Mediterranean is very short. A girl guide *could* take her lunch hour at the beach and return in plenty of time to point out the beauties of the Matisses and Picassos.

This indeed is our point. The French Riviera has something of everything.

All in a day you can sun worship, and art worship, dine regally, gamble legally. Drop in at a local night spot to catch Antoine, or whoever is the moment's *dernier cri* in post-Beatle madness.

Then, come the dawn, if you're still with it you can end your night's play watching the fishermen start their day's work.

Or you can get away from it all —high up in the hills, in the *other* Côte d'Azur.

Above twentieth-century Nice, for example, you'll come upon fifteenth-century Eze, perched like an eagle's nest on the cliffs—a silent, storybook medieval village, complete with crumbling stone and crooked lane.

Further west, you'll pass rolling fields of thyme and lavender lazing in the perfumed air of Grasse. And farmlands so placid, countryside so remote, one forgets that just over the horizon lies the fun world of the Riviera, with its gaudy necklace of hotels strung along the crescent beaches from St. Tropez to Menton. And its sheiks and shahs spending money as if it were oil—which theirs is.

A varied scene, the Riviera—devoted variously to accommodating the *inner* man. When last counted, there was a particular restaurant to serve (and well) each particular international palate. And purse.

For those who would eat as the natives do, there is home cooking, Mediterranean style. Bouillabaisse and bourride, pistou and courgettes . . . and presiding spicily over all, the pungent presence of saffron, olives, pepper and garlic.

The more garlic, to be sure, the closer you get to nearby Provence, with its Roman ruins, French cowboys and original Van Goghs.

But that's another story.

(Want the story? Write French Tourist Office, Dept. R1, 610 5th Ave., N.Y. 10020. Also Beverly Hills, San Francisco, Chicago, Montreal.)

FRANCE

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DISCOVER

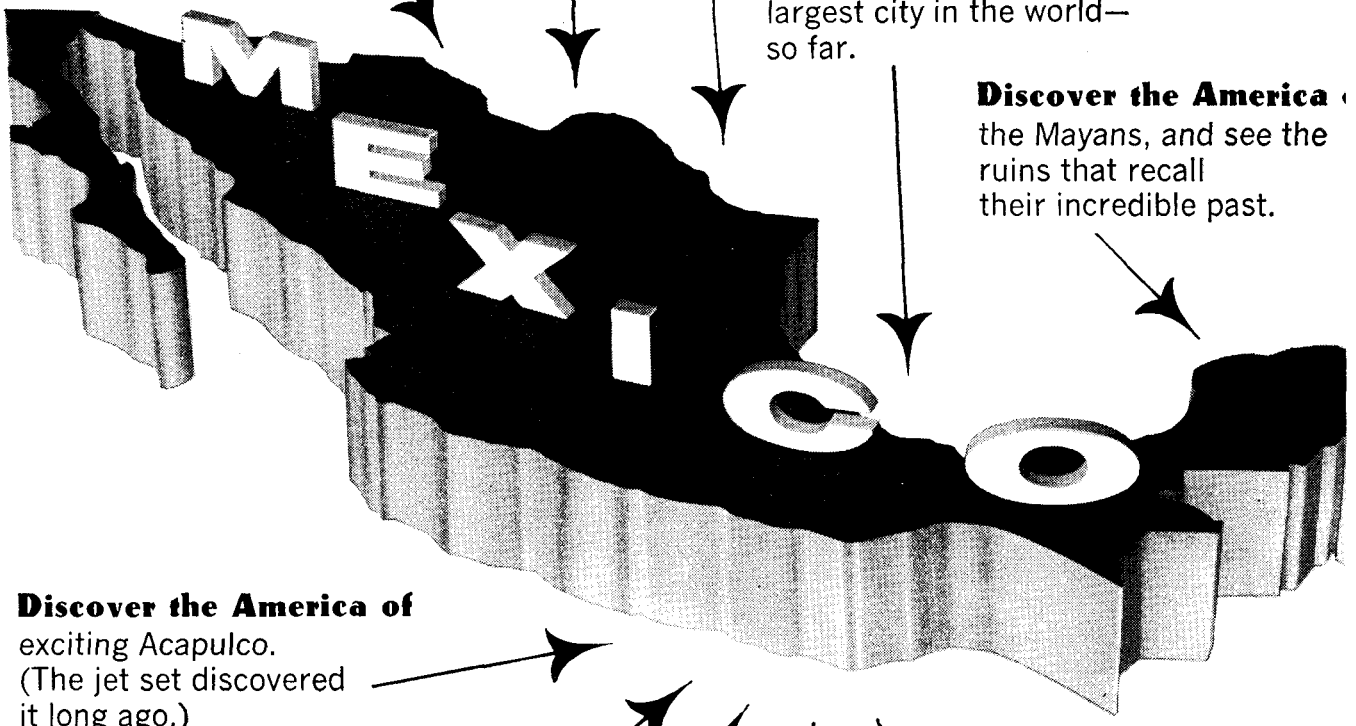
Discover the America of silver by Pineda and paintings by Cuevas and ceramics by Wilmot, and arts and crafts by hundreds of other equally renowned artists who are waiting for you to discover them.

Discover the America of history that Europeans discovered and settled 100 years before Plymouth Rock.

Discover the America of Cortez and Moctezuma.

Discover the America of the Aztecs, whose capital has become the twelfth largest city in the world—so far.

Discover the America the Mayans, and see the ruins that recall their incredible past.



Discover the America of exciting Acapulco. (The jet set discovered it long ago.)

Discover the America of gay mariachis who'll serenade you with their wonderful Mexican music.

Discover the America of China Poblana, the bright and colorful type of dress that was inspired by a Chinese princess.

Discover the America of Maximillian and Carlota, and visit their castle on Chapultepec Hill. It's as European as the Palace of Versailles.

Discover the America modern museums and striking new architecture where magnificent presentations preserve history within the shape of the future.

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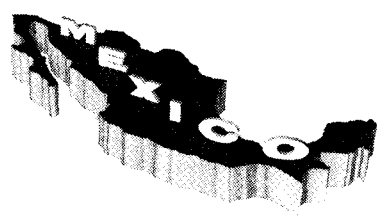

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Smoke Signals

Red Tape

A charred fragment of deerskin was recently excavated by the Plymouth County, Massachusetts, Archaeological Society on the site of an early seventeenth-century Algonquin encampment. It bore curious inscriptions, apparently hasty notes made by a volunteer secretary in primitive speedwriting. A crude translation follows:

WARRIORS squaws Algonquin Village Association come to order. Sachem cast one vote accept unread minutes last powwow. Special meeting: zoning.

Problem: Impending population explosion, increased real estate values, substandard housing, litterbugs, river pollution, junkpiles, infiltration un-American types. Zoning essential preserve character community.

Samoset say: First white man come, OK. We give fish, corn. He come back, bring friends. Wrong color, strange gods. Wise men read omens. See PTA, DAR, ESP, AT&T, LSD, SEC, DDT, BPOE, A&P, RCA, Radcliffe. Trailer, barbecue, power mower. Eat outdoors, go bathroom indoors. Bikini, rock 'n' roll corrupt papoose. Stop before too late. Move 1,000-acre zoning.

Amendment: 2,000 acres. Yak yak yak. Appoint study committee.

—HARLAND MANCHESTER.

Ifs and Butts

THIS YEAR in the United States, at a cost of $8 billion, we will light, inhale the smoke, and throw away the butts of more than 500 billion cigarettes.

To visualize this much pre-wrapped tobacco, we measure the length of the most common type of cigarette, then do some fifth-grade arithmetic. From this we learn that if we had enough glue to stick all these cigarettes together, end to end, we would have one fairly long cigarette 25,000,000 miles in length.

This cigarette could reach to the moon and back fifty-two times, or better yet, we could wrap it tightly around the earth a thousand times to make a highway about 23 feet wide. Such a highway would likely be called Tobacco Road and could go around the earth at the equator or around the North and South Poles, as desired, but it would be no good if it got wet.

If each smoker leaves one-fourth of each cigarette to discard as an unsmokable butt, and if we had enough glue left to stick all these butts together, we could wind up with a butt 6,000,000 miles long. This could be wrapped around the earth roughly 240 times, but it would make a road only about 6 feet wide, which would not be practical.

In terms of American economy, this 6,000,000-mile butt represents something like $2 billion and this is a shameful waste in an otherwise rather advanced society.

We have scientists who are able to probe the atom and able to photograph Mars with a remote controlled rocket, but not one of these scientists has stepped forward to help the American smoker save $2 billion per year by conserving butts.

Maybe we can get a project under way.

One method which could be checked into would be to burn all the tobacco at the factories and put the smoke into push-button spray cans. The cans could be made flat to fit in a hip pocket, and could come in different attractive colors, or with pictures or recipes on them. When a smoker wanted a puff, he could attach a filter-tip adapter to the can, put the adapter in his mouth, hold his nose, and push the button on the can.

For the discriminating smoker, the adapters could come in various flavors, and for those who enjoy a hot smoke, the adapters could have built-in battery-powered heating coils.

Besides the discarded butts, many smokers waste a great deal of smoke by not puffing continuously on their cigarettes. All that smoke coming from a lighted cigarette when it is not in the smoker's mouth is just wasted, lost forever in the atmosphere. Using the canned smoke system would, of course, save all this smoke and assure that every bit of it is inhaled into the smoker's lungs where it could do the most good.

—M. J. VERCOE.

The Gap

THE PROBLEM of making oneself understood—the communications gap, as it is now called—gets worse rather than better, so I was not surprised the other day when I read in the *Times* that Mayor Lindsay held a press conference at 6 p.m. to explain some confusion that had arisen out of an earlier meeting with reporters.

"As I understand it, there has been a misunderstanding," the Mayor said. "Now I think my lines of communication have been cleared."

There used to be bad communications gaps in Greenwich Village in the days of the Sixth Avenue El. The route was along West Broadway, Third Street, and Sixth Avenue. There was no problem in Third Street or West Broadway because everybody in that part of the Village used a Neapolitan or a Sicilian dialect, and as they all shouted hoarsely or shrilly and accompanied their sounds with gestures they had no trouble making themselves understood above the thundering overhead trains.

Sixth Avenue was another matter. The roar of the El always shattered words and phrases, causing irreparable gaps in the conversation. Clever things, uttered spontaneously, were fragmented; deadly serious information was unheard. Even lip readers had difficulty. The Jefferson Market Courthouse clock compounded the misunderstandings. The clock rarely kept time and at long intervals it simply stopped with the hands usually set at 7:24, a cursed hour for Villagers who had trouble determining for themselves whether it was a.m. or p.m.—not to say what day of the week or year it was. It was especially hard on poets who ran into friends and tried to recite their latest work. For a long time after the El disappeared, old Villagers automatically raised their voices from the conversational level to a shout whenever they reached Sixth Avenue.

Away from Sixth Avenue, in what is now known as the West Village, there never was a communications gap. I have heard mothers communicating with their children over a distance of several blocks. When I lived in Upper Bleecker Street, a woman used to cry out from somewhere: "Frankie! Frankieee!" and sure enough after she had repeated her screams a dozen times a boyish voice would scream back: "What?"

Another woman in the neighborhood was even more expert in communicating. Night after night her voice would be raised at 10 o'clock calling "Marie!" The name would be repeated piercingly every minute or two for upwards of a quarter of an hour. After about fifteen minutes a girl would answer from far away: "What?" This invariably set the woman off. "You come home," she would shriek, "or I'll ———." She never finished the sentence.

The place from which this woman called puzzled me for a long time, but a friend of mine who lived in West 12th Street told me one day she called from the roof of a house near his. He had talked to his landlady, inquiring why the woman called from the roof. "That's what roofs are for, ain't it?" the landlady replied, and then, suspiciously, "Didn't your mother call you from the roof when you was a kid?"

—JOHN FERRIS.

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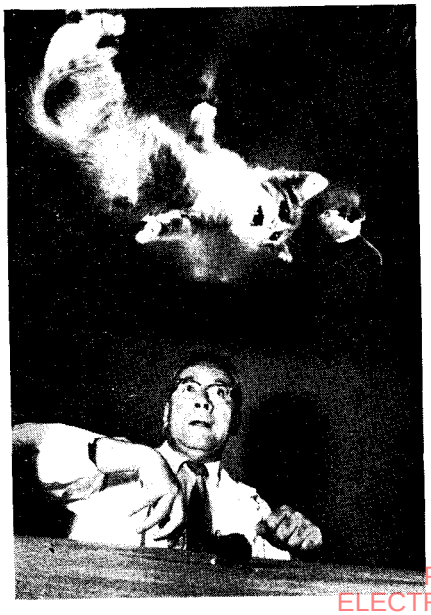

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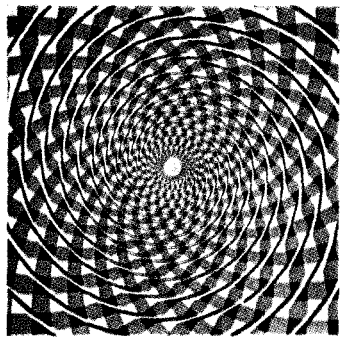
THE MIND

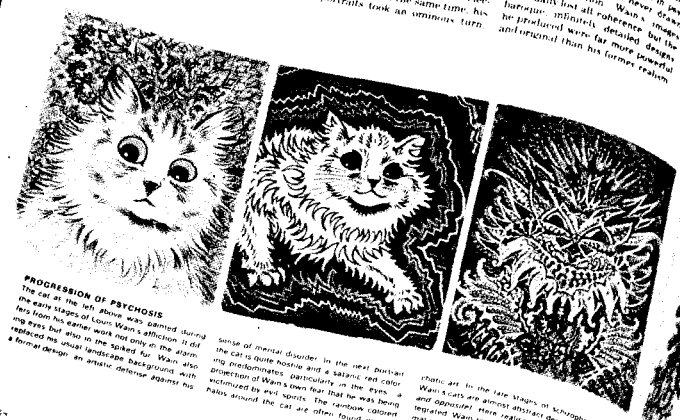


Illusion—the mind insists on seeing these concentric circles as a spiral.

In ancient rite, Mexican priestess prepares "magic mushrooms," called divine because they produce ecstatic visions

A Shattering Psychosis

One man's progressive withdrawal from reality to fantasy is clearly traced in the extraordinary series of cat paintings on these pages. They were done by an early-20th Century artist, Louis Wain. For some 20 years Wain painted sentimental and realistic cat portraits which captivated London-ers. He had immense popular success illustrating calendars, albums, postcards and the like. Most of his life he lived in seclusion with three spinster sisters and 17 cats. In his 57th year indications of psychosis appeared both in his life and his art. He became convinced that enemies were influencing his mind with electrical impulses. At the same time, his cat portraits took an ominous turn. Wain spent the last 15 years of his life in mental hospitals, a quaint, eccentric figure who suffered recurring delusions of persecution. He drew and painted constantly. Indicative of his psychotic state are his cats' eyes, which stare with an utility even in an early drawing (see below) the psychotic often feels that a threatening world is staring at him. Another indication is fragmentation of the body—images of the parts of the body, strange transformation in the chaos, and the almost never drawn without distortion. Wain's drawings eventually lost all coherence, but the barrier—intensely detailed designs—he produced were far more powerful and original than his former realism.



PROGRESSION OF PSYCHOSIS
The cat at the left, above, was painted during the early stages of Louis Wain's affliction. It differs from his earlier work not only in the staring eyes but also in the spiked fur. Wain also replaced his usual landscape background with a formal design, an amateur defense against his sense of mental disorder. In the next portrait the cat is quite hostile and a satanic red color strongly predominates, particularly in the eyes, a projection of Wain's own fear that he was being victimized by evil spirits. The rainbow colored halos around the cat are often found in psy-

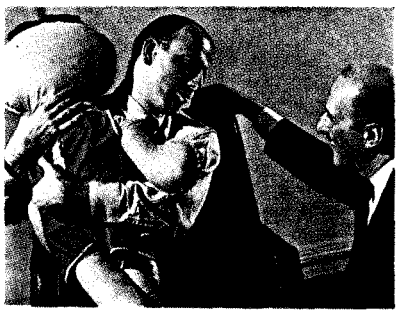
chotic art. In the late stages of schizophrenia Wain's cats are almost abstract designs. Bizarre and convoluted, completely divorced from realism, they still contain the original Wain recognizable cat motifs. In a desperate effort to organize and master his disordered thought processes

Actual size:
8½ x 11 inches •
200 pages •
35,000 words of text •
Complete index •
Hundreds of illustrations
many in full color •

The Many Ages of Jim

How or why hypnosis works is largely conjectural, but it is essentially the art of putting a subject into an extremely responsive state. It is widely and beneficially used in medicine, in therapy and psychological research. The human nervous system records sensations, directs voluntary activity, remembers and thinks—and all these functions are in some degree put at the disposal of the hypnotist by a subject in a hypnotized state. Thus, at

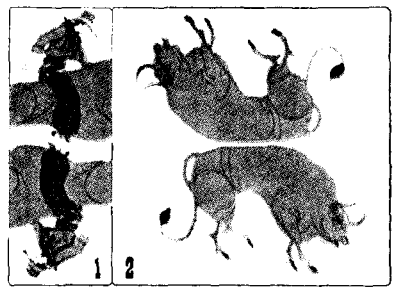
10 YEAR OLD'S DISTRESS

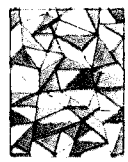


A FOUR YEAR OLD'S DELIGHT

FROM INFANCY TO 10?

FROM FOUR TO 10





THE CASE OF THE HIDDEN STAR

Tests of Intelligence

In 1904 a French psychologist, Alfred Binet, devised the first successful scientific test to measure human intelligence. What was it measuring?

Intelligence covers a broad range of mental activities. In an insight to beyond the grid and nine of them can be solved by problems and puzzles like the two that appear on the page. But a true intelligence test, unlike the puzzles, evaluates the subject's intelligence with a score. Since Binet-style tests such tests have been designed and given to literally millions of people. Some of the aspects of intelligence seem to include a capacity for grasping intangibles concepts, most like the partial test on the opposite page, measure not abilities to find meaning and relationships in pure concepts—words, numbers, geometric figures. They do not measure how much we know, or our motivation or perseverance, all of which help determine our success at other intellectual tasks. Deliberately impersonal as they are, though, they reliably measure a capacity we use in personal ways to enrich our lives. Text and puzzle answers are on page 191

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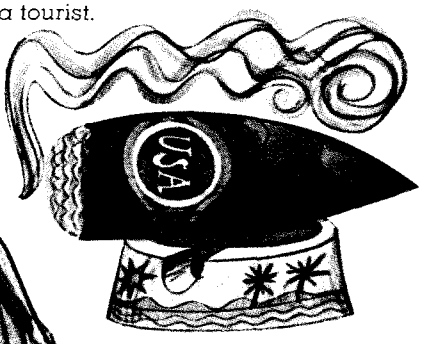
How to leave tips.

Paris.
A discerning maitre d' sits you next to a movie starlet. Give him a moderate amount over the normal service charge for extra effort. Don't overdo it. The French expect you to be cool about these things.

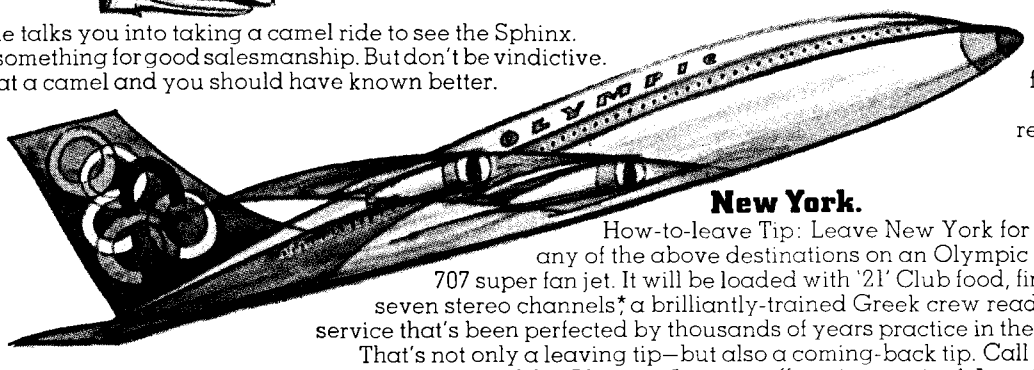
Rome.
At the height of the season a taxi driver takes you straight to a clean, moderately-priced hotel and they have a room. Reward him lavishly. The man has made a miracle.

Athens. A waiter brings you *retsina*—the resinated Greek wine—without warning you about its unusual taste. Taste it, smile knowingly and ask for *aretsinato*. And reward him an extra drachma or two for not treating you like a tourist.



Tel Aviv.
Tipping is not always the answer here. Some Israelis even resent it. But American cigars are very popular. Offer one as thanks for extra service and watch the recipient light up.

Cairo.
Your guide talks you into taking a camel ride to see the Sphinx. Give him something for good salesmanship. But don't be vindictive. One look at a camel and you should have known better.



New York.
How-to-leave Tip: Leave New York for any of the above destinations on an Olympic Airways 707 super fan jet. It will be loaded with '21' Club food, first-run movies, seven stereo channels,* a brilliantly-trained Greek crew ready to provide service that's been perfected by thousands of years practice in the arts of civilization. That's not only a leaving tip—but also a coming-back tip. Call your travel agent or one of the Olympic Airways offices in principal American cities.

OLYMPIC
AIRWAYS

For full information see your travel agent or call Olympic Airways at 647 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. (212) 838-3600. Other offices in Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Hartford, Los Angeles, Miami, Newark, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Seattle, St. Louis, Syracuse, Washington, Montreal, Toronto and Mexico City.

Movies/Audio by Inflight Motion Pictures Inc.*At nominal charge per IATA.

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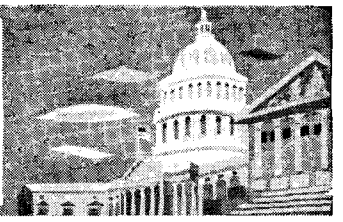
State of Affairs



The Kerr Affair

BERKELEY, CALIF.

WHEN I ARRIVED here, a week before Dr. Clark Kerr was ungracefully dismissed, the odds were even whether the Council of Regents would remove him or not. But the closer the crucial day came and the hotter the exchanges between Governor Ronald Reagan and Dr. Kerr, the less likely it was thought that Dr. Kerr would be dismissed. The assumption was that since this controversy had assumed such political overtones the Regents would be loath to engulf the university in a political maelstrom that could do untold harm to the institution, one of the world's greatest citadels of learning. But obviously it was wrong to apply logic to this situation.

Dr. Kerr seemed to have some gloomy forebodings when, the previous weekend, we drove together to the new Santa Cruz campus, which was his latest pride. He then said to me: "Truth is power, and the problem our state university is facing is how to maintain its autonomy, for it is not easy to manage an institution concerned with truth when society is being polarized."

This question of autonomy is now the key to the university's future, and neither the right nor the left is particularly sensitive to the problem. For some time a political polarization existed on the narrower front between the students and the Regents. Sometimes good, sometimes bad judgment was applied, but in the end the precarious situation was kept under control by Dr. Kerr's talent for mediation. He usually succeeded in persuading the Regents to accept his advice. He did not handle the students particularly adroitly, but he established a tenuous modus vivendi with them. However, walking this endless tightrope gradually weakened his position with both, and after the November election, when Governor Reagan, Lieutenant Governor Finch, and one of their appointees automatically became ex-officio members of the Council of Regents, the precarious backing for Dr. Kerr among the Regents crumbled. Everybody including, I presume, the perceptive Dr. Kerr—knew that his days were numbered.

The situation further deteriorated when Reagan proposed a hefty $400 tuition fee and a 10 per cent cut in the university's budget, and Dr. Kerr responded by temporarily suspending admission of new students—a move which Reagan interpreted as an effort to arouse public opposition to his proposal. But the opposition to this proposal came not only from Dr. Kerr; even the Regents united behind him, and so did most of the local newspapers. It looked as if Dr. Kerr's position had been measurably strengthened. In this atmosphere the Regents met in plenary session with the Governor present for the first time.

BUT not even the obvious consequences of Dr. Kerr's dismissal at that moment imbued the Regents with the sense of responsibility they owed the university. Some Regents had hoped that Dr. Kerr, aware of the rising opposition to him, would resign. But Dr. Kerr, not surprisingly, felt it would have created a bad precedent if the president of the university withdrew simply because a different party had gained control in Sacramento. And when the Regents foregathered in a special meeting, several of them were completely unaware that the purpose of this conclave was to get rid of Dr. Kerr. Those who wanted to know the reason for the desirability of his dismissal never got an answer. There was pandemonium. Reagan did not seem oblivious to the political risk he was taking by joining in that afternoon of the long knives. But the smell of blood was intoxicating, and so, probably, was the foretaste of victory.

The political polarization had suddenly assumed much wider proportions. There was now a conservative Republican administration in Sacramento at one end of the spectrum and, on the other, the New Left at its most vocal on the Berkeley campus. The Reagan administration, as far as one can judge so far, stands to the right of the regular Republican Establishment—one of its prominent old-line members said to me pointedly that the men around Reagan were all strangers to him—and the New Left is to the left of the liberals in the Democratic party, and sports a strong distaste for consensus politics.

Reagan may still prove to be a pragmatist in politics, but he showed little sensitivity to the human problem involved in this crisis. Nor did he display much respect for the integrity of academic institutions. He acted like a man who thinks in terms of crude personal power. To the students this new situation came as a shock because their archenemy suddenly was not the university but Mr. Reagan. This was not an easy mental adjustment to make, especially since many among them had said before the elections that they preferred Reagan to Governor Pat Brown, for, as they argued then, things had to get worse before they could get better. They were now faced with a situation that fitted their misguided concept of the "politics of catastrophe," yet it came as an unpleasant surprise that their own immediate interests were threatened.

THOUGH the University of California has been buffeted by one crisis after another, the current one could be its most damaging. Highly qualified professors are at a premium these days. Poaching has become a feverish pastime among universities. Professors are bid for like football stars, and many at the University of California are getting tired of leaning against political storms.

Governor Reagan, who looks forward to a meatier political fare than just the governorship, is unlikely to be hurt nationally by trying to impose tuition fees on all institutions of higher learning, since everywhere outside California state universities charge tuition fees. Nor is he likely to be hurt elsewhere by imposing budgetary cuts, because the claim of "fiscal responsibility" tends to enhance political reputations among Republicans. But to tamper with the educational system that affects every constituent's life is politically a hazardous business, especially in a state whose greatest pride and asset is growth. What is likely to hurt him nationally, therefore, is the impression that he lacks political judgment, that he shoots from the hip. Speaker Jesse Unruh, who was lukewarm toward Pat Brown and now has his eye on the Governor's seat, is already picking up the crockery Reagan has broken and is exhibiting it with gusto. And if the students and their parents see the university beset by troubles that affect their own purses and the educational standards of the university, then Reagan's victory over Dr. Kerr will indeed have been a Pyrrhic one.

This nation, by its constitution and by its political institutions, is committed to the politics of consensus, though not necessarily of the Johnson variety. Polarization of political opinion always leads to unrest, extremism, and intolerance. And when a university finds itself in the middle of such polarization, academic freedom and educational standards are endangered. California now offers the nation the spectacle in microcosm of what happens when consensus is treated with contempt. —HENRY BRANDON.

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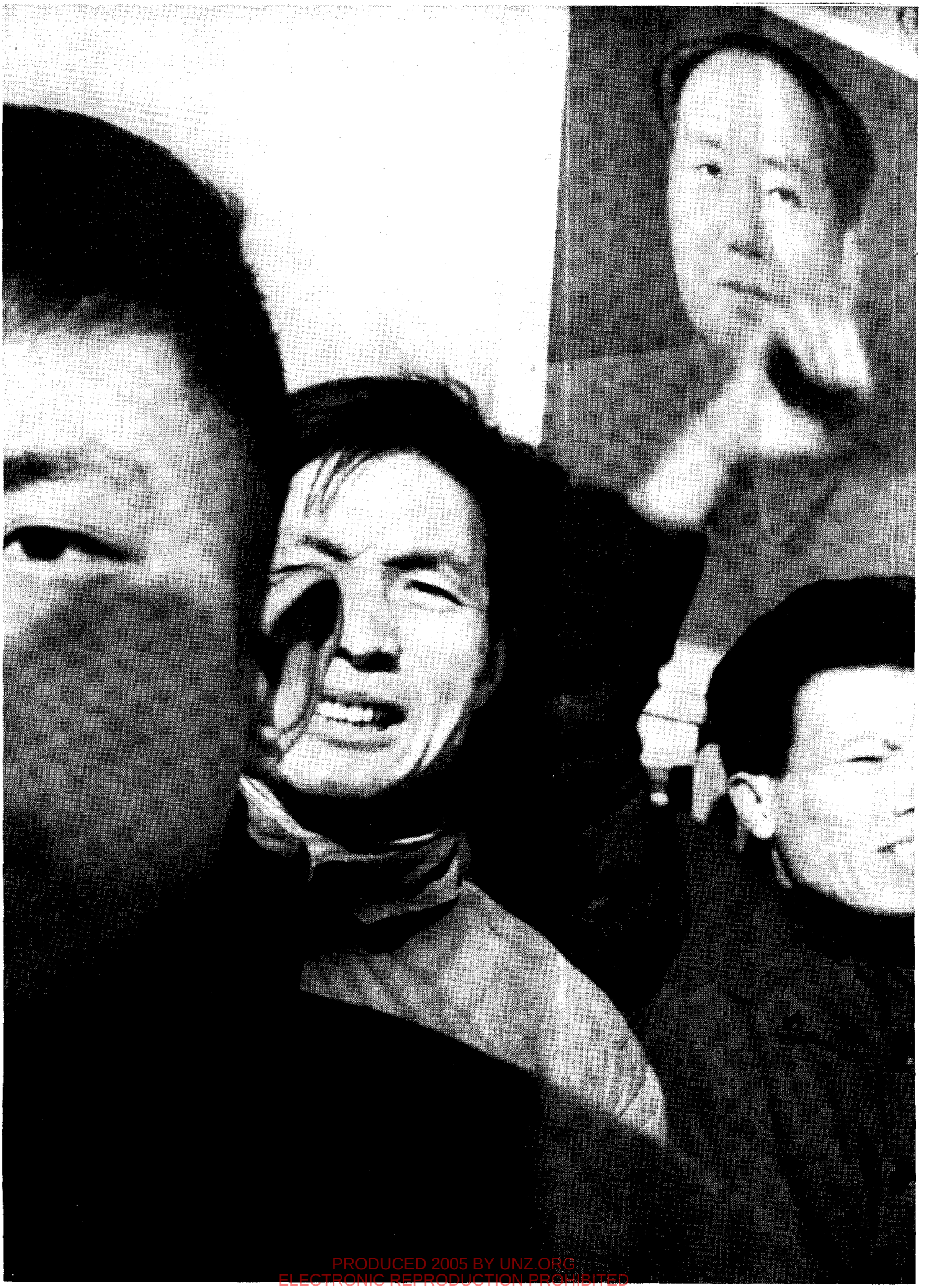

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Open China's fist and you find an empty hand.

"Red China's claim to represent the wave of the future is fast fading. She has discredited herself even in the eyes of the less-developed nations by her unsuccessful attempts to stir up revolution among them. Unless we commit the folly of abandoning the field in Vietnam to communist subversion, Chinese prestige will probably go on fading."

The words are those of Edwin O. Reischauer, until recently U.S. Ambassador to Japan. Mr. Reischauer knows the Far East intimately. He was born there and has spent much of his life there—and when he speaks out, the experts take notes. In the February Reader's Digest, Mr. Reischauer asserts that time is on our side in Asia.

"A great mistake we make is to overemphasize the importance of Red China purely because of her size. China is an extremely poor and backward country. Japan already produces more than the vast population of China, with only one seventh as many people.

"Recent nuclear explosions in China are also cited as evidence of the nation's great potential. In my view, these explosions only diminish her potential. It is a great tragedy for the Chinese people that so many of their relatively scanty scientific and industrial skills are being thrown away on the production of what can be at most only a very minor nuclear capacity."

Time Is on Our Side in Asia is perceptive, informative, authoritative. This exclusive article is just one reason why 50 million Americans will turn to the February Reader's Digest.

Here are some more reasons:

Chaos in the Great Society. In trying to administer a rash of new domestic programs, President Johnson has created "an administrative monstrosity, and even his own people are beginning to criticize it in public." Incisive reporting by James Reston, condensed from *The New York Times.*

Our lovely, deadly Western deserts. "If water cannot be found in the rocks or sand and you find yourself too tired and discouraged to go on, crawl into the shade. Write your will in the sand and let the wind carry your last words east to the borders of Colorado and south to the mountains of the moon. Someday, never fear, your bare, elegant bones will be discovered and marveled at." A haunting evocation, condensed from *Harper's.*

"What the 'New Left' did to me." An angry young man discloses the full cycle of his thinking—from rebellion against all authority to communist "activism" to disillusionment with communist demands to defection. And he sees a way to avoid such "wasted years." A searching account by the author of *The New Left.*

The key difference: sex vs. sexuality. "Our society is obsessed with sex at the same time that it is uncomfortable, evasive and disapproving about sexuality. As a result, millions of Americans lead impoverished marital lives and unwittingly prepare their children for the same fate." The distinguished authors of *Human Sexual Response* explain why, and propose a new basis for teaching the values of love and morality. Condensed from *McCall's.*

Pills drivers shouldn't take. Increasingly, doctors and safety experts are realizing that the side effects of many medicinal drugs, particularly when combined with alcohol, can render you unfit to drive a car. Here are the disturbing facts and some helpful hints, condensed from *Family Safety.*

Scandal in the Job Corps. Designed to help high-school dropouts help themselves, this Great Society "dream project" has become, instead, a $300-million-a-year experiment in the care and coddling of young people—including the hoodlums among them. Condensed from *True.*

Closing in on the Loch Ness Monster. New evidence shows that there *is* something strange in Loch Ness. Success in the hunt for the monster might yield natural history's greatest sensation. A lively progress report, condensed from *Popular Science Monthly.*

Also in the February issue:

Why Mothers Don't Get Sick
The Secret of Self-Renewal
Needed: First Aid for Ambulance Services
A Victory Over the Smut Peddlers
Our Sick Jails Can Be Cured
Help Wanted: Engineers

All told, 31 articles, plus a variety of departmental features, excerpts, anecdotes and humor.

Small wonder The Digest is the world's best seller. This month. Any month. (Over 28 million copies of every issue—printed in 14 languages—are bought in countries around the globe.)

Reader's Digest

WORLD'S BEST SELLER

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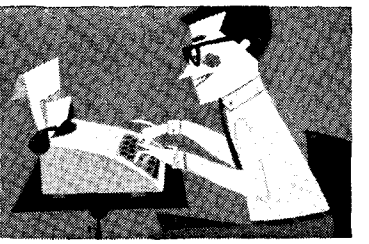
Top of My Head



Personal but Not Too

I WAS a fool not to have recognized it years ago. But what had happened was so casual, so unobtrusively inserted in conversations that before I could stop it the syndrome had exploded full bloom and I realized that my wife was an addict of the malaprop.

Put it down as an occupational hazard—a hangover from fifteen years of having fractured the English language with malaprops on a minor radio program of which she was the major star. In thousands of serialized fifteen-minute installments, she had sprayed the air with countless misused words carefully fashioned for her by the author of the scripts.

Jane-isms included: "You could have knocked me down with a fender," "He's a ragged individualist," "Home wasn't built in a day," "Marge and I are insufferable friends," "The Ten Amendments," "Familiarity breeds attempt," "Down in the slums where the Old Testament houses are," "Up at the crank of dawn," "The fly in the oatmeal."

Down through the years, over the phone or in fireside chats at home, I had heard and innocently accepted these tortured twistings as minor linguistic lapses which she herself recognized and was having a little fun with me. I had no way of knowing she was hopelessly hooked on the malaprop. There was neither needle, nor pot, nor cube of sugar.

It all came to agonized clarity one evening when I was preparing a piece to send to this magazine. After I read to her what I had written I asked what she thought of it.

She said, "Do you think I made the hem on this skirt too short?" She was mending a skirt.

I said, "No, I don't think so. But Jane, I wanted your opinion on what I wrote. Were you listening?"

"Of course, dear. It's very good."

"Jane, I get the feeling—it seems to me you're not interested in my work."

"Of course I do," she said, "but I have to get this skirt shortened so I can pack it for our trip to Miami Beach, Florida, doesn't it to you?"

"Well, never mind, Jane."

"Oh there you go—I can tell by that tone in your eye. I don't like your altitude, dear. I said I liked what you wrote very much. That's my candied opinion."

"That's very sweet, Jane."

"How can you say you believe I don't take an interest in your work?"

"I didn't say I believe it, I said it seems you don't."

"Well, you know what they say—seeming is believing."

"Yes. Well, I'm going to my room and—"

"There you go. The minute we have a discussion you start running away like a chicken with its hat off."

"Jane, I'm a little puzzled here by the way you're talking."

"Well when you say I don't pay attention to your work, that gets my ghost. Now sit down here."

"OK. But what's this about going South? I thought you decided not to go this year because you were burglarized the last time you were there. You said you felt nervous about going."

"Well, every winter we go to Miami Beach, Florida. I shouldn't be nervous. I've got to get up on that horse and fly again."

"Pegasus?"

"Who?"

"Jane, why do you keep saying Miami Beach, Florida? Is that as opposed to Miami Beach, Montana?"

"Montana in the winter?"

"Look, I'm going to lie down on this couch over here and think this over."

"I've been thinking about that couch, dear. We ought to get a longer one. I noticed yesterday the palms of your feet were hanging over."

"Jane, do you know some of your conversation sounds as if it's straight out of our old radio scripts?"

"I do? My brother, Howard, said the same thing yesterday when he took me to lunch. And I had to confess to him that I can't make heads or tails out of which is right anymore. My bearings are so bawled up I just say the first one I come to."

"Yes, well, we'll talk this over some more tomorrow."

"You want to take me to lunch?"

"No, I don't think I'll have time for that."

"It won't take long. We'll make short Schrafft of lunch." —GOODMAN ACE.

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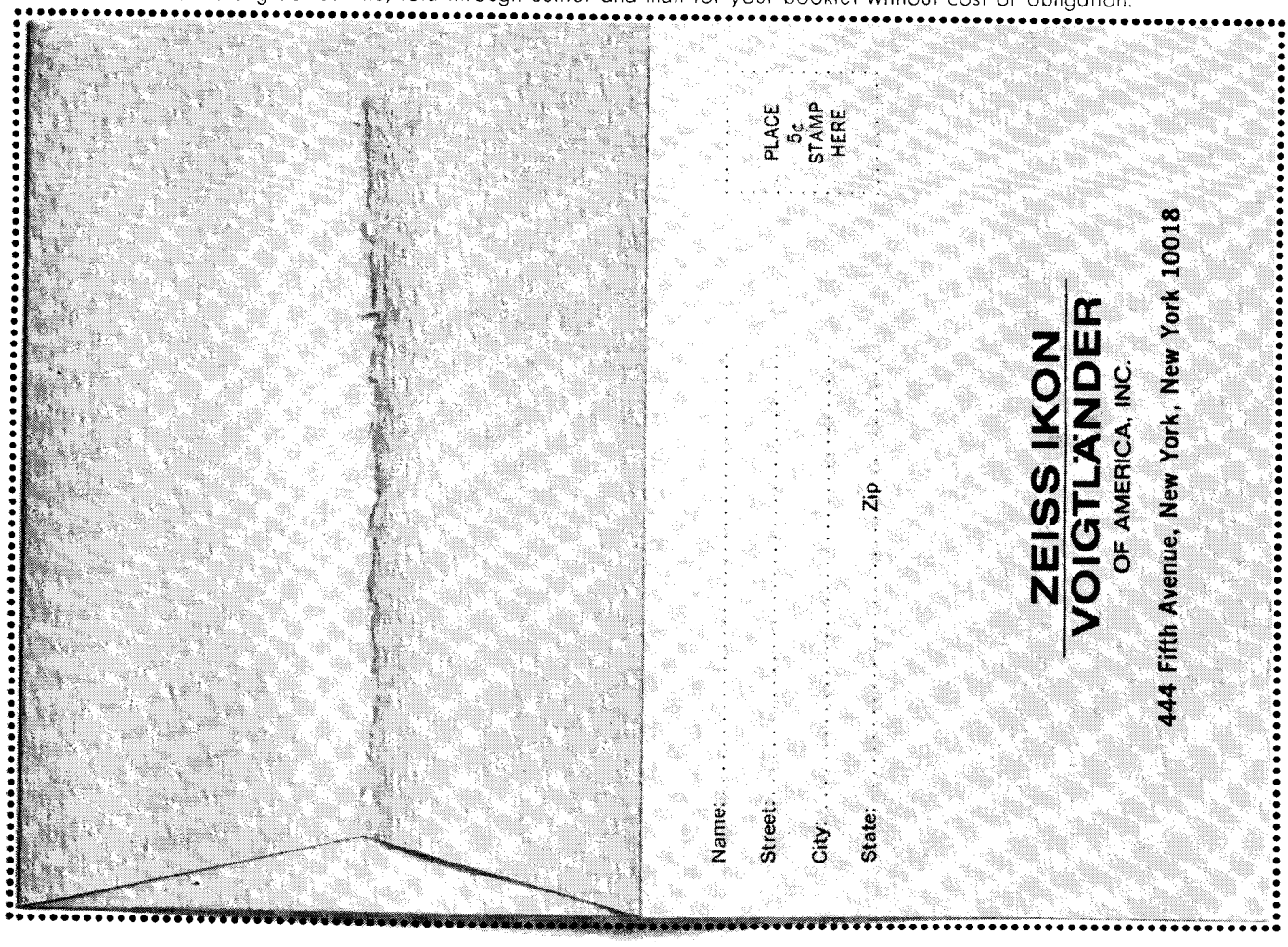

we've got so much to show you, that we can't show you a thing.

That's why this is probably a most improbable camera ad . . . no photos, no promises, no prices.

But it's a most happy dilemma brought about by our having just too many exceptional products to tell you about in one page.

Instead, we've prepared a special booklet to show you the very latest happenings that will simplify your picture taking through automatic and electronic photography. It's called, "Selecting the Right Camera" and is compiled in a manner that makes it very easy for you to judge exactly what type and price camera is ideal for you.

So please, don't spend a penny until you've spent some time to send for our complimentary booklet. It won't make it any easier to pronounce our name, Zeiss Ikon-Voigtlander, but it will show you every reason why it's worth the attempt.

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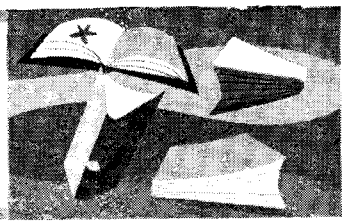
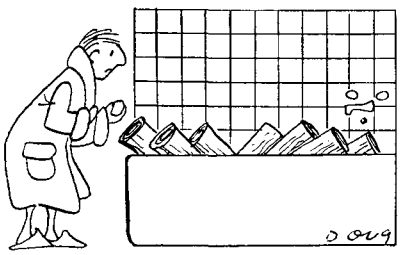
Trade Winds



A fellow who lives in New York was showing me around the fine, high-ceilinged, multi-room apartment where he and his family live. "And we have two baths," he boasted. When I went into the second bath, however, I found the tub inoperable. It was filled with firewood.

This man has a wbfp. That's wood-burning fireplace, as they abbreviate it



in the classified ads. In this case the problem was storage. During July he was on a New England vacation in his Volkswagen bus and a man said, "You can have this wood real cheap if you'll take it away."

In the city you try to keep from storing things in the basement. They get stolen, or you have to tip the "super" each time you want the door unlocked. So this city-dweller's bathtub has been filled with firewood since July. He is burning it slowly so it will last through the winter.

New Yorkers can't go out into the backyard and cut firewood. Many of them order it from Clark and Wilkins, the century-old firm in Manhattan that delivers anything from a bag of seasoned hardwood (about $3 for about fifteen logs, for instance) to a cord, stacked in your cellar, for $75. In the old days, the C&W horse and wagon went out on mercy missions at all hours of the day and night, rushing fuel to chilly city folks who had run out of logs. Now the traffic is so bad the truck goes out in the morning for one trip around the town.

Many scroungers beg, borrow, or steal wood from construction sites (50 cents a bundle if the foreman has things organized), or pick up broken boxes and crates in front of lower Manhattan factories and warehouses. Some people make use of devices such as the Rolog, which permits you to roll up old newspapers, tie them, and make logs out of them. They burn nice and slowly but you have to read a lot of papers to keep supplied. An old-fashioned method is to soak rolled newspapers, smash them, and let them dry. It seems to return them to the wood pulp they were in the first place and they burn well.

City dwellers with wbfp want to enjoy every minute of it, so they seldom leave the room while a fire is going, and if they ever leave the apartment, they first pour water on the logs and put them out, saving them. Some friends of mine in Brooklyn Heights have an odd situation: They burn their fires before October, because when the heat goes on the apartment is too hot and they can't add to that. But they have three pretty birch logs on the andirons throughout the winter. The logs are scorched; some ignoramus from the country lit them once.

A sad story I heard concerns the three girls who moved into a Greenwich Village apartment and lighted a fire, only to find that the wbfp was a fake; it had no chimney. They tore the fireplace down and found a case of French brandy that had been hidden there when the apartment was a speakeasy.

And a West Sider told me about some country friends who had been invited in for dinner. When he heard they were driving, he asked them to bring in some wood. "We'll have candlelight and a fire in the fireplace," he promised.

For some reason, however, the couple couldn't drive. So they packed some logs in a suitcase and brought them in on the New Haven Railroad.

When Calvin Coolidge was running for Governor in Massachusetts in 1918, he kept a bottle of very good bourbon in his desk drawer. He doled it out carefully to special visitors. One day a Coolidge campaign worker brought an influential ward leader into the office. Coolidge opened the bourbon and poured two drinks, one for each of his callers. Then he corked the bottle and put it back in the desk.

Later in the day the same aide returned, introducing Coolidge to another important political worker. Coolidge took out the bourbon, but poured one drink and handed it to the newcomer.

"What about me?" asked the campaign worker.

"You had yours this morning," Coolidge replied.

Just before Christmas ten-year-old Hannah Hart of Sarasota, Florida, was taken to see Santa Claus. She had to wait in line quite a long time and she was a bit nervous. But she finally got into his lap for a few moments, and then came running over to where her parents waited.

"What did Santa say to you?" they asked.

"Next," she said.

I would have been more punctual in telling you about *The Millionaire's Diary 1967*, which Putnam's is offering to poor people (there isn't much of a book market among millionaires) but it has taken me awhile to read it.

The diary part is not unconventional, except that very little space is permitted for you to write in anything that might be worth noting before 10 a.m. Elsewhere, there is much worthwhile information, such as the addresses of a few top yacht clubs between London and Australia. There's a space to note "yachting engagements." There is a section on how to meet VIP's.

"The only way to meet a reigning monarch is to apply through your Ambassador or Minister. In the case of Greece, application could be made through the public relations officer at the Royal Palace."

There's a list of divorce lawyers around the world. In Rome, two lawyers are available to millionaires: Ercole Graziadei, "divorce, etc.," and Giorgio Montini, "a relative of Pope Paul."

Men's hairdressers from Tokyo to Montevideo are named. In New York, Jerry, 601 Madison Avenue, will cut, shampoo, and style a rich man's hair for $25 in the shop, $50 in the town house, and $100 if he has to go to the suburbs.

There's page after page of such vital information, including the name of the head porter at Claridge's (Thielens) and the names of high-class dentists in Bangkok (Isra & Kanophan). If your Rolls, Bentley, or Mercedes needs fixing, you will find the addresses of service stations on every continent. If you drive anything else, go get your diary at the dime store. —Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1713)

Winthrop Sargeant:
GRAND OPENING

(From *The New Yorker*, Sept. 24, '66)

The acoustics,* in short, are very very good—bright, from ground floor to top balcony. This is a triumph in a mysterious field, where guesswork has usually prevailed. The architect seems to have performed a miracle. Everyone can hear wonderfully well.

*Of the new Metropolitan Opera House.

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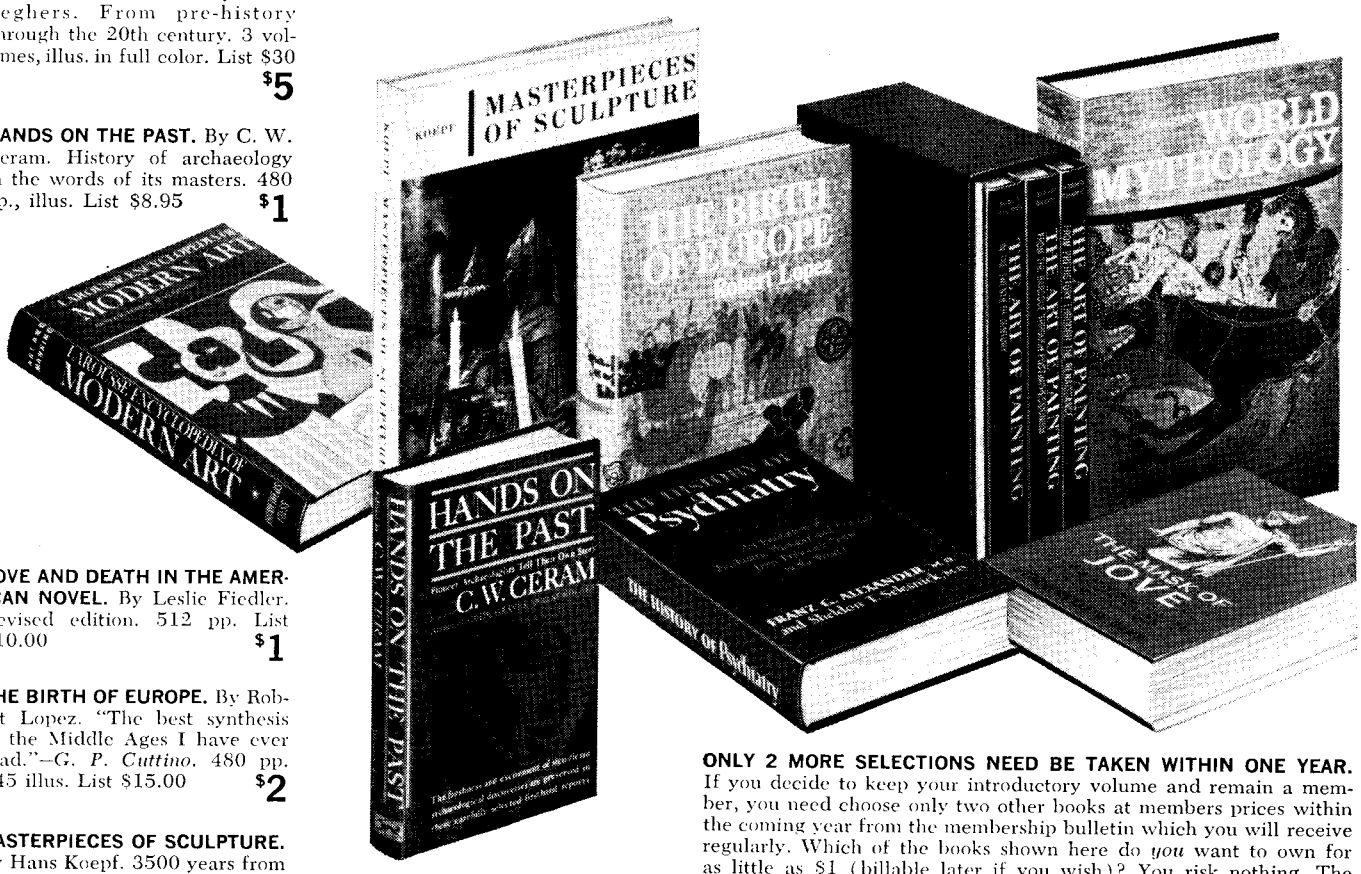

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Can We Stay Prosperous?

A distinguished economist examines the roots of American affluence and warns that despite a soaring Gross National Product we may be growing poorer.

By STUART CHASE

WHAT ABOUT prosperity in the United States? The dollar totals are colossal. The gross national product (GNP) stands at more than $700 billion a year. Corporate profits and dividends, business investment, wages and salaries, consumer spending and saving—nearly all the monetary statistics on the domestic front ascend like a satellite at Cape Kennedy. In dollar terms, prosperity is a solid fact, only slightly tempered by some creeping inflation.

Going into 1967, what are the prospects for continuing good times? A series of built-in brakes now prevent another 1929-type crash, but this doesn't mean we couldn't get into serious trouble. We now have federal bank deposit insurance, a vast social security system, stock market controls with high margin requirements, and a whole new approach to the function of money, corroborated by the 1964 income tax cut.

The statistics are far more dependable today than in 1929. It was Professor Schumpeter of Harvard who years ago sighed: "How nice economics was before anybody knew anything!" But there are advantages to knowing at least something. It will be impossible to pitch suddenly into another serious depression; alarm bells will begin ringing months in advance for counteraction by the government and industry.

The whole level of personal income is higher today than it was in 1929. The "budget of health and decency" stands at $3,000. At least 60 per cent of all American families are above the budget, where only 33 per cent were above the 1929 standard. Here is dramatic proof of the "affluent society." But it would be a mistake to believe the economy could not suffer another recession.

What are the negative factors?

One is poverty and unemployment. Two American families out of five are still far from affluent. They exist on an income close to, or below, $3,000 a year. The President's war on poverty holds the headlines, together with a rate of unemployment still far too high among Negroes and young people. Prosperity is indeed a myth for the poor—the slum dwellers and the unemployed.

ALL this is fairly well known, but another aspect is not so familiar. It affects the whole society, affluent and non-affluent, and concerns the environment that underlies and supports the American culture. What kind of life are we getting for our money? How much of the output of goods and services, so magnificent in GNP totals, is "illth"—the opposite of "wealth"—to use Ruskin's term? Again, what essential elements of a healthy, well-ordered society do our dollars *not* give us? Money may be overspent for this and underspent for that. In such a frame of reference, how far is the economy out of balance, though the GNP soars into outer space? A categorical list of overages and shortages in material things can throw a strong light on current prosperity. Let us attempt it in broad outline. First, the major surpluses:

► *Overkill.* The United States has six times as many intercontinental missiles as the U.S.S.R., and six times as many bombers capable of carrying nuclear weapons. This great force can deliver the equivalent of six tons of TNT for every man, woman, and child on the planet—which would seem sufficient. Yet the stockpile still grows. "Overkill" means a lethal excess above what is needed to deter an attack on the United States. Some scientists, such as Dr. Ralph Lapp, argue that a fleet of atomic submarines, armed with Polaris missiles, constitutes an adequate deterrent, at only a small fraction of the present cost for land-based missiles and bombing planes.

► *Moon Race.* Allied to nuclear outlays are the huge expenditures for landing a man on the moon before the Russians get there. This may be good clean fun, but it is very expensive. Science would be better served by a joint expedition under U.N. auspices, at a far lower cost and less risk to the astronauts.

Meanwhile, as Seymour Melman has pointed out in *SR* ["Behind the Mask of Success," July 31, 1965], two-thirds of our top scientists and technical experts are working for military and space projects, taking the cream of college graduates, and leaving peace-time research and development seriously undermanned.

► *Cars.* There are now some 70,000,000 automobiles on the road, with 155 million estimated by the end of the century. They are increasing even faster than population. The faster they are engineered to run, the slower the average speed in Megalopolis because of traffic jams. In Russia a top planner told me that while the popular desire for motor cars was intense, they would not be manufactured in volume until the country had a place to park them. In the free-wheeling United States, we not only produce more cars than parking places, but we produce them on the business-like method of "planned obsolescence,"

Stuart Chase is the author of *Men and Machines, The Economy of Abundance, Some Things Worth Knowing,* and many other books. His next book will be *The Most Probable World.*

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whereby they fall apart in two or three years—either mechanically or in styling—thus adding gloriously to the nation's junk piles, as well as to its GNP.

A healthy and prosperous environment would offer a motor car which lasted ten years, if not a lifetime; which had a good deal more safety built into it for the second collision—that of the man against the interior. Above all, it would provide a car that does not give off lethal fumes. Dr. Philip A. Leighton, professor emeritus of chemistry at Stanford, has made the following ominous calculation:

> The undesirable effects of nitrogen oxides begin to appear at concentrations of about .05 parts per million. Cruising at 60 miles per hour, the average "full sized" American automobile emits about three liters of nitrogen oxides per minute. To dilute these below .05 requires, for the one automobile, more than 60,000,000 liters of air per minute, a rate which is enough to supply the average breathing requirements, over the same period of time, of 5,000,000 to 10,000,000 people.

There is only so much air on this planet. The generous rate at which we now dump pollutants into it causes Dr. Leighton to wonder if the resource which eventually will force man to adopt population control will be not land, food, or water, but *air*.

► *"Slurbs."* Some 50,000,000 Americans now live in subdivisions, with another 50,000,000 promised the same environment by the year 2000. Subdivisions normally devour open space in crazy-quilt patterns, while trees and flowers give way to a blacktop wasteland. Suburbia can become as depressing as the city canyons which the middle class is trying to escape. Cluster zoning, garden apartments, town planning, new towns such as Reston, Virginia, furnish alternatives, but they are in very short supply to date. (I speak as a member of our local town planning board.)

► *Automation.* The headlong introduction of computers and other mechanical devices is eliminating jobs more rapidly than new jobs can be found in the industries affected. Some estimates run as high as a million a year. It is also promoting a costly series of strikes, as labor unions try to hold on to their work. Automation can be a blessing if carefully planned, but it is close to a disaster on the present hit-and-miss basis.

► *"Illth."* Prosperity is generous with the production of that which is the opposite of wealth. Broadly interpreted, this means any artifact which poisons, corrupts, or degrades a given society. All sleazy, adulterated stuff can be called illth, but this gets us into a gray area requiring much analysis and debate. For the present survey, let us use the word to cover only those products which are evil and destructive beyond debate. Such include quack remedies like cancer cures, habit-forming drugs—especially when sold to youngsters—cigarettes for chain-smokers, the recent flood of pornography stimulating a sexual drive which is normally plenty strong enough. A good share of the enormous apparatus for gambling belongs under the head of illth.

► *Noise.* Prosperity is a noisy business, including jet planes, loudspeakers, flying commercials, pocket transistors, Muzak, jukeboxes, roaring trucks, and screeching brakes. When and if we happily achieve those supersonic planes now being developed at super-fabulous expense, we can expect sonic booms like thunderclaps at any hour, along with shattered windows and shattered nervous systems.

► *Signs and Signboards.* Much advertising can be classed as illth (as I once tried to demonstrate in a book called *Your Money's Worth*). Here, however, I will cite only the more blatant examples, on signs and signboards. There are far too many of them; they destroy the landscape as well as distract the driver's attention. Tom Wolfe, in *The Kandy Kolored Tangerine Flake Streamline Baby,* describes an outstanding exhibit:

> One can look at Las Vegas from a mile away on Route 91 and see no buildings, no trees, only signs. But such signs! They tower. They revolve, they oscillate, they soar in shapes before which the existing vocabulary of art is helpless. I can only hope to supply names—Boomerang Modern, Flash

"That's it. Defer a vote on my proposal for plant expansion. Mull it over. Mull it over. Vacillate, vacillate. 'And thus the native hue of resolution/Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,/ And enterprises of great pith and moment/With this regard their currents turn awry/And lose the name of action.'"

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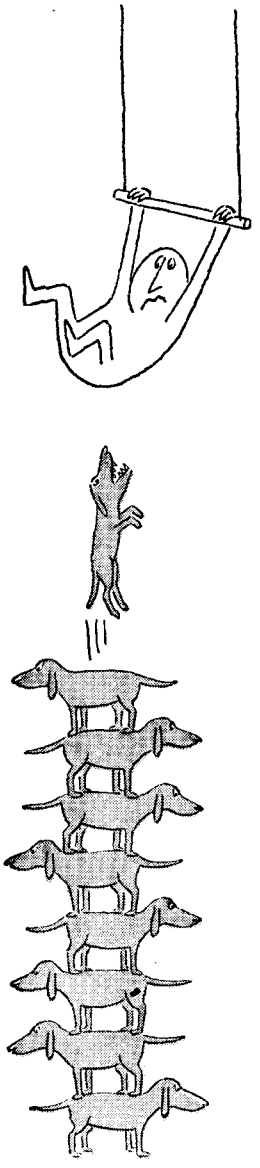
Gordon Spiral, Hamburger Parabola, Miami Beach Kidney. . . .

Two eight-story cylinders, says Wolfe, rise at either end of the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas. They are covered from top to bottom with neon rings that fizz all night up into the desert sky "like an illuminated whisky-soda tumbler filled to the brim with pink champagne." All of which gives the GNP a nice eight-story upward boost.

THE ABOVE list includes perhaps the outstanding items with which the economy is overstocked. Observe, at the same time, the massive pressure groups behind the items—the embattled tobacco farmers, the subdividers with their batteries of bulldozers, the pain and beauty boys, Detroit, the defense establishment.

Now let us turn to some of the outstanding shortages in the national account.

John Kenneth Galbraith described the affluent society, and emphasized the "public squalor" which accompanies it. By that he means the lack of public necessities which cannot be packaged and sold over the counter like consumer goods.



► *Education* heads the list. Schools, teachers, libraries are in scandalously short supply. The country needs something like 140,000 more classrooms and as many teachers. The Carnegie Corporation estimates that 200,000 talented high school graduates cannot afford college. In Russia, every talented youngster gets all the education he can absorb, right up to doctorates. Overkill takes its billions year by year, while human talent in America too often is tragically wasted.

► *Health.* We are short of hospitals, doctors, and nurses. Half of all draftees are rejected by the armed forces due to lack of physical fitness. We spend for research in mental health—our most serious health problem—one tenth of what we spend for chewing gum. Medicare will help, but it is only a beginning.

► *City Living.* Survey after survey shows American cities rotting at the core, surrounded by widening areas of urban blight. One of every eight New Yorkers lives in almost incredible squalor. Some tenements are packed with as many as ten persons to a rat-infested room. Much of the city is a jungle where no one is safe after dark. Even inside some public schools, teen-age girls walk in pairs as protection against rape. Urban renewal and public housing are unable to offset the galloping deterioration. Great sums must be invested if cities are to be made fit to live in. Fortunately, here is a field for workers displaced by automation.

► *Water.* Every major river in the country is now grossly polluted by both industrial wastes and municipal sewage. Lake Erie is becoming a dead sea, on its way to cesspool status. Even without the shortage due to pollution, there is not enough water for some cities in time of drought. New York City is in a very critical period. Tap the polluted Hudson; tap Niagara Falls; tap underground rivers; inaugurate a great nuclear desalinization project with the help of the federal government! The headlines reflect the current crisis and the growing shortage. Like air, there is only so much fresh water on the planet.

► *Research and Development.* This grows more important every day, both for new technical inventions and for protecting society against them. There is an ample surplus of R & D in the armed services and a great shortage in the peace services. The area which particularly needs more research and development, both here and abroad, is birth control. Nothing else in the long run can save us from the population explosion. No increase in the food supply can do it indefinitely.

Another starved area is social science research—especially inventions for administering a world without war. How shall the U.N. best be strengthened? What is a workable structure for a world police force? What shall be the rule of law for outer space? Who shall exploit the fabulous chemical riches of the open sea, the minerals in the earth's mantle, in Antarctica? A 10 per cent cut for the U.N. would solve its financial crisis forever.

YOU can doubtless add to these lists of shortages and overages. I have tried to list only the major elements. Perhaps Adlai Stevenson has summed it up best:

> While our cars have grown longer, our TV screens broader, our washing machines grander, our kitchens brighter, at the same time our schools have grown more dilapidated, our roads more crowded, our cities more messy, our air more fetid, our water more scarce, and the whole public framework on which private living depends, more shabby and worn out.

The GNP in the 1960s is edging toward a trillion dollars a year, but it is debatable whether most Americans are really better off than in the summer of 1929. They are more "affluent," surely, but need truckloads of tranquilizers—unknown in the 1920s—to keep them from going off their rockers.

Speaking of a metropolitan builder, my wife said to me: "No man has done more to make New York uninhabitable"—a remark to start a melancholy train of speculation. What citizens have outdone themselves in making their country uninhabitable? The slum landlords, the Dust Bowl farmers, the motor car manufacturers, the open pit miners, the stream polluters, the smog dispensers, the exterminators of wildlife and scenery? It is a pretty question. But these up-and-coming citizens cannot be condemned out of hand. We are all in the act. The real question is whether the pattern is beginning to change. Beyond that, will it change fast enough? How many Americans are beginning to feel some responsibility for their environment?

If one looks behind the dollars and sees how people are really living, one must, I fear, come to the same conclusion as in 1929. Prosperity is more myth than fact. Mountains of stuff are run through, then cast away to become mountains of refuse: the accelerating wastes of affluence. In dollars, we are rich beyond the dreams of avarice, but in things that make life worth living we are poor, and growing poorer—not only the low income families, but all of us.

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—Collection Earle Ludgin.

Ivan Albright, *Self Portrait*

THE FINE ARTS

"NO SINGLE FACT IS AS IT SEEMS"

Ivan Albright, Veteran Maverick, Makes His Own World

By KATHARINE KUH

NODDING, joking, rushing, jerking, Ivan Albright piloted me through his new house in Woodstock, Vermont, or more correctly his two houses—one for children, grandchildren, and guests, the other chiefly for his wife and himself. In contrast to Chicago's Near North Side, where until recently the Albrights lived, this romantic and, let me add, elegant colonial setting gives the lie to any further theory that the painter is a Midwestern-oriented artist. For years I thought so, but I was wrong. Nothing in his work has changed. The same pulverized, uncompromising images emerge from Vermont as came out of Chicago. A serene New England landscape threaded by the lovely Ottauquechee River affects him no more than did the bleak sprawl of an industrialized city.

Curiously, this man, who is obsessively immersed in his own painting and who apparently is uninfluenced by any contemporary movements, does not include even one of his works in either house, though both are filled with art from all periods. To see what he is doing, one must go to the studio, an authentic Albright landmark meticulously tailored to his specific needs. And his needs are not simple. For this painter who appears the very incarnation of nervous tension is perhaps the most patient, painstaking artist alive today. In his work nothing happens by chance. Each detail is planned, studied, and researched in depth. Even that tireless prober, Edwin Dickinson, has never devoted twenty-four years to one composition, as Albright did with *The Window.*

And speaking of windows, in the new studio there are several which were specially designed so that, inch by inch, separate glass sections can be regulated to control the light. Albright dislikes bright light or, for that matter, any kind of cheerful, flat sunlight. He prefers cloudy, gray skies which allow brooding shadows at once to define form and yet suggest the unknown.

Despite his mercilessly detailed technique, one must not suppose that Albright is interested in the object per se.

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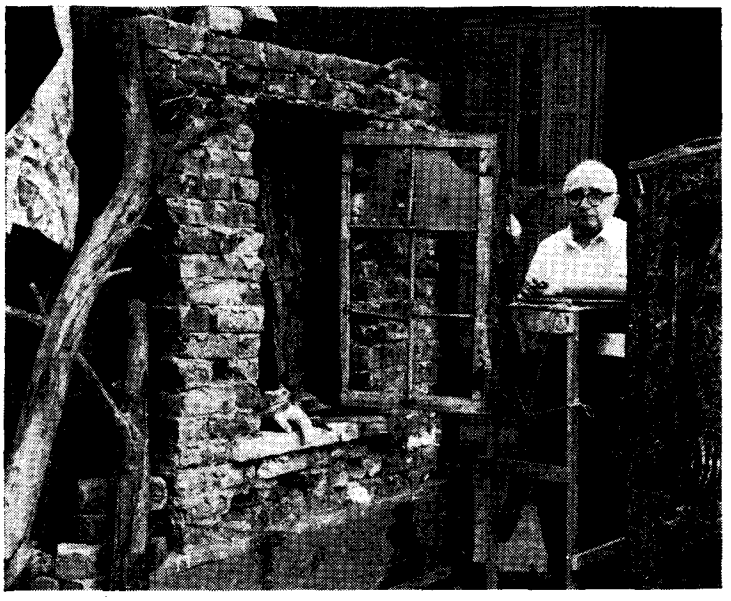
The artist in his studio with set-up for the painting, at right, *The Window*



True, he stages elaborate set-ups for his compositions, going so far as to reproduce a drab wall, brick by brick, or tear and resew a worn velveteen sleeve until each wrinkle has the desired consistency. But these visual facts are merely the raw material he manipulates and totally transforms. He is, paradoxically, an abstract artist who deals with reality only to destroy it by bending all images to his unique metaphysical bias. Projecting his own kind of ambiguous space, his own labyrinthian perspective, his own irrational light, he creates a jungle of insecurity.

Albright's methods, which at first glance appear literal, are in fact the reverse. He paints solely what he thinks, sometimes what he wants, but never what he sees. What he sees acts only as his point of departure. Attracted by the perversities of life, he infuses the commonplace with deceptive allusions. He once observed, "I like to see dust move and crawl over an object like a film." And, to be sure, his paintings have the touch of dusty death. But he is not concerned alone with dissolution. "Let's say I'm equally interested in growth and death. How can you divide them?"

Albright looks on the human body as man's tomb. "Without eyes the light would not hurt; without flesh the pain would not hurt; without legs our motion might accelerate. Without a body we might be men," he says. At best, he transcends human limitations by imperiously disregarding the laws of nature. He shows us human flesh, no matter how young, and inanimate objects, no matter how new, in a relentless journey toward extinction. He claims that when the artist moves, all things move with him. "If I stir, they stir. If I stand arrested, they become motionless." In short, he is the total impresario—to such an extreme that he prefers smooth board to canvas. Not wishing to fight the texture of woven cloth, he wants to weave his own painting. In an interview several years ago, Albright confessed, "I hope to control the observer, to make him move and think the way I want him to. . .I want to jar the observer into thinking—I want to make him uncomfortable."

WORKING intensively for some three hours each day, he stops as soon as the painting "begins to look good." At that point he finds his critical faculties becoming blunted. More than any other artist I recall, he can appraise his own work with unflinching objectivity. He knows his strengths; he knows his weaknesses. For him, his two top paintings are *The Door* and *The Window*. He spent long years on both, planning them in excruciating detail with endless preliminary drawings, notes, written directions, and three-dimensional set-ups. Conflict and turmoil distinguish every inch of the two compositions. Warring forces tip, tilt, slant, invert, twist, and foreshorten each object until the eye reels and the object, ceasing to be itself, takes on hallucinatory overtones. At the same time, the compositions, like tangled quagmires, dispense with ordinary boundaries. Sometimes it is virtually impossible to separate top from bottom or inside from outside in an Albright painting.

And that is precisely what he wants—to confuse and shock, to force reevaluations. In a notebook of working directions for *The Window* he wrote, "Make the painting more accurate and more accurate and more accurate." But his idea of accuracy was less a realistic than a compulsive one. *The Window* for him was an experience to be seen simultaneously from outside and inside. He tells himself to "make a view of the window as if a man is walking by it." Then, in the next sentence, he demands that each object be seen from the inside in multiple combined positions. For only thus does Albright believe that simulated motion can be achieved—not as a finite action, but as a creative transmutation. With unorthodox freedom, he defines motion as the third dimension. Relying on physical findings for purely psychic effects, he has developed a kind of simultaneous vision that is a far remove from the structural emphasis of cubism.

ALBRIGHT claims that art concepts like motion, space, color, and form are all invented by man, and that without man they cease to exist. Though a door is not curved, if the mind envisions it that way, it is curved. Hence, he painted his famous *Door* as a slightly convex door-coffin combination. With the same speculative drive he questions the role of color, asking himself, "What is the nature of color anyway? Does it build up—does it add strength—does it add softness—what does it do? Why does a certain object have a definite color? Take all the color away from it—then put it back. What is the significance of its

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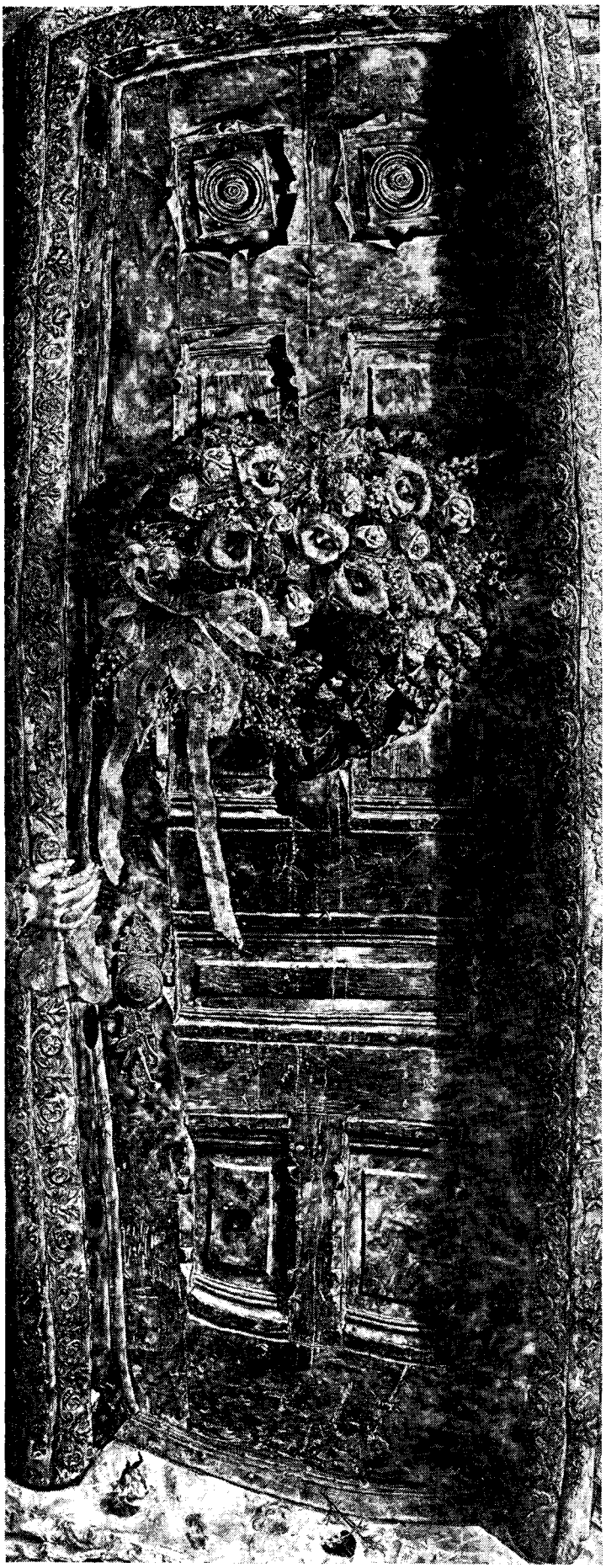
color?" The answer "is not in the eye, nor in reason." He implies that it comes only from one's own sensibility, one's cumulative experience. Just as the real transforms itself into the abstract for him, so dark and light merge. "Put everything in total darkness and you see nothing. Put everything in brilliant light and you see nothing." If Albright has a leitmotif it stems from his conviction that no single fact is as it seems.

In his youth, this artist, who is now approaching seventy, headed toward architecture but shifted to art after two years as a medical draftsman in World War I. The early surgical watercolors and drawings done rapidly on the spot in French base hospitals may seem antipathetic to Albright's subsequent mature style, partly because of the spontaneity with which they were executed, partly because they turned brutal wounds into the equivalents of growing plants. Instead of the dusty, almost dead plum color that characterizes so much of the later work ("maybe because I'm gloomy") we find here a veritable rainbow of iridescent hues. And yet there is continuity, for already the artist was rearranging nature to fit his needs. As later he was to invest the healthy with encroaching decay, so now in a world of death he made death live. These sketches remain an unforgettable indictment of war, both as documents and as exotic comments on the profligate destruction of the young.

ONE of my reasons for going to Vermont was to see a new painting Albright had started the previous fall. Already a year old, it would, he felt, require at least another five or six years to complete. Realizing that time can subvert the best laid plans, he never names a work until it is finished. The new one is temporarily called *The Vermonter*. Except for two portraits (of his late father-in-law, Captain Joseph Medill Patterson, and of Mary Block) this is the artist's first figure painting in thirty-five years. The subject is a man in his middle seventies who comes regularly to the studio for long hours each week. Between visits, a dummy carefully constructed by Albright suffices, but for head, hands, and body articulation the sitter is indispensable. According to Albright he chose a model "who has lived and who feels as tired as I do." Could it be that the artist paints himself as well as his sitter?

Tacked up on the studio wall is a crude chart with meaning for no one but the painter. Words and brief lines, both frequently crossed out or altered, act as directives. By the time the painting is finished, it is unlikely that any of the guideposts will remain as originally conceived. Nearby on an easel stands a "static drawing"—at least so Albright



—*The Art Institute of Chicago.*

The Door

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Preliminary charcoal drawing for unfinished painting, at right, *The Vermonter*

describes it. For me, it was neither a drawing nor static, but a superb charcoal, white chalk, and black pastel portrait on canvas. Albright considers it static only because it is closer to nature, to what one sees, than to the secret turbulence he feels invests all life. The background is naturalistic, the figure direct, three-dimensional, and harmonious.

And this is exactly what Albright does not want in the final composition. Relentlessly priming and questioning himself in his notebook, he suggests "moving model so light falls strongest on shoulder —then moving it back so light is stronger on face." Thus he makes his own arbitrary light. Next he directs himself to "put stubble of beard on pulsating flesh" and "have end of nose literally wriggle." Now he wants the cap to turn sharply in one direction, the head to turn in the opposite direction, as if the figure were caught in conflicting forces.

Even a modest silverpoint drawing of a bridge becomes the occasion for an entire book of sketches and notes. "Have bridge angle more than it does. Force more interesting rocks into view. Change their position and arrange them in stream so they make flow of water more rapid." The word is always "more," for Albright does not hold with the modern philosophy that less makes more. He deliberately exaggerates the multiplicity of life. Turner, it is said, was less interested in imitating nature than improving on it. Albright, I would guess, feels otherwise. He, too, changes nature, not to improve it, but to energize it with new meaning.

Except for Paul Klee, no modern artist has so frankly employed titles to underline the meaning of his work. What could be more evocative of guilt than the real name of *The Door: That Which I Should Have Done I Did Not Do*? Whether we see here a closed coffin lid, a closed door, or both, the same finality is implied. And, of course, *The Window* eventually became *Poor Room—There is no Time, no End, no Today, no Yesterday, no Tomorrow, only the Forever, and Forever and Forever without End*, a title that might seem corny if it accompanied any other painting. A half-nude man in a bowler seen against shabby furniture under a naked light bulb is called *And God Created Man in His Own Image (Room 203)*. The title echoes the compassion implicit in the picture. In most of Albright's work, compassion plays a central role. The artist sympathizes with the human predicament he lays bare.

If the titles have poetic overtones, this is hardly surprising, for Albright has long written verse as "a rest or reaction from painting," and, also, perhaps, as a way of exploring his attitudes toward art. In a poem about a painter he observes, "And the sky is not blue to him . . . And the river is not held within its banks . . . And the tree is not a tree to him . . . And colors are not just colors to him. . . ."

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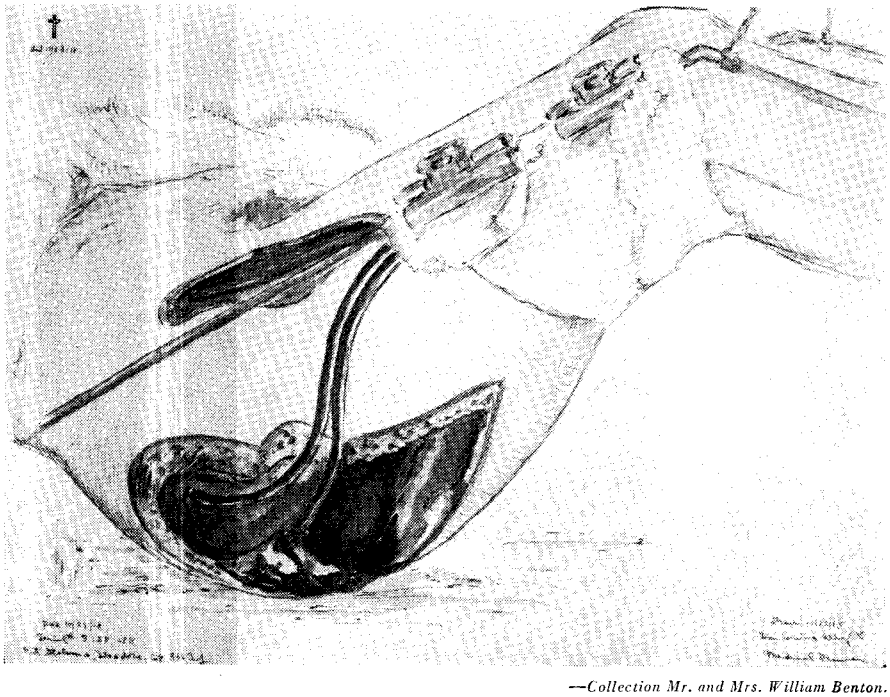
And God Created Man in His Own Image (Room 203).



—*Collection Mr. and Mrs. William Benton.*

Leaf from notebook of medical drawings, 1918.

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Saturday Review

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The Ordeal of the Short Distance

AN ASTRONAUT with a taste for irony can look down on the earthball and ponder the melancholy fact that it will take him longer to travel a few blocks in the average city than to circle the entire world. For the city has become a stage for the humiliation of modern man engaged in the act of short distance travel. Man has fixed his gaze on the distant places, but he has given absurdly little attention to his everyday need for circulating in the immediate vicinity. His genius in science and invention has gone into the large leaps; what happens on wheels and on foot is a disgrace to the race. Man's new access to the universe gives him cosmic grandeur but a trip to the other side of town gives him the willies. The symbol of the age is not the spaceship but the bottleneck.

In today's world, life in a metropolitan center is a morose demonstration of the failure of otherwise intelligent men to manage their environment. Consider, for example, just one aspect of New York City's short-distance crisis. There are three superhighways running from inside the city to the outlying main arteries. All three superhighways are relatively new but they were obsolete even before the concrete was laid. They provide for only three lanes of traffic in each direction, instead of the minimum of five or six that are clearly required. There are few turnoffs for disabled cars. These highways now have to be rebuilt at prodigious cost.

Are we to believe that the men who planned these major arteries didn't know the car population was rising? If so, they are plainly in the wrong business and should be barred from further interference with the movement of vehicles. It is possible, of course, that the designers were chained to inadequate budgets. In that case, they should have refused out of professional pride to proceed with ventures that were patently doomed. It is quite possible that the congestion on these three "expressways" has been responsible for more cases of twitching, hypertension, adrenal exhaustion, and elevated blood pressure in New York than business and marital difficulties combined. New York City may have a surfeit of brainpower, but there is no evidence that any of it has gone into its highway planning.

The automobile, conceived as a device for swift and convenient locomotion, is rapidly becoming a thing of fits and starts, an isolation chamber for sealing people off from continuous movement. The automobile horn is now less a device for alerting people to danger than it is an outlet for the boiling desperation of traffic-snarled and snarling drivers who don't know what else to do. This, of course, creates and compounds other problems: Noise pollution and air pollution come out of the same bottleneck.

Can nothing be done about the size of automobiles? Whatever the advantages of the large car on open highways, the moment it gets onto a city street it becomes an unholy instrument of congestion and air poisoning. Space in the heart of any large city is limited and valuable. Buildings are taxed according to the amount of land they occupy. Because of this, the emphasis is on vertical construction. An automobile, for no functional reason, is a horizontal phenomenon. It takes up space in defiance of all the logic that pertains to the operation of a large community. Moreover, the passion of designers to make cars look like frankfurters has resulted in front seats that require an unnatural sitting position and rear seats that make human legs an encumbrance. A long protrusion jutting far out over the rear wheels represents an ultimate tribute to baggage but makes parking the exercise of the devil. The net effect of this squeezed-out design is to reduce by one-third to one-half the number of cars that can pass a heavily trafficked point within a given time.

It is too easy to blame the automobile manufacturers. Less than a decade ago, Detroit put a major thrust behind smaller and lighter cars. It soon developed that when a man went into a salesroom to buy a compact car, he wanted the biggest one he could get. Competitive escalation in the size of compacts reached the point where some automobile owners could boast that their compacts were larger than some full-size cars. An automobile, like government, tends to reflect the level of public taste.

THE penalty for oversized and overpowered cars is not confined to slowdowns in traffic. Quite literally, people have to pay through the nose for extra horsepower. The combustion engine has converted city streets into public gas chambers. The motors in automobiles, of course, are far less malevolent than diesel engines in trucks and buses, but there are more of them and they are generally in need of repair.

It is while en route to an airport that the automobile has its most poignant confrontation with the jet age. Few roads leading out of the average large city are as clogged as the approaches to the airports. No amount of detailed explanation can convince a man who has just missed his plane that there are good reasons why it should take him longer to drive six miles than to fly 600.

Airports are not built. They are rebuilt—sometimes three and four times within a decade. Again, are we to believe that the airport planners were carefully insulated from the facts showing that increasing numbers of Americans were taking to the air? Chicago's O'Hare Field was built against the background of the continual failures of nearby Midway, where three successive reconstructions were outmoded before they were completed. Yet O'Hare, despite the hundreds of millions spent in the original construction and in various enlargements, is still ten years behind its needs. Landing strips are inadequate. Ramps for arriving planes are insufficient. It is not at all unusual to be in-

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carcerated in a plane for an additional half hour or more because of piled-up air traffic or lack of unloading gates. Even worse, perhaps, is the agony of getting from ticket counter to boarding area. Marathon runners can take this distance in stride; the average passenger must concentrate not just on getting to the gate in time, but on the cardiac implications of the chase.

John F. Kennedy International Airport in New York is another dramatic example of the inexplicable shortsightedness of men in an industry that is supposed to be synonymous with vision and progress. JFK Airport is now forced to handle three times as much traffic as it was designed to receive only a few years ago. The runways are not long enough and there are not enough of them. The ground approaches for automobiles are farcically outmoded; it is not unusual for passengers to miss planes because they were landlocked inside the airport grounds.

THE most successful design of any individual air terminal building in the United States belongs to TWA at JFK Airport in New York. It is more than a structure; it is a magnificent example of applied sculpture. But the interior design is a lamentable anachronism. The space for boarding passengers can accommodate perhaps only half the required traffic.

The short-distance ordeal is not ended when the passenger boards the plane—not even when the plane starts to move. There is still the trip to the runway. At major airports in Chicago, New York, and Washington, sometimes as many as twenty planes are herded together with jet engines running, waiting for runway clearance. The cabin air-intake system sucks in the exhaust from the planes ahead. Jet exhaust is highly concentrated, highly toxic. The four engines of one plane at full takeoff thrust produce each second a spew equal to that of 5,000 automobiles of average horsepower accelerating at full power from a standing start. Medical authorities report varying degrees of brain damage from excessive exposure to jet-exhaust gases. Airplane spew can be reduced by having the control tower direct startups, and by careful positioning of planes waiting for takeoff. Also, more research is needed to find chemical additives for fuel that can reduce the amount of poison in exhaust.

One of the most distasteful short-distance ordeals in the world, of course, as international travelers can attest, is represented by the stretch from one end of a U.S. Customs inspector's counter to the other. In terms of courtesy and helpfulness, the U.S. Customs inspector deserves high marks. But he is forced to administer procedures that are incredibly crude. No other major nation, including the Soviet Union, subjects arrival passengers to as much red tape as does the United States. At the end of the vacation season, the inspection-and-customs room at JFK Airport in New York looks like a combination of a dollar sale at Macy's and the world's largest taffy pull. Why should the United States be one of the very few nations in the world that still require their inspectors to go rooting through luggage? What is it that the United States has to fear from its own citizens that other nations do not fear from theirs?

This brief account of short-distance ordeals doesn't begin to exhaust the list of senseless exasperating experiences in getting from one place to another. A few others:

► Contending with staggered traffic-light systems that are calibrated to the volume of city traffic that would ordinarily be found on city streets at 3 a.m., but that are preposterous for midday traffic.

► Missing a poorly marked turnoff on an automobile expressway, the result being that you have to drive ten miles before you get back on the right road.

► Being almost blinded by the neon glare of a virtually continuous run of gasoline stations on an ordinary highway, and then almost losing your sight looking for a gasoline pump on a superhighway where stations may be more than twenty miles apart.

► Being trapped inside a taxicab that is piled up in traffic and that is stuck alongside the billowing rear-end of a city bus.

► Any experience on a subway train or surface transportation vehicle during peak hours.

► Finding yourself stuck at a highway toll station behind a driver who has nothing less than a $50 bill and is trying to find out how to get to Nogales, Arizona.

Short-distance travel ordeals are not inherent in the fact of modern civilization. They have come about and have been intensified because human brainpower hasn't been trained on them in sufficient degree. There is no reason why human society need be condemned to a mass frustration neurosis caused by bottlenecks. City planning can be as exciting and challenging as programming computers or seeking cures for so-far incurable diseases. If the country attaches enough importance to the matter, it is possible that some of its best minds may turn to it. We'll all go out of *our* minds if they don't. —N.C.

The Laugh

By Eric Barker

HE was shaking all over,
A gale that would have rocked a tree;
A sound almost nonhuman,
The sort of outburst you'd expect
Only from a god, doubled up at last,
Uncontrollable above the human scene.

But under that darkening sky
His view held but one human figure, his wife
Hurrying down the road away from the house.
She kept stopping and looking back, as if
Reluctant to leave what they had just shared
Together. Listening to him, you'd have guessed
It was something stupendous,

(Like the storm coming up. The sky dark
All over now. The trees very still. Waiting.)

Spent at last, he stood there
Wiping his eyes, then went inside,
Closing the door.
And almost at once the sky turned over,
A huge Olympian belly rumble
Rolling away over the tree tops,
Gathering in its wake
Another stillness.

And I heard him in there. In that short deep quiet.
A different sound. Then suddenly
The leaves were full of rain.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Manchester Book

I AM DISAPPOINTED . . . at the superficiality . . . in the article, "The Truth as Personal Property," by Arnold Gingrich [*SR*, Jan. 21]. There he says, "But the richer irony of the [Kennedy-Manchester] affair was in the Janus-like casting of Mrs. Kennedy's lawyer, who, fresh from defending one book's right to live against the displeasure with its disclosures evinced by a rich and willful woman, was called upon to attack another on what must have seemed uncomfortably similar grounds."

Indeed I did defend the right of Dr. [Sylvester K.] Stevens to write history as he pleased regardless of the wishes of those whose ancestors were mentioned in his book [about Henry Clay Frick]. As I told the court, I have a passion about such freedom. But Dr. Stevens had made no contract with Miss [Helen C.] Frick. She gave him no personal or other information about her father.

I do not find anything in that position which is in the slightest degree incompatible with another proposition which I have advocated in the courts, not only on this occasion, but on many occasions; namely, that when one enters into a contract he ought to keep it, not treat it like a scrap of paper. . . . I am aware of nothing in the First Amendment or in the principle of freedom to publish, or in the integrity of authorship which precludes our insisting that Manchester keep his word.

Freedom of the press is a value we highly prize. The integrity of the promised word is another value which we esteem highly, especially when on the strength of that plighted word, disclosures are made which otherwise would never have been made. Why a sophisticated publisher of a magazine, like Mr. Gingrich, should fail to discover this fundamental distinction between the two cases is quite beyond me.

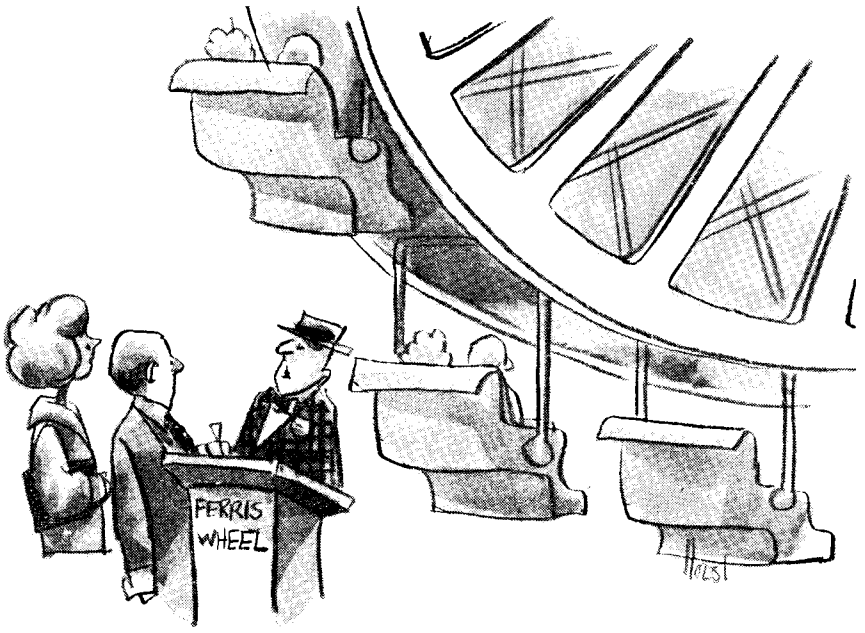
SIMON H. RIFKIND,
Paul, Weiss, Rifkind,
Wharton & Garrison.

New York, N.Y.

J. K. GALBRAITH, in the article "Was Mrs. Kennedy Justified in Bringing Suit?" . . . advances the absurd argument that Mrs. Kennedy's magisterial authorization "was an arrangement which most journalists and most historians would have welcomed." Then why did such leading writers as Theodore White and Walter Lord reject such "attractive" terms? And why did Mr. Galbraith overlook a fourth alternative whereby the Kennedys would have "permitted" all writers, including sycophant vassals, to mine whatever information they could elicit from the unbuttoned lips of informants relative to the assassination? Under this unmuzzled arrangement what nuggets could even a Jim Bishop uncover which already have not received banner headlines throughout the world despite the Kennedys' frantic efforts to manage history?

WILLIAM W. HASSLER.

Indiana, Pa.



"One way or round trip?"

WHENEVER READING about the Kennedy-Manchester feud, I am reminded of the disservice one widow did her famous spouse. Soon after his death, Mrs. Leonard Wood sealed the General's private and public correspondence. Eventually the Library of Congress became their custodian. It was long after her mother's death in 1942 that the late Luisita Wood relaxed the restrictions on those papers.

By having closed the papers to everyone except the late Hermann Hagedorn, Mrs. Wood forced scholars of American, Cuban, and Philippine history to interpret her husband's actions from bits and pieces of his correspondence found elsewhere, to rely on his biography, or, simply, to imagine what the General might have said and done.

MICHAEL P. ONORATO,
Assistant Professor of History,
California State College.

Fullerton, Calif.

WHEN FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT was President he did many great things; he also made mistakes. But one great lasting thing he left behind him—The March of Dimes.

Lee Oswald was mentally ill; he hated; he killed. The tragedy of mental illness in one form or another has touched almost every American family, bringing pain and grief. We need more research, hospitals, juvenile care, trained psychiatrists, psychoanalysts, and that requires infinite amounts of money.

A John F. Kennedy March of Dollars or some such memorial drive would be a most wonderful tribute to a most wonderful man.

LILA GOTWISNER.

New Rochelle, N.Y.

Travel Notes

HORACE SUTTON, in introductory comments to the special section titled "International Tourist Year 1967" [*SR*, Jan. 7], writes: "Well, here we all are, absolutely fagged from the 1,000th anniversary of the Battle of Hastings. . . ." The Battle of Hastings was fought in 1066. Doesn't that make the 900th anniversary? Or is this the new mathematics?

WILFRED B. FEIGA.

Worcester, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Sutton is well aware of the date of the Battle of Hastings, as evidenced by his column of March 5, 1966, entitled "900 Years and All That." SR regrets the typographical error.*

Aid to Florence

AS A FOLLOW-UP to the article "Florence After the Flood" by my husband, Victor, and myself [*SR*, Dec. 24], your readers might be interested to learn that flood relief here, initiated by a small Anglo-American committee and now to be continued by the larger Florentine Relief Fund initiated by Senator Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island, has been given to about 2,500 families and will continue to go to families and artisans. More than $100,000 raised by letters from friends to friends in the United States and England has been spent to date for immediate aid to the most urgent cases in a street-by-street canvass of the worst hit areas. Far more funds are needed, from our experience of working in the Santa Croce area.

ELIZABETH VELEN.

Florence, Italy

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Contributions for general relief still may be sent to the Florentine Relief Fund, Inc., 375 Park Avenue, New York City; those for aid in restoring damaged art, to the Committee to Rescue Italian Art, 717 Fifth Avenue, New York City.*

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LITERARY HORIZONS

More Fact in Fiction

WHETHER or not there is such a thing as the nonfiction novel, there is—and for over 200 years there has been—such a thing as the fictional non-novel. A fictional non-novel is a book that is represented as being a novel but has as a major purpose the dissemination of presumably useful knowledge. Richardson's *Pamela* began as an attempt to instruct young women of the servant class in proper behavior; it turned out to be much more than that, but Richardson was a genius. As a rule, didactic novels—and thousands of them were published in the nineteenth century, both here and in England—have died as soon as they have served their nonliterary purposes.

In the present period fictional non-novels tend to be informative rather than, in the strictest sense, didactic. Allen Drury's *Capable of Honor,* for example, is the third so-called novel in which he has undertaken to inform people about what goes on in Washington. Such books are popular, I think, because they offer both entertainment and instruction, and the person who might be a little ashamed of reading a novel just for fun feels virtuous when he reads them. Some of them, moreover, promise not merely information but inside information, a commodity highly valued in the United States today.

James Barlow's *One Man in the World* (Simon & Schuster, $5.95) is a better than average example of the genre but does not really rise above its limitations. It provides considerable information about present-day Africa, especially the part controlled by Portugal; and it attempts to show, in a none too favorable light, the inner workings of the United Nations. Its hero, Shaun McQuade, who is a part of the Canadian Mission to the United Nations and who has a great faith in the work he is doing, is sent to what is called "the territory of Angolique" as chairman of a committee appointed by the U.N. to investigate complaints made by natives against the Portuguese administration of the territory. The novel tells what happens to McQuade on this mission and after.

The first problem of an author attempting such a book is how to introduce the information he wants to convey without relying on solid blocks of exposition. Barlow is pretty good at this. He first interests us in McQuade and his wife, Kristan, and then describes a session of the Committee of Twenty-Four of the Trusteeship Council at which several witnesses testify against the Portuguese. The reader becomes curious as to who is right and who is wrong, and Barlow introduces some straight exposition to satisfy that curiosity. After McQuade gets to Africa, however, Barlow is able to do most of what he wants to do in sound narrative fashion — by showing what McQuade and to some extent other members of the committee do and say and see. Seeing is most important, particularly in the horrifying accounts of atrocities committed on both sides. Towards the end there is some heavy-handed exposition, but less than might be expected.

The second problem is that of characterization. The persons in informational novels tend to be flat, to exist only in the particular situation that the author has set out to portray for the reader's benefit. Most of Barlow's characters are two-dimensional, but both McQuade and his wife are credible individuals. Indeed, the book is in part a character study, since Shaun is presented as a good man, a sincere idealist. As is well known, it is difficult to make good men convincing, and I won't argue that Barlow is completely successful with his hero; but he makes a praiseworthy try, and if in the end he is beaten, it is not because he doesn't understand the man but because Shaun's troubles are too much for Barlow, as well as for Shaun, to handle.

In order for the informational novel to hold its readers it must, like novels of practically every kind, have sex interest. Usually the hero himself is involved in some passionate affair, but that can be risky, for it may force the author to neglect the business which is his primary concern. Barlow comes close to solving this problem, too, by assigning the novel's sex interest to the hero's wife. He does well with Kristan, a woman of forty-three who has begun to feel she is losing everything that has made her desirable, and who is miserably lonely with her husband in Africa. Her lover's ardor is gratifying, and at last, after struggling valiantly against temptation, she succumbs. Her regret is intensified by her husband's virtue: "He'd never betrayed Kristan in his life, not by a kiss or a pat on the buttocks." (As a matter of fact, he does kiss a girl on page 15, and Kristan is sore about it.)

There is also the problem of mixing fact and fiction in the proper proportions. On the one hand, the reader does want facts; he wants to be sure he is getting the real thing. On the other hand, the closer an author comes to the real thing the greater the danger of libel suits. Barlow has a wistful note: "This is a work of fiction and the characters are of my creation. Since it is in part about

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the United Nations it is inevitable that the names I use must coincide with some persons' names somewhere in the world. To such individuals I apologize for any irritation caused." The real question, of course, is not of names but of identities. Somewhere in the world, for instance, there must be someone whose name is certainly not Mr. Cannon but who has a job like that held by Mr. Cannon in the book and who may very well feel that Barlow has him in mind. "Irritation" is a weak word for the probable reactions of such a person.

A more serious aspect of this problem is the uncertainty of the reader as to what is fact and what is fiction. Since most of us know little about Africa, Barlow's book is particularly perplexing. Why does he call his territory Angolique? The name presumably is a combination of the names of two Portuguese territories, Angola and Mozambique, but has it some special significance for Barlow? How close are the rebels in this book to the men who have led rebellions in the Portuguese territories in recent years? Is Barlow's account of the domination of the U.N. by the U.S. factual or an expression of prejudice? The ending is obviously fictional if not, as one hopes, fantastic; but are we to take it seriously as an indication of what Barlow thinks might happen in the future? It is because the reader is inevitably concerned with such questions as these that the book, in spite of Barlow's good intentions and literary skill, remains a non-novel. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1227

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1227 will be found in the next issue.

ZTWIWZO BTY FWVY KTROGYTO

NL QNKFYCYQ'O ZFNIGYO.

—LTBQZWO KBZNQ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1226

There are few sorrows, however poignant, in which a good income is of no avail. —L. P. SMITH.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Nonsense and Nonsense

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH, whose integrity no one ever has questioned up until now [*SR*, Jan. 21], might well have kept out of the shabby business in which Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy and the junior Senator from New York threw around a great deal of money and political power in the thoroughly nasty, un-American work of censoring, or at least trying to censor, history.

For a man with Dr. Galbraith's credentials to say: "This is nonsense" to the charge that the unhappy affair raises sharply the issue of a fundamental public right to know is, in itself, nonsense.

Dr. Galbraith has had occasion to swear that he will support and uphold the Constitution of the United States. (So, incidentally, have the junior Senator from New York and former Federal Judge Rifkind, the Kennedy attorney.) That includes the First Amendment, a most precious part of our Bill of Rights, which supposedly grants us the right to publish freely. The Kennedys (with the honorable exception of Boston's Ted) now have whittled the First Amendment down so that it grants us the right *to publish freely material which is not unpleasing* to a rich and politically powerful family.

Dr. Galbraith and other Kennedy friends would do well to remember that they are dealing with a young man who would do literally anything to become President and with a charming and beautiful young woman who would have been much more at home in Versailles than she is in a democratic America—and not with their brother and husband, the late and greatly lamented President of the United States.

DONALD MCLEOD POND.
New York, N.Y.

MAY I COMMENT briefly on your symposium on the Manchester book controversy? Arnold Gingrich believes he detects an inconsistency in publishing a President's view of his Secretary of State, on the one hand, and objecting to the violation of the privacy and grief of a President's widow, on the other. If he will read J. H. Plumb's admirable piece, he will discover the answer. The historian's test is whether the statement relates to the conduct of public affairs. When it does, the historian is surely within his rights to publish it. When it does not, then, as Mr. Plumb comments, waiting "ten, twenty, thirty years would be a matter of indifference for any historian."

I should add that, while I am in full agreement with Mr. Galbraith's brilliant piece, he errs in saying that *A Thousand Days* was "an authorized history." While that book was written with the full knowledge of the Kennedy family, it was a personal memoir for which I bear entire responsibility. Nor did it draw on Mrs. Kennedy's oral history interviews. Mrs. Kennedy in the course of a long friendship has told me many things, but I used nothing in *A Thousand Days* derived uniquely from her without her permission.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.
New York, N.Y.

Just a Figure Eight

GRANVILLE HICKS, in discussing Nabokov's vocabulary [*SR*, Jan. 28], seems to have a lot of trouble with the author's "lemniscate," describing the trace of a bicycle on wet sand.

While not as starkly simple as the circle, Bernoulli's lemniscate is not the obscure profundity that is suggested by Mr. Hicks's dictionary definition. A more down-to-earth definition is ". . . a curve such that the *product* of the distances of any point on it from two fixed points, called foci, is constant."

Ice skaters refer to their traces of this same curve as a simple "figure eight." . . .

JOHN P. FITZGERALD.
Richmond Hill, N.Y.

Olympian

I SHOULD LIKE TO NOTE my thanks and appreciation to those responsible for accomplishing whatever negotiations were required for accession of the Olympian faculties of Dr. J. H. Plumb for *SR*. It is in my considered opinion one of the truly significant events in the popular periodical field.

Dr. Plumb has managed to arouse imaginative interest in a category of books too long, too often neglected for lack of reviewing (digestive) capacities equivalent to his.

I shall remain a subscriber so long as I am able to find in *SR* such a qualitative standard of style and intelligence.

GEORGE MOLDOVAN.
Johnson City, Tenn.

Glimpse of Joyce

LEON EDEL'S PHILIPPIC on Joyce [*SR*, Jan. 21] showed a surprising lack of objectivity (not to mention good will!). It seems to me that his article revealed only a "glimpse," and a poor one at that, of the writer. Literati from Pound to Anthony Burgess have expressed opinions on Joyce's work and character quite different from Mr. Edel's. In the future, you might consider giving him space to document his criticisms more fully —maybe along the line of the recent eulogy on Marcus Aurelius [SR, Jan. 7]?

PETER GOODSELL.
Montour Falls, N.Y.

Wrong Arch

IN *SR* RECOMMENDS, Feb. 4, *Plutarch and His World* should read *Petrarch and His World*.

NAID SOFIAN.
New York, N.Y.

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Advice and Dissent

The Arrogance of Power, *by J. William Fulbright (Random House. 264 pp. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95), points out the widespread doubt that America has the moral and intellectual qualities necessary to employ her military and economic potentials wisely. Frank Altschul is chairman of the Committee on International Policy of the National Planning Association.*

By FRANK ALTSCHUL

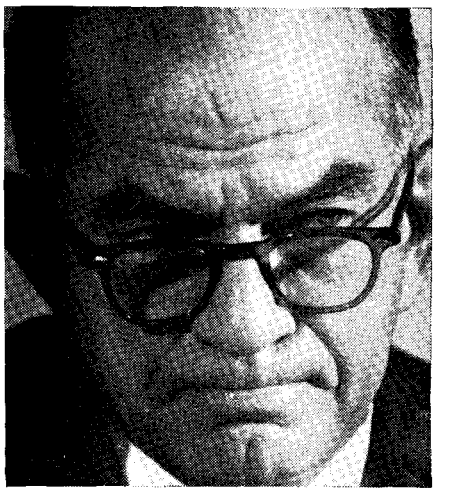
IT IS, if anything, an understatement to say there is an uneasy feeling throughout the land that many of the recent decisions taken by our government in the field of foreign policy have been ill-advised. This feeling often finds expression in open dissent, for which Senator J. William Fulbright in *The Arrogance of Power* eloquently supplies the rationale. In doing so he effectively disposes at the same time of the flippant charge of Nervous Nellyism.

In the course of a sober analysis of many aspects of our foreign policy, Mr. Fulbright focuses attention on our principal source of preoccupation—Vietnam. In his words, "the official war aims of the United States government, as I understand them, are to defeat what is regarded as North Vietnamese aggression, to demonstrate the futility of what the Communists call 'wars of national liberation,' and to create conditions under which the South Vietnamese people will be able freely to determine their own future." He does not doubt the "sincerity of the President" and his associates "in propounding these aims." What he does doubt, and doubts very much, "is the ability of the United States to achieve these aims by the means being used." Furthermore, he questions "the ability of the United States or any other Western nation to go into a small, alien, undeveloped Asian nation and create stability where there is chaos, the will to fight where there is defeatism, democracy where there is no tradition of it, and honest government where corruption is almost a way of life."

Senator Fulbright shares with many of his fellow citizens certain fundamental misgivings. Have the aims of our intervention, whether in the Dominican Republic, for example, or in Vietnam, been fairly presented to the American people? In regard to the Dominican Republic, he feels that "there is no doubt that the fear of Communism rather than danger to American lives" was the basic reason for intervention. About Vietnam he says, "when all the official rhetoric about aggression and the defense of freedom and the sanctity of our word has been cited and recited, we are still left with two essential reasons for our involvement in Vietnam: the view of Communism as an evil philosophy and the view of ourselves as God's avenging angels, whose sacred duty it is to combat evil philosophies."

It is the wisdom no less than the legality of pursuing this course as a sacred duty that Senator Fulbright challenges. He feels that in the formulation of policy we have not given sufficient weight to the changing aspects of Communism or the rising tide of nationalism. It was the aggressive character of Soviet imperialism, using Communism as a weapon, rather than the Communist ideology itself that threatened us in the aftermath of the Second World War. In Senator Fulbright's words, "a strong Communist state which poses a barrier to expansion by an aggressive Communist power may be more desirable from the viewpoint of American interests than a weak non-Communist state whose very weakness forms a vacuum which invites conquest or subversion." Implicit is the suggestion that a united Vietnam vigorously nationalist and historically strongly anti-Chinese in character might in the long run prove to be in accord with the true interests of the United States, even though tainted with a Communist ideology.

This is a conception clearly at variance with our alleged objectives. But are we not following a will-o'-the-wisp in our apparent determination to transform South Vietnam, which under the Geneva Accords was regarded merely as a temporary zone, into an independent nation when no such independent nation has previously existed? That such an attempt is an adventure in futility seems to be the Senator's view. And the cost of the effort is not limited to the tragic loss of American lives and the diversion of American resources that could be better employed elsewhere. There are collateral costs of great magnitude, described by Senator Fulbright as "Fallout." Because we have embarked upon a course of action which we would have criticized violently if pursued by others, we are today the subject of deep-seated criticism



—Paul Conklin (Pix).

J. William Fulbright—"collateral costs of great magnitude."

ourselves. Here we are paying a price of immeasurable proportions. Not only has the prospect of any détente with the Soviet Union been dimmed, but, no less important, our position of leadership in the free world and Asia as well is being seriously undermined. While no one questions our military and economic power, there is widespread doubt that we have the moral and intellectual qualities necessary to employ this power judiciously. We seem to have strayed a long way from "a decent respect for the opinion of mankind."

Under the heading "An Alternative for Vietnam" Senator Fulbright sets forth a program of eight points which, if followed, might lead us step by step out of the predicament in which we now find ourselves. No one, including Senator Fulbright, would presume to predict the outcome. Yet few would quarrel with the end he seeks—to bring peace and tranquillity to Vietnam, to substitute constructive endeavor for the devastation of continuing warfare, and finally to neutralize as much of Southeast Asia as is willing to accept the guarantee of neutralization.

This is a profound and stimulating book which the Administration could study to great advantage. In a chapter entitled "The Senate and the Senator" there is a revealing statement that should be noted: "There are still other areas in which I am proscribed from leadership or initiative by the strong preferences of my constituency." Possibly this will satisfy the many admirers of Senator Fulbright who have been critical of his attitude in regard to civil rights legislation. For had he followed in this domain the dictates of conscience rather than those of political expediency, the nation would in all likelihood have been deprived of his unique and enlightened contribution over the years to the discussion and formulation of American foreign policy.

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The Accuser and the Accused

Friendship and Fratricide: An Analysis of Whittaker Chambers and Alger Hiss, *by Meyer A. Zeligs, M.D. (Viking. 476 pp. $8.95), maintains that the famous trials resulted in the ruin of an innocent man by a psychopath with a compulsion to destroy. Mark Harris is professor of English at San Francisco State College and author of "Twenty-One Twice: A Journal."*

By MARK HARRIS

MEYER A. ZELIGS describes his book as "a psychobiographical investigation into those regions of the protagonists' lives and minds that were beyond the scope of their own counsel and the courts to explore."

The protagonists were Whittaker Chambers, who is dead, and Alger Hiss, now sixty-two and a salesman in New York City. To Hiss *Friendship and Fratricide* may be largely welcome, for it is a persuasive exposition of the author's thesis that he was a victim of Chambers's pathological need to destroy.

Why should we be astonished to be told this? Madness and obsession have been lately in the news. It is far easier, for me at least, to believe Dr. Zeligs's account of Chambers's compulsive destruction of Hiss than to believe that upon a single Chicago night one man murdered eight nurses.

Alger Hiss, according to Dr. Zeligs, was a man of high integrity, with a first-rate intellect and a proper respect for proper institutions. Testimony by responsible and highly-placed Americans held him to be generous, reliable, and singularly able. But he was also overly solicitous, an incurable "caretaker."

After his graduation from Johns Hopkins and Harvard Law School, Hiss served as a lawyer for the New Deal AAA and for the Nye Committee. Though he would have preferred to return to private practice, he became secretary general of the San Francisco Conference which wrote the United Nations Charter, and in 1947 he assumed the presidency of the Carnegie Endowment

—*Wide World.*

Whittaker Chambers—"man of mystery."

—*Wide World.*

Alger Hiss—"incurable caretaker"

Inhibitions to an Analytic Biography

I MADE CLEAR TO Hiss at the outset, as I had in similar letters to Chambers and to all the others I planned to interview, that my projected study was to be an analytic biography. It was not my intent to confirm the guilt or establish the innocence of Hiss. I pointed out to Hiss the necessity of having no restrictions in the gathering of background material pertaining to all aspects of his life, private and public, personal and political. Despite a deep-seated aversion to talking about himself, Hiss agreed to these stipulations.

My study of Chambers' life took a different tack. Despite my repeated efforts, Chambers refused to see me. He would not answer my letters or phone calls. Attempts to contact him through mutual friends proved equally unsuccessful . . . even from Chambers' Baltimore attorneys I failed to get a response. Their opinions are therefore absent from this study.

Chambers' silence stands in ironic contrast to the cooperation of Hiss. Chambers' account of his personal life has been widely publicized: in his testimony at many Congressional hearings, in the two trials, and in his autobiography; yet he would not speak to me privately. Hiss, who has insisted that the Hiss case is distinct from Hiss, the person, and who has confined his public utterances strictly to legal facts, has willingly related the details of his personal and political life.

After Whittaker Chambers' death on July 9, 1961 (two years after I began my study), many sources of information opened up. Informants, unwilling to relate their past experiences while Chambers was still alive, now provided me with anecdotal and documentary material. I sought out Chambers' friends, former classmates, colleagues, professors, political associates (ex-Communists, fellow travelers, leftists, and rightists); also journalists, editors, physicians, literary associates, and many others. Most related to me freely, and some reluctantly, what they remembered about him. There were those who doubted him and those who believed in him implicitly; many were awed by his literary knowledge and fascinated by his experience and intrigues. He was variously admired, distrusted, held in contempt. But all who had any dealings with him shared a common feeling: Whittaker Chambers was a man of mystery. Even in the minds of the politically astute, he remains to this day a misunderstood figure. Despite the extent of his political and personal intrigues and despite his success as a journalist, Whittaker Chambers led an isolated and secretive existence. . . .This book therefore lacks the added dimension his personal participation would have provided. . . .Whatever imbalance it contains I have carefully left untouched. It remains, I hope, not the measure of my own leanings, but an essential dimension of the analytic biographer in his endeavor to encompass in full scope the deeply contrasting life styles of his two subjects.

IF WE EXAMINE THE PASSAGES from *Witness* . . . we see that they are enactments of familiar patterns in Chambers' emotional life. Chambers becomes romantically attached to a friend, then envy

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for International Peace. As he could not resist appeals for personal help, so he could not resist the idea of helping the world.

In Dr. Zeligs's view, Chambers's life was ruled from beginning to end by relentless psychic conflict, a recurrent pattern of love-hate, envy, and destruction. He was early estranged from his neurotic parents. He felt responsible for his brother's suicide, and was burdened by guilt that he had neither saved him nor joined him in the death pact he claimed his brother had suggested. Chambers repeatedly sought to "resurrect" his brother and then to "kill" him again. Alger Hiss was the last of a long line of surrogate brothers met, exploited, and betrayed.

The psychological strains under which Chambers labored required him to alter his name and his identity regularly, and Dr. Zeligs, physician turned detective, traces the succession of changes at length, with full documentation. Chambers lived under many names in many places, falsified many documents, and created and recreated his own history as a means of inventing an identity acceptable to him. Conversely, he projected upon other people, especially those he victimized, his own numerous flaws: he was reportedly alcoholic, homosexual, thief, and defaulting debtor.

At his high school graduation ceremony Chambers delivered the class prophecy, in which he predicted that a girl classmate would become a prostitute. She was the first of many victims. Inflicting various degrees of damage, Chambers subsequently slandered or blackmailed college friends, fellow-workers, and political associates, as well as "dead, deported, or mythical persons." All this was a part of "the fictionalization of his own reality." And indeed, Dr. Zeligs's explication of Chambers's prose, poetry, and literary translations reveals, among other things, startling prefigurations of the relationship with Hiss.

In 1948 Hiss was publicly named by Whittaker Chambers as having been a leader of the Communist "apparatus" in Washington during the mid-Thirties. Hiss denied the charges, asserting that he had never known anyone named Whittaker Chambers. He eventually recognized his accuser as one George Crosley, a free-lance writer whom he had assisted in small ways more than a decade earlier.

Hiss promptly sued for libel. The process led to his being tried twice for perjury. The second and decisive trial concentrated finally upon documents allegedly passed from Hiss to Chambers, and claimed to have been written on a Woodstock typewriter once owned by Hiss.

The possibilities, now or ever, of real certainty concerning the documents or the typewriter are remote. A main service of Dr. Zeligs's book is its directing our attention along the right lines: far from deepening the futile cloak-and-dagger mystery, it deepens instead our wonder and awe. If the mechanics of courtroom justice failed, it was because the jurors could not believe that Chambers's charges could be lies: no man would tell such things about another without some basis; somewhere there must be motive.

But where? "The many episodes in [Chambers's] itinerant and vagabond existence were linked in a long chain of clinical evidence presented by [Hiss's] counsel to show Chambers's sociopathic personality." The prosecution derided this evidence of motive because "you can't see" the imaginative workings of the mind. The defense psychiatrist, Dr. Carl Binger, reminded of "his legal limitations as a witness," attempted to explain that he had been "trained to include . . . not to exclude," but the court was skeptical and the jurors more so.

Hiss's legal defeat had the effect of freezing the public memory of the case. He entered contemporary history as the archetypical traitor, Chambers as the repentant patriot. The view was reinforced by Chambers's *Witness*, published in 1952, the factual distortions and psychological defenses of which Dr. Zeligs analyzes extensively.

As knowledge overtakes our age, the invisible becomes increasingly visible. Hidden or unconscious passions are as real as assassin's bullets. And as we move farther away from the political atmosphere of 1949 the vindication of Alger Hiss becomes more probable. Toward that end this "psychobiography" irresistibly leads, for Dr. Zeligs's care and labor must win the respect of open minds capable of including the invisible.

and resentment set in, followed by contempt. Hiss and Chambers are linked by a deep "bond," a "tacit esteem of character," they share a "simplicity of taste, a gentleness of character." But Hiss is not Chambers' equal, we are to understand, in intellect; not equal to the minds Chambers grew up with, not interested in ideas, not even interested in Shakespeare. Then Hiss's character itself—praised before for its gentleness—comes under attack: it contains a streak of "cruelty" and "savagery." That underlying meanness is turned on Chambers himself: Hiss reproaches Chambers for his uncared-for teeth; Chambers is victimized, and he forgives Hiss. It is evident that this passage, like all of *Witness*, works for Chambers' self-glorification. He portrays himself as noble in spirit: noble, in his generous praise of Hiss's character, in his appreciation of the friendship, and in his tolerance of Hiss's shortcomings (anti-intellectualism and savagery). If we believe Chambers, he cannot lose.

—*From "Friendship and Fratricide."*

Ever Since Greencastle

By Naomi Lazard

EVER since Greencastle
where I boarded the train,
crossing the bed of foamflowers
that slept beside the shed,
I have played a part, I have brazened
it out in the gentian gardens, the
cafeteria,
the auditorium, everywhere.
I was none too steady after the fruit
punch.
The girl on the coin winked twice
as I dressed for dinner at eight and the
reception.
Thank you, thank you all. No applause
please.
Having seen you once I didn't dare
to turn my head, those bees swarmed
out of your eyes.
I fastened mine on my book
all about the new mathematics.
But you touched me first with a hot bee
pressed
to the small of my back, sent my shivers
of nerves
humming like quick black birds
in a dangerous sky. Later you said,
"But I saw you at Greencastle. You
looked proud."
Proud! I saw us lying together on some
enormous shore,
folded like leaves that have spun
down in a draft, lulled by the low
sounds of gulls
and our names forgotten.
But you were always so far away.
I turned to discover the slope of your
neck
bending toward someone else.
I smiled on my imaginary stage,
performed in the spot of an amber lens.
And you. You were cornered, I presume,
back to the wall and swollen with
success.
Barbecued on their hot smiles.
Ah, my well done turned to perfection
morsel,
who is the white lamb, who
the ravenous one that blessed the fire?
We lifted a departing toast
to our separate ways, and as if in a
dream
I remember our only silence.
How we turned face to face
in the cruelest part of the night.
How we curled to each other
with never a sound to save us.

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Destroying Angel from Missouri

Orrin Porter Rockwell: Man of God, Son of Thunder, *by Harold Schindler (University of Utah Press. 399 pp. $7.50), recounts the violent life of the man non-Mormons feared as the "Destroying Angel" of Mormonism. Meredith Brown is a lawyer in New York with an abiding interest in American history.*

By MEREDITH BROWN

HIS BLACK hair poured over his broad shoulders, so long that it had to be done up in a bun in back. He never let it be cut after the Prophet Joseph Smith told him: "Cut not thy hair and no bullet or blade can harm thee." The prophecy held true. During the remaining thirty-five years of his life Porter Rockwell fought and killed unknown numbers of men—whites and Indians, Mormons and Gentiles—without suffering harm. He died a peaceful death in 1878: with his boots on, but in bed.

The violence of Rockwell's life is impressive. With the rest of the Mormons in Missouri, he experienced the brutal raids of the Missouri Gentiles in the 1830s. When the dread Danite band was organized in self-defense, Rockwell was a charter member. He learned the secret sign: "to clap the right hand to the right thigh, and then raise it quick to the right temple, the thumb extending behind the ear." Swearing loyalty to the Church and secrecy upon pain of death, he became "a man of God and son of Thunder."

With the encouragement of Governor Lilburn W. Boggs, the old settlers of Missouri—"pukes," the Mormons called them—drove the Saints out of the state. From Nauvoo, Illinois, Joseph Smith prophesied that Boggs would die by the hand of the Destroying Angel. Soon afterwards, Rockwell left Nauvoo for Missouri; Boggs was shot in the back of the head as he read in his library; and Rockwell returned to Nauvoo to receive a team and carriage from Joseph Smith and the name "The Destroying Angel" from the Gentiles. A Missouri grand jury declined to indict Rockwell for the attempt on Boggs's life.

A lynch mob slaughtered Joseph Smith in the jail at Carthage, Illinois, while the local militia stood aside. Rockwell, who had served as Smith's bodyguard, found vengeance by shooting the leader of the Carthage militia dead out of his saddle. The Mormons trekked west; Rockwell helped to guide them, fighting Indians along the way. Once in Utah, Rockwell shot more hostile Indians, ran off 1,400 cattle from Albert Sidney Johnson's army during the Mormon war, killed numerous rowdies and rustlers, and was heavily implicated in the murder of five gamblers he was guiding out of the Territory in 1857. Undisturbed by the law as long as Brigham Young lived, Rockwell was indicted in 1877 for one of the 1857 murders. When he died before trial, a Gentile paper screamed that he had cheated the hangman; Mormons eulogized his devotion to the Church, despite all "his little faults."

Harold Schindler has attempted to strip away Churchly whitewash and Gentile vitriol to reveal Rockwell as he was. At once a Mormon and a trained police reporter, Schindler comes well-equipped for the job. He is dispassionate in an area of American history long marred by partisanship. If he presents the Mormon version of a controversial incident (and all incidents in early Mormon history seem to be controversial), he presents the apostate or Gentile version in the footnotes; and vice versa. This counterpoint between text and footnote, perhaps necessary when sources conflict so sharply, demonstrates the thoroughness of Schindler's research. It also slows the telling of his tale.

SCHINDLER achieves, not the balanced portrait he strives for, but a Pirandellesque presentation of opposites. We never know what Rockwell actually did, and still less why he did it. The result, though frustrating, may be inevitable: there are no neutral sources, and Rockwell himself, unable to read or write, never recorded his own story. But the piecing together of the differing accounts of Rockwell's deeds, though it tells us little about Rockwell himself, tells us much about Mormon history. From his baptism by his cousin and neighbor Joseph Smith in Manchester, New York, to the death of Brigham Young, Rockwell was close to the leadership of the Saints. If his life was violent, organized violence was a product of the zeal from within and persecution from without that gave shape to the Mormon Church.

"No, madam, I have nothing to do with Vietnam. I'm in charge of shipping such terrible instruments of warfare as T-shirts, undershorts, shaving soap and PX supplies!"

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Humorous Critic of the Human Race

Mark Twain, *by Charles Neider (Horizon. 214 pp. $6.50), is a collection of essays largely concerned with the major works of the great humorist. Humorist H. Allen Smith describes himself as "a Mark Twain nut of purest ray serene."*

By H. ALLEN SMITH

BOOKS by Mark Twain and books about him are always welcome at my house, though they have been coming so fast recently that soon I'll be forced to pitch a tent in my backyard and live out there. Unhappily for Charles Neider, his will have to stand comparison with Justin Kaplan's *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain,* which made the joyous scene about seven months ago. In my own opinion and in the opinion of professional Twain critics, Mr. Kaplan's book is probably the best ever written about the man from Hannibal. Yet it would not be fair if Mr. Neider's work were to suffer under such a comparison.

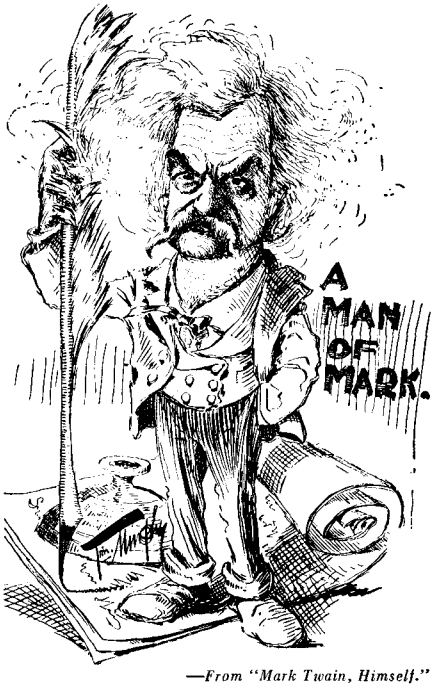
He has involved himself with the writings of Twain for at least half a dozen years, principally as an editor dedicated to bringing order out of the vast disorder his subject bequeathed to the world. He is the man who fetched *The Autobiography of Mark Twain* out of chaos and confusion, throwing out the dross and dribble of a faltering and querulous old man, and adding about 40,000 words that had never seen print before. In that instance he made a legitimately splendid book out of a massive jumble.

His present volume is a gathering of eleven pieces, most of them written as introductions to anthologies that Mr. Neider has been putting together in recent years. Two are original, and of these the one on "Mark Twain Censorship" strikes me as the best thing in the collection.

The book presupposes that the reader enjoys a basic acquaintance with Mark Twain's life and works. It is, in large part, a critical discussion of the novels, travel books, essays, notebooks, sketches, and short stories. There is a fine chapter on Mr. Neider's dispute with the Moscow *Literary Gazette,* which hit the front pages in 1959. And another chapter describes how *The Gilded Age* by Twain and Charles Dudley Warner was ripped up and made into *The Adventures of Colonel Sellers,* in which all of Warner's chapters were thrown out, as they should have been in 1874.

There is fine informative stuff in Mr. Neider's *omnium gatherum.* I do wish though that he had forborne saying that in his view Mark Twain was "a profoundly religious man." So many people make the same ridiculous kind of statement. Clara Clemens, up to the time of her recent death, repeated it over and over when she wasn't looking under the bed for Communists. A woman named Harnsberger turned out a sinful forty-seven-page book a few years ago, seeking to prove that Mark Twain was as religious as Billy Graham, if not more so. Her argument was based on her evaluation of Twain as a *good* man, a man who was *nice* to people. A clean flub. Most of the time he was as mad as a soppin'-wet hen, and as mean as a tromped-on snake.

How can these people support such an argument, knowing that Mark Twain almost outdid Robert Ingersoll in attacking religion? Twain did it in a cold fury, ridiculing the Deity, blistering the clergy, challenging the Bible, denouncing any and all churches, from the youthful days of *The Innocents Abroad* right down to his final months at Stormfield in Connecticut. How, I repeat, can they call him a profoundly and innately religious man in the face of all his bitter and acrimonious assaults against religion? Of course he faltered, ever so slightly, on a few occasions, but he always shook off the moment of weakness and returned to the attack. Mark Twain was Satan's Angry Man.



—From "Mark Twain, Himself."

He spent a good part of his writing life berating "the damned human race," and the phrase popped into my head several times while I was reading this book. Never was there such petty behavior, never such underhanded, cheap, and sleazy backbiting as in the cross-section of humanity involved, one way or another, in the editing and publishing and criticizing of Twain's works, and in the management of his estate; it is as grubby and unattractive a group as might be imagined. And every one of them a card-carrying member of the damned human race. Even Clara Clemens seems to have been something of a termagant. I once made arrangements to visit her in California, and then something came up and I couldn't take the trip. I'm glad. I wish The Old Man could have been turned loose amongst them—he'd have blasted the britches off of them all, male and female alike.

About this book, my only real beef is that $6.50 seems a little on the steep side for a short collection of pieces that, save for two, have been published in other books.

Humanity in Microcosm

EVERY MAN IS IN HIS OWN PERSON the whole human race, with not a detail lacking. I am the whole human race without a detail lacking. I have studied the human race with diligence and strong interest all these years in my own person; in myself I find in big or little proportion every quality and every defect that is findable in the mass of the race. I knew I should not find in any philosophy a single thought which had not passed through the heads of millions and millions of men before I was born; I knew I should not find a single original thought in any philosophy, and I knew I could not furnish one to the world myself, if I had five centuries to invent it in. Nietzsche published his book, and was at once pronounced crazy by the world—by a world which included tens of thousands of bright, sane men who believed exactly as Nietzsche believed but concealed the fact and scoffed at Nietzsche. What a coward every man is! and how surely he will find it out if he will just let other people alone and sit down and examine himself. The human race is a race of cowards; and I am not only marching in that procession but carrying a banner. —MARK TWAIN.

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The New Poetry of Protest

By ROBERT D. SPECTOR

WHAT better way to keep in touch with the latest developments, to check the validity of past judgments, and to test the most cherished generalizations than to review a quarter-year's poetry? Sometimes evidence merely confirms general impressions; sometimes it undermines the most confident assumptions.

Examining the protest that appears to be today's most popular poetic subject, I found my opinions at once bolstered and shaken. I had anticipated denunciations of injustice and barbarism, a concern for civil rights and the Vietnam war. I had not expected, however, so much effective poetry. Like most academic critics I generally share Matthew Arnold's cautious view that poetry as a "criticism of life" applies to mankind's long history and not to immediate issues. Yet, beginning with a small protest periodical, *Some/thing* (Vol. II, No. 1, $1), and continuing through a good number of new volumes, the quality of current protest poetry has convinced me that Shelley's arguments for the direct social uses of poetry may be more than fanciful. Moreover, the possibilities in such poetry prove remarkably varied.

Consider first John Beecher's *To Live and Die in Dixie* (Red Mountain Editions, hardbound, $5; paperback, $2). The note of protest that sounds throughout this collection, from the narrative "In Egypt Land" to the lyric "If I Forget Thee, O Birmingham," belongs to a tradition as old as poetry itself. Beecher plays upon its multiple possibilities: simple lament ("Dog-torn children bled/ . . . . Christ's blood not more red"); ironic dramatic monologue ("Our gang/ laid for the kids from niggertown"); parodic *haiku*, and mock heroic.

Robert Hayden, a more effective poet than Beecher, relies upon a personal intensity. The richness of his *Selected Poems* (October House, hardbound, $4.50; paperback, $1.95) comes from his sensitive recording of the simple language of uneducated black men ("God's angry with the world again . . . /He don't like ugly"); it derives from a child's experience in first hearing the word *schwartze* from Jewish friends or watching as "the rabbi bore my friends off/in his prayer shawl"; it grows from the wisdom that perceives in a man's answer to a request for travel information a "shrill gorgon silence [that] breathes behind/his taut civility." It is a poetry nurtured on the bittersweet milk of the blues. Its ballad rhythms, depicting the struggle for freedom, pulsate like the quickened blood of runaway slaves pursued by their oppressors.

Sounding unlike both Beecher and Haydon and each other, George Starbuck and Andrew Glaze nevertheless share in the chorus of protest. To me, Starbuck's first volume had an irritating cleverness whose slickness suggested no commitment. Now, reading *White Paper* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $3.95), I feel that I was wrong, and can agree with Harvey Shapiro that "for all his lightness, [Starbuck] is registering a protest." The contrast between the disciplined form and the savage social conduct it comments upon may, after all, be the most effective means of devastation. Juxtaposing McNamara's political language and a Quaker's self-immolation by burning, Starbuck concludes: "[he] said/all that there is to say in that language. /Twice what is said in yours." "Dear Fellow Teacher" ironically presents an academician's supercilious disdain for "vulgar" mob demonstrations, his praise for this nation's demonstration of humanity by halting its bombings "for five whole days." Ranging from parody to elegy to sonnets, and even acrostic exercises, Starbuck's carefully wrought poems are generally superior examples of their kind.

IF Andrew Glaze regards his poems as *Damned Ugly Children* (Trident, $3.95), it is because he believes "poetry ought to be shocking,/and poets ought to be dangerous people." "What is the point of being a poet anyway," he asks, "if you can't be a kind of prophet?" But a prophet's business begins at home, and the first confrontation is with himself. Glaze does not run away from it. In "My South" he recreates his family's history of aberration, under a code that allows for the beating of "two dead-drunk colored men" in the name of "the Golden Rule." Recognizing that "This is my South," Glaze asks: "How do I get this belonging out of my belly?" Not merely limited to poems about race, the collection expresses a realism that brings perspective to myths; that finds comfort in knowing that "this country had a father/ and that he was as crazy as my father"; that sees Christ being crucified everywhere as in "Our hatred and remorse [we] rearrange his torture"; and that recognizes "The sky will not move/ for buckets of moonlight and French quotations."

Space allows for no more than mention of James Whitehead, whose best poems in *Domains* (Louisiana State University Press, $3.50) deliberately assault the sensibilities or candidly summarize the earthy existence. Or of Conrad Pendleton, whose *West: Manhattan to Oregon* (Alan Swallow, $3.50) displays his good heart and cutting pen, one to express his compassion for victims, the other to rip into the hides of their oppressors.

But protest poetry, of course, is not limited to Americans. Joseph Pesti, an exiled Hungarian, strikes with a vengeance against Communism in *On the Edge of the Volcano* (Jarman Press, $6.50), while Guy Butler, a white South African, laments—without much passion—in *South of the Zambesi* (Abelard-Schuman, $2) that "white settlers . . . haven't/imagination enough to be tolerant" about what "our big black brothers" can teach them. Meanwhile, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, whose reputation came from the outspokenness of such poems as "Babi Yar," seems in a new collection, *Yevtushenko Poems* (Dutton, $4.50), to have tempered his attack on the Russian Establishment. Unfortunately, these poems, at least in Herbert Marshall's translation, fail to come through as poetry. Some of the same poems appear to better advantage in George Reavey's *The New Russian Poets, 1953 to 1966: An Anthology* (October House, hardbound, $7.50; paperback, $2.95), where the work of some of the new generation—particularly Andrey Voznesensky and Yevgeny Vinokurov—indicates a continuance of the esthetic and political thaw.

However interesting this spectacle of what currently engages the world's poets, it does not rival the personal excitement that I feel in discovering new voices in poetry—some, to be sure, new only to me, earlier volumes or appearances in periodicals having escaped my attention.

FOR example, A.R. Ammons and Theodore Holmes have published six volumes between them, and although both have qualities well worth noting, I recall nothing of their earlier work. Ammons's *Northfield Poems* (Cornell University Press, $3.95) is a nice blend of Romantic treatment of nature and Neoclassical wit. He often sounds like a modern Wordsworth, identifying man and nature, recording detail, getting the most out of colloquial language. And yet, in his commonsensical view of man and experience ("This is/the world we have: take it"), the limits he places on man's reach, and his wry view of modern philosophy, he

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comes through as an Augustan satirist.

In such poems as "The Wound," describing a "hole blown through a soldier's middle," or "The Strip Tease Artist," whose dancer, like other artists, works in sordid surroundings to keep from starving, Theodore Holmes's long, prosy lines seem appropriate. His antiheroic technique consistently displays a hard vision of the world; yet the poetry is capable of gaining passion from its unadorned picture of life's harshness. At its best, *An Upland Pasture* (Vanderbilt University Press, $4) comments wryly on man's dreams "of some destination in our life beyond the sea/As we walk on the land." When he reaches for the heroic ("The Kennedys") or seeks to make something profound out of merely coy observations on sex, Holmes falters.

Familiar to me only through occasional verses in magazines, Jeannette Nichols and Turner Cassity have produced impressively mature first volumes. Miss Nichols's appropriately named *Mostly People* (Rutgers University Press, $4) concerns their loves, their wants, the things that bring them together and keep them apart. Without people, she says, "why then, to be born and get dead/would be just one long yawn." She is bound to her father by the shared experience of "trampling Vermont's indistinct wet grass" as flying crows' "flickering shadows/cross our faces/as quick as love." Her mother, her friend, smiles from an old photograph and "my mouth tastes the same smile." She pities the sterile relationship in which the academician "forgets/that doors/and ladies/are for opening." Wit tempers her emotions; common sense puts things in proper perspective. Not given to soaring, not lyrically astonishing, not striking metaphorically, her poems suit their purpose of communicating a reasonable view of man's experience.

Urbane in subject matter and tone, balancing bookishness and experience, Turner Cassity's *Watchboy, What of the Night* (Wesleyan University Press, hardbound, $4; paperback, $1.85) impressively combines traditional forms with a modern idiom. Cassity's images tie together nature's stability and man's insecurity in ironic contrasts. Poems of places—ranging from Mississippi to South Africa—capture man's sense of impermanence. Time hangs heavy: a time that "Clocks beauty's passing and is beauty's hearse." Yet the morbidity is kept in check as natural wit plays upon the wonders of man's existence, so that the threat of the grave does not obstruct entrance into life.

Two other first volumes, by poets unfamiliar to me, deserve attention: Robert Dawson's *Six Mile Corner* (Houghton Mifflin, $4) and Jerome Mazzaro's *Changing the Windows* (Ohio University Press, $4). In poems about places and personal relations Dawson speaks with an angry soul, largely about the pains of a childhood spent in a migratory madness, moving from place to place "fulfilling my father's biography, a man/who selflessly gave his family/the wrong start in life." Irony characterizes Dawson's strongest expression, and most frequently it relates to his "lost" father ("Each morning my father/matched his speed to the traffic and disappeared"). His idiom is often as personal as the experiences he describes, and yet his honesty, wit, and powerful language compel the reader to share in them.

Quiet competence marks Mazzaro's poetry. Rhyme works unobtrusively; meter imposes order without calling attention to itself. Mazzaro's poems frequently deal with ordinary events, but even the more momentous occurrences of war and death have a concrete simplicity and could not bear the burden of obvious poetic ornament. If the poetry fails to shake the emotions or startle the

imagination, it has the virtue of revealing a sensitive man expressing his feelings honestly and convincingly.

Only slightly less exciting than hearing these new voices is listening again to familiar ones. Some I have long ago made up my mind about, and it would be difficult to make me change my opinion. Despite Marya Zaturenska's sympathetic introduction to the *Collected Poems of Sara Teasdale* (Collier, $1.95), the poet belongs for me among those who are "merely footnotes to literary history." I am afraid the same is true for Jones Very, the Unitarian and Quietist contemporary of Emerson. His *Selected Poems* (Rutgers University Press, $6), ably introduced by Nathan Lyons, move on little iambic feet to the tabernacle of God, utter their devotionals clearly and firmly, and come solemnly away with a regularity which dulls any initial curiosity created by a spectacle that is obviously sincere. Very lacks Gerard Manley Hopkins's brilliant craftsmanship, so necessary to make such a limited theme meaningful to outsiders.

But two other voices I am delighted to hear again. Robert Penn Warren's *Selected Poems: New and Old, 1923-1966* (Random House, $7.95) convinces me that he stands high among our genuine men of letters. In criticism, fiction, journalism, and poetry his achievement and influence have been great. His *Brother to Dragons*, a long dramatic poem, represents a high point in contemporary American poetry. The argument about whether the later work, more personal and more direct, ranks above Warren's poems of the Twenties and Thirties seems unimportant in the presence of this new collection, which shows the range of Warren's poetic talent over his long career.

Very different have been the career and poetry of Louis Zukofsky. Penn Warren has never suffered neglect from a larger public; Zukofsky, over the years, has appealed to poets without becoming known outside the community of poetry. Yet Zukofsky's work belongs in the front rank of American poetry, alongside that of William Carlos Williams. Difficult and complex because of the manner in which they have been pared down to fundamental images, rhythms, and sounds, the poems in *All: The Collected Short Poems, 1956-1964* (Norton, hardbound, $4.50; paperback, $1.95) have a lyric power not easily surpassed in modern writing.

With other poets whose work I have known for some time, I am always curious about the validity of earlier impressions and about subsequent development. Charles Tomlinson's *The Necklace* (Oxford University Press, $2), a reissue of his first collection, suggests some basic limitations in his talent. Beginning with its title the book acknowledges indebtedness to Wallace Stevens, whose presence echoes throughout the slim volume, in the tone and attitude of entire poems as well as in individual lines ("To define the sea—/We change our opinions/With the changing light"). In the decade since *The Necklace* first appeared Tomlinson has matured, gone on to other models, polished his already smooth technique. Yet his latest poetry, like his earliest, recalls Stevens's weaknesses and strengths—a cold, almost forbidding manner, exercised with precision and clarity.

New works by John Woods, Harvey Shapiro, and Barbara Howes satisfy my expectations. As in his earlier work, a sense of place marks Woods's poems in *The Cutting Edge* (Indiana University Press, $3.75), a place slipping away from reality, yielding the old values and land of the Midwest to a modernity half a century in the building but now at its peak in threatening chaos. The old house that served three generations promises to disappear in another decade; wells have dried, mill wheels no longer turn. "The elm sinks into bad paper/announcing the imminent explosion/of a discount house." "Wharves fall/Into the lake we swam in." All was not sweetness and light in that past; violence lies beneath the surface of Woods's richly sensuous metaphors; but the edge of his satire cuts more deeply into the changing surface than into the vanishing idyll.

Shapiro's poems are practical, con-

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cerned with giving man direction in a sadly disordered world. "The past," he says, "waits to be reordered,/And the future needs reordering too." He is aware of "The Destructive Will," the bullets of war with "no other object but our life." Yet his poems do not despair. Quietly, simply, they take their place among those "old songs [that] can save us." Like Shapiro's earlier work, selections from which are included here, *Battle Report* (Wesleyan University Press, hardbound, $4; paperback, $1.85) impresses with a sincerity and honest vision, urging the reader as well as the poet to "Choose life," to remember that whatever life is "It's still/His life."

FROM its opening poem in which fishing turns into a comment on life's struggles to its concluding comparison of flora and man seeking light, *Looking Up at Leaves* (Knopf, $4) speaks in a knowing, assured, metaphysical voice that grows more confident with each new book. Barbara Howes finds precisely the right language to put man in the proper perspective of landscape. The Russian astronaut twirling in space becomes a "bauble on the chandelier/Of the firmament." The dead bird the cat drops unceremoniously in a corner, despite "its former mastery/Of air," becomes "Like anyone else who does badly/Sometimes: feathers in the corner: a dunce." Wit and sensibility make Miss Howes's poems intellectually interesting; a passion for life gives them the necessary emotion for fine poetry.

With all that the quarterly round-up offers a reviewer, it always leaves a sadness over what has been left unsaid and uncovered. Not to comment on the Blakean combination of pictures and poetry in Kenneth Patchen's *Hallelujah Anyway* (New Directions, $7.50), or to discuss the "total poetry," an odd collage of news items and advertising, in Charles Henri Ford's *Spare Parts* (Horizon, $30), a beautiful volume, is painful. Not to be able to consider the universality of poetry in connection with fine anthologies like Horace Gregory and Marya Zaturenska's *The Silver Swan: Poems of Romance and Mystery* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $3.95), Vivian de Sola Pinto's *Poetry of the Restoration* (Barnes & Noble, $3), and the primitive poems in *The Unwritten Song*, edited by Willard R. Trask (Macmillan, $7.95) seems a wasted opportunity. And, finally, what would I give to be able to consider the relationship between poets' reputations and such scholarly studies of their work as George Watson's *Coleridge the Poet* (Barnes & Noble, $4) and L. S. Dembo's *Conceptions of Reality in Modern American Poetry* (University of California Press, $6)!

Moral Cats and Religious Bears

Fables of a Jewish Aesop, *translated from the "Fox Fables of Berechiah ha-Nakdan," by Moses Hadas (Columbia University Press. 233 pp. $5.95), renders into English from the Hebrew a Noah's Ark of creatures who, though drawn from non-Judaic sources, entertained a medieval world with citations from the Talmud. Curt Leviant, the translator of the new Sholom Aleichem collection, "Old Country Tales," teaches Hebraic Studies at Rutgers University. One of his short stories is included in "Best American Short Stories 1966."*

By CURT LEVIANT

FABLES—generally considered to be the domain of Aesop, La Fontaine, and Krylov—have also played a role in the Hebrew literary tradition. Jotham's parable of the trees who seek a king (Judges 9: 8-16) is a striking example of an ancient Hebrew fable. The prophet Nathan admonishes David with the fable of a rich man who takes a poor man's only lamb (II Samuel 12: 1-15). King Solomon knew 3,000 fables (I Kings 5: 12-13), none of which the Bible cites; leading Talmudic sages knew somewhat fewer, but examples abound.

By the twelfth century, Jewish contact with various cultures was widespread. Jews were active in translating to and from Arabic, Latin, and Hebrew; and stories of diverse origin had found their way into Hebrew secular writing. Berechiah (c. 1300) is a microcosm of this literary ferment and cultural cross-fertilization: he lived in England, France, and the Provence; he knew French, Latin, and probably English (he anticipates the Clown in *Hamlet* by saying of the English, "In the island of the sea is a congregation bereft of wit."); he produced a Hebrew imitation of Adelhard of Bath's Latin philosophic treatise *Quaestiones Naturales.*

Berechiah was the finest Hebrew fabulist of the Middle Ages. In his collection appear a Noah's Ark of creatures, from insect to leviathan, as well as a score of humans and lesser, inanimate vessels. Few of the fables are original; some stem from the Talmud and the Midrash, but most are probably adapted from Aesop and the twelfth-century fabulist Marie de France, and are provided with a moral wherein the author satirizes various human failings.

The volume contains 119 fables. There is the familiar one of the fox who, upon seeing a crow with cheese in its mouth, induces it to sing and drop the cheese; one about the wolf who, ordered by the lion to abstain from flesh for two years, circumvents his oath by a clever ruse. In a more ambiguous, almost Kafkaesque story an ox, frightened by the lion's roar, seeks refuge in a pit where a ram is hidden, and is terror-stricken once more. The ram assuages his fear, but the ox replies that he considers every animal a mighty lion. "If I had found thee alone I had not feared thee, but now because of the lion, I am confounded and atremble."

The term "Jewish Aesop" may puzzle an English reader, for neither the stories, the characters, nor the social satire appear to be particularly Jewish; nor is there any trace of religious didacticism in the book. Actually, the Jewishness of these fables lies in Berechiah's Hebrew, replete with skillfully used Biblical and Talmudic quotations. Berechiah's audience, thoroughly familiar with the Jewish classics, was no doubt delighted by the comic effect and surprise of a Talmudic phrase uttered by a bear or a moralizing cat quoting Isaiah: "Woe to them that rise early in the morning to pursue strong drink." Only the story remains for the modern reader: the English cannot reproduce either the subtle, multidirectional glances of the allusions, nor the medieval reader's world view and his literary sensibility.

Berechiah's charming rhymed prose—rhythmic but not metrical—would in translation bring forth only monotonous doggerel, and the late Mr. Hadas has wisely spared us this ordeal. Although his version—precise and stately, with its faint echo of classical rhetoric—is a stylistic masterpiece, he has put a proper black tie on the open collar of Berechiah's Hebrew and subdued some of his puns and linguistic plasticity.

Moses Hadas was a classicist who mastered Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, the triumvirate of languages and literatures that have molded Western culture. With his last work, Mr. Hadas added another gem of medieval Hebrew belles-lettres to the English bookshelf.

Coming **February 25th**
SR**'s Spring Book Number**

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Life in the Labyrinth

The Inquisitory, *by Robert Pinget, translated from the French by Donald Watson (Grove. 399 pp. $6.50), through countless characters and myriad bizarre details, transmutes reality into a miasma. Thomas Bishop, chairman of the French Department at New York University, is currently working on a study of avant-garde concepts in modern literature.*

By THOMAS BISHOP

WHEN *The Inquisitory* was published in France in 1962, it received the esteemed *Prix des Critiques* and marked Robert Pinget's accession to the front ranks of "new novel" authors, alongside Alain Robbe-Grillet, Michel Butor, and Nathalie Sarraute. Pinget's fictional world, like that of his French contemporaries, has a highly original consistency, *sui generis,* marked by a baroque, mythical inner geography and history.

The Inquisitory is a long, rambling monologue. Perhaps it would be more accurate to call it a *directed* monologue, for it is formed of a series of answers given by an old servant to an unnamed, all-powerful, police-like interrogator who, presumably in order to find out information about a man's disappearance, forces the old man to talk about his employers, their household, their village, and their province. And yet, as one becomes immersed in the novel, one begins to realize that the servant's replies are not always related to the questions. Through his evocation of myriad incidents involving a veritable miasma of people, streets, and towns, the reader starts to suspect that the servant is telling only part of the truth, perhaps because he is forgetful or perhaps because he deliberately wishes to mislead. The old man is deaf; the questions are therefore put to him in writing, and they are necessarily brief. But since he is not mute, his answers often go on at great length, dwelling on details and eliciting impatient messages to "cut it short." The meandering, disordered quality of the discourse is underlined by the absence of all punctuation other than occasional commas, and by a total lack of any real narrative.

At first the picture painted by the servant recreates a fairly prosaic panorama of provincial life. But gradually, behind the innocuous façade, emerges a swarm of vices—ranging from theft to orgies, incest, necrophilia, and murder—which have corroded the very fabric of an apparently self-sufficient universe. The old man insists that he has no involvement with the nefarious goings-on, but as his own tragic existence reveals itself in bits and pieces, his complicity becomes a matter of increasing conjecture for the reader. Gradually, too, the perverted provincial microcosm takes on the aspect of life itself in its pointlessness and anguish.

Significantly, the beginning of the "inquisitory" is missing. We can only assume what the cross-examiner is seeking; it is clear, moreover, that the servant doesn't quite know either, and in his disorientation, he becomes a victim. At such times he revolts: ". . . it's my turn to ask you what are you trying to find out what are you trying to get out of me, I only know bits and pieces I don't know the truth never shall and we'll die not knowing and all the people like you who are mad to find out other people's secrets they'll die first they'll wear themselves out, they don't know how to ask questions though they know how to plant the answers and that's not the way to ask." But no explanation is forthcoming; like life, the torrent of words continues without ever reaching a conclusion until the servant cannot go on because he is too exhausted.

(*Continued on page* 54)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

THE SCENE IS SET

The plays mentioned below have one or more of their settings in the places listed at the left. John McGreevey of N. Hollywood, Calif., asks you to show off your Shakespearean scholarship by making the right identifications. If baffled, consult page 57.

The Plains of Philippi ( )
A Wood Near Athens ( )
The Boar's Head Tavern ( )
A Room in the Garter Inn ( )
Leonato's Garden ( )
Bosworth Field ( )
A Seaport in Cyprus ( )
The Sea-Coast of Illyria ( )
The Mart of Ephesus ( )
Before Priam's Palace ( )
The Forest of Arden ( )
The Country Near Dover ( )
The Country Near Dunsinane ( )
On Board Pompey's Galley, off Misenum ( )
Padua, a Room in Baptista's House ( )

1. *Antony and Cleopatra*
2. *As You Like It*
3. *The Comedy of Errors*
4. *Henry IV*
5. *Julius Caesar*
6. *King Lear*
7. *Macbeth*
8. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*
9. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*
10. *Much Ado About Nothing*
11. *Othello*
12. *Richard III*
13. *The Taming of the Shrew*
14. *Troilus and Cressida*
15. *Twelfth Night*

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Realm of the Irregular

Romantic Rebels: An Informal History of Bohemianism in America, *by Emily Hahn (Houghton Mifflin. 318 pp. $5.95), recalls the mavericks of yesteryear. Brooks Atkinson is former Reporter-at-Large for The New York Times.*

By BROOKS ATKINSON

AFTER rummaging through and around copious literary sources Emily Hahn has compiled a book about a great many individualistic Americans —Stephen Crane, for instance, and Edna St. Vincent Millay. She characterizes them as Bohemians; they led lives that prudent Americans would regard as bizarre.

Miss Hahn begins with a scene in 1856 when Ada Clare, an unwed mother and an unlicensed bard with no talent but a lot of bravado, visited Pfaff's beer café in Bleecker Street, where Henry Clapp, Jr., and several associates imitated the Left Bank. Miss Hahn concludes with some skeptical remarks about the beatniks of Greenwich Village, New Orleans, Chicago, and San Francisco. The noisy Greenwich Village of today, packed solid with rancid young people, perplexes her. It leaves her wondering exactly what a Bohemian was or is.

She never quite succeeds in answering that question. Maxwell Bodenheim was a Bohemian. But was Jack London, who wrote for cash? Or Stephen Crane, who had sixty house guests during Christmas week in 1899 in decorous Surrey? Crane did marry a prostitute, die of tuberculosis, and leave debts of $5,000—all very solid qualifications for membership in Bohemia. But sixty house guests and a grand ball on the night of December 29? This is not even acceptably bourgeois. It is a gesture towards respectability, which no Bohemian could tolerate.

According to the Second, or civilized, edition of Webster's Unabridged a Bohemian is "a follower of art, literature or other intellectual pursuits, who adopts a mode of life in protest against, or indifference to, the common conventions of society, especially social relations." Except for the word "intellectual," which is an aberration of another kind, the definition is admirable. It includes Henri Murger's starving painters and their skinny mistresses. It includes Jim Hunecker, who complained that "sometimes a man's wife won't let him marry the girl he likes"; and possibly Dolly Adams, a variety actress who spent a large part of her life in a glass tank eating bananas and smoking under water.

It also includes Floyd Dell, whom Miss Hahn astutely describes as a textbook case because he scrupulously adhered to both the spirit and the law of Bohemia. He occupied exotic living quarters in Chicago and New York. He advocated and practiced free love. He sympathized with the masses. He wrote novels. He believed in psychoanalysis. He also used bright colors in the decoration of the hutches where he lived. "Paint is what makes Bohemia—bright colors to hide the dingy old brown and cover up rusty old iron," Mr. Dell said with the authority of a professional.

Having been a good Bohemian herself, Miss Hahn may be lacking in perspective. Her style is casual and discursive. She takes her nonconformists blandly. Mabel Dodge is in, despite the staggering wealth that made it possible for her to be haphazard in love and a Socialist. But where is Eugene O'Neill? Surely he qualifies. He was drunk and disorderly. He had no visible means of support in the heyday of the Village. He defied and derided his father. He was a Socialist. He read Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, A. E. Housman and Omar Khayyam, and admired Strindberg. He was also handsome. Everything about O'Neill's life in the Village testifies to his authenticity as a Bohemian, although it must be confessed that he lived in style the last twenty-five years of his life. Many eminent Bohemians are cursed with respectability in their mature years.

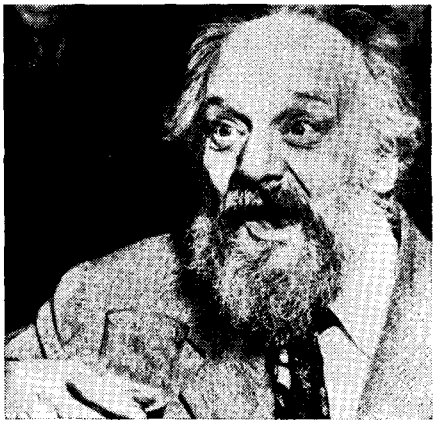
My personal favorite is Edna St. Vincent Millay. Her genius for poetry and for disorder were identical. Her miniature house in Bedford Street, just around the corner from the Cherry Lane Theater, is a shrine—her "shining palace built upon the sand." Beatniks should perform acts of contrition before it.

Mabel Dodge Luhan —"haphazard in love."

—Illustrations from the book.

Edna St. Vincent Millay—disorderly.

Isadora Duncan and Serge Essenin — individualistic.



Joe Gould—indifferent.

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When Custer Guided a Coxcomb

A Gallery of Dudes, *by Marshall Sprague (Little, Brown. 296 pp. $8.75), recreates the days when the Wild West was a playground for such fabulous fops as the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia. Brian Garfield is the author of "The Last Bridge," as well as novels about the West.*

By BRIAN GARFIELD

WE THINK of the Wild West as a never-never myth that sprawls across our past, serving mainly as the setting for countless horse operas. But in its heyday the frontier's romantic glamour attracted the cream of the Victorian jet set, which found its playground on the Great Plains and the Rockies when "the chance of experiencing a real buffalo hunt was still the ideal of every true sportsman the world over."

Fabulous dudes came to see the buffalo: scientists, like Prince Maximilian; playboys, like the young Grand Duke Alexis of Russia. President Grant put the entire Western Division of the War Department at Alexis's disposal. He made the arduous journey west in a luxurious private railroad train, accompanied by an enormous entourage and an ice car full of whiskey, cognac, and champagne. His guides were General Sheridan, General Custer, Buffalo Bill, Chief Spotted Tail, and regiments of cavalry and Sioux. Nonetheless, it took the intrepid Romanoff thirteen shots at pointblank range to bag his first buffalo.

Alexis is the best known, and one of the most flamboyant, of the great fops who made the pilgrimage West. There were many like him. And it is hard to say whether the native Westerners were more astonished by their visitors' appearance and behavior than the dudes were by the savage West.

Unhappily, that intriguing question is one of several which Marshall Sprague fails to investigate in *A Gallery of Dudes.* This imposing volume appears in conjunction with the 1967 exhibit of paintings and photographs, "A Gallery of Dudes," at the superb Amon Carter Museum of Western Art in Fort Worth, Texas; thus the book will be of interest to museum visitors. Its numerous black-and-white plates are excellent reproductions. Some have never before been published, others will evidently not appear in the exhibit itself.

But as a book-book, *Dudes* falls short of the mark. It will not stand comparison with such grand works as Lucius Beebe's *The Big Spenders,* which goes over part of the same ground. And Mr. Sprague's choice of subjects seems limited by the museum's catalogue: for example, nowhere does he mention the incredible Western safaris of Sir St. George Gore or other equally memorable dudes.

Mr. Sprague's deadpan narratives make exciting material mundane. He brushes past wonderful incidents and leaves the reader feeling that the book lacks a central theme. There is some question whether Count James Pourtales and Theodore Roosevelt were dudes at all, and if they were, Mr. Sprague gives little evidence in support of the claim.

Instead of portraying the magnificent flair with which the great dandies entertained the West, he has catalogued routes, names, and events, so that we lose sight of the personalities. Character is best revealed in the account of the strange romantic journey of Isabella Lucy Bird into the Rockies, but the success of the chapter is due mainly to large transfusions of direct quotes from Miss Bird's own letters. In other chapters, although the author has promised to quote liberally from travelers' writings, he does not excerpt as much as he should.

A Gallery of Dudes is no match for the style and *joie de vivre* of the spectacular dudes themselves.

Prince Maximilian—scientist.

Marquis de Mores—dandy.

Grand Duke Alexis—playboy.

—Illustrations from the book.

Teddy Roosevelt—dude?

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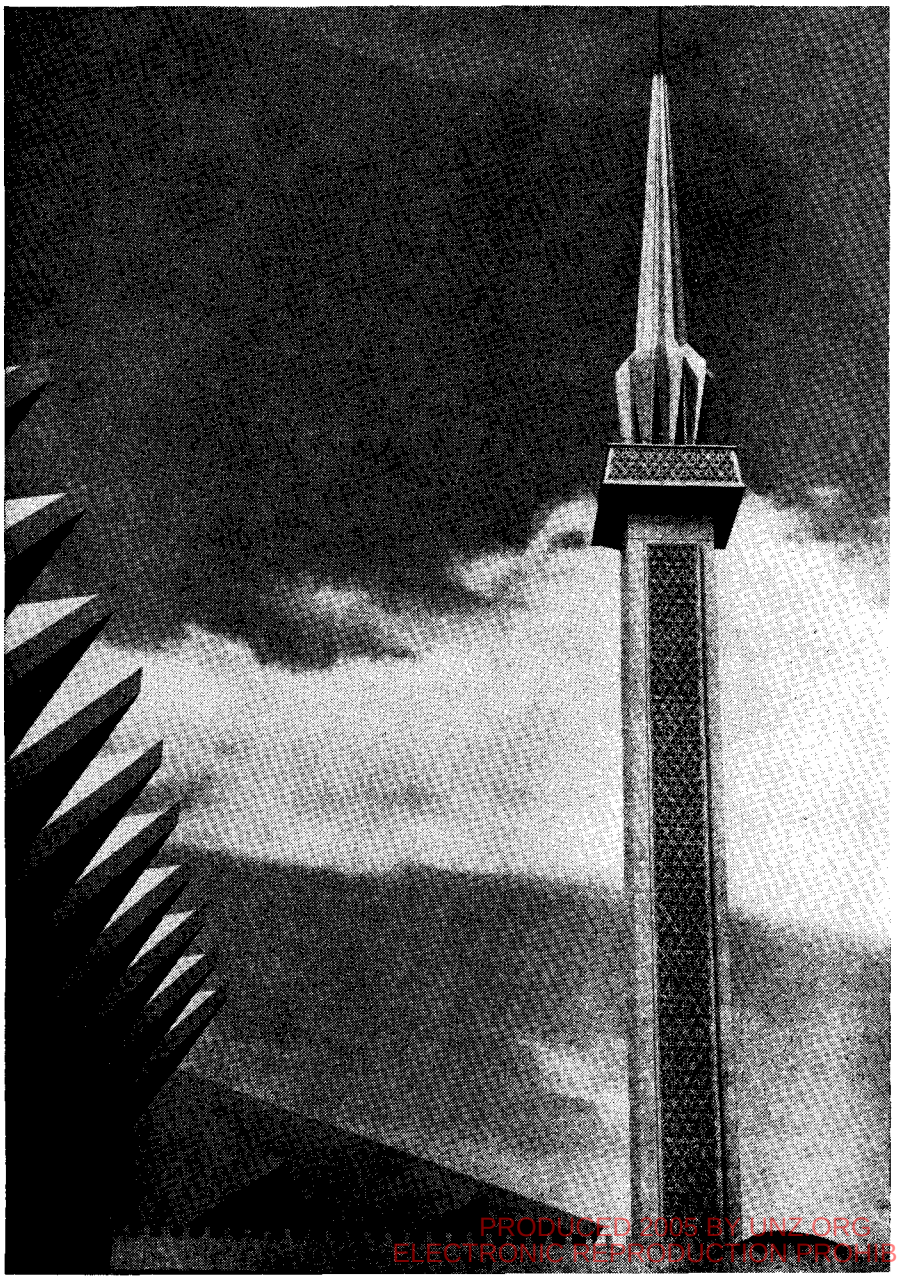
Fresh Winds of Newness

IN MANY WAYS Kuala Lumpur, young Malaysia's shiny capital, is the most unusual city in Asia. It doesn't shriek with wealth, and there are certainly no neon-embellished palaces flashing in the night. But there is a very obvious air of comfortable well-being, of money on hand and money spent wisely in a way calculated to grace the eye, give solace to the soul, and elevate the pride of a nation so newly formed. Any civic planner seeking inspiration ought to get on a plane and have a look.

Kuala Lumpur is brimful of good design, in its broad, rolling parks, its public structures, the homes that look like miniature versions of subdivided Los Angeles canyons, even in the monuments it has built to honor the makers of its independence. The fresh wind of newness blows briskly at the airport, a splendid structure with sweeping stairways, huge open areas made possible by equable temperatures and a contemporary design which, while different, is not full of architectural calisthenics. In its sparkling whiteness, it makes a striking sight on the green plain. I would class it, among the world's airports, with Dulles, with Pan Am's very workable circular departure building at Kennedy, and with da Vinci in Rome. I have a sentimental tendency to add Saarinen's terminal for TWA at Kennedy, which excites the eye, but I am disaffected by that overnight hike on which one has to embark between the loading ramps and the taxicabs.

New National Mosque in Kuala Lumpur—"In many ways . . . young Malaysia's shiny capital is the most unusual city in Asia."

—H.S.



The University of Malaysia, between the airport and the city, does nothing to alter one's original enthusiasm, for it is a stunning campus with rolling green acres and exciting new buildings. Opened in 1959, it teaches its 3,400 cosmopolitan students in English, although it will eventually switch to Malay, the national language. The mosque near the entrance gate looks like a jeweled case by Fabergé—small, ornate, and altogether lovely. In contrast, and related to the nation's practical needs, is the huge university hospital which will be its newest building when it is completed.

We sat at tea one sunny afternoon with Malaysian friends in their cheery new house hanging over the edge of a canyon, nibbling on sweet cakes inherited from the Middle East and listening to the chittering of the birds. The atmosphere was foreign and tropical, but the modern house and the canyon were the hallmarks of some architect who had done field work in the arroyos of Benedict and Laurel in the City of the Angels, U.S.A.

The subdivision, called Kenny Hill, once a rambling estate, rolls into the Lake Gardens, a municipal park, filled with running children, strolling couples, and families. Out of the clusters of canna lilies and royal palms soars the seventeen-story shaft of the Parliament building, where President Johnson was officially received.

Across the green valley is the nation's first war memorial, a splendid arrangement which subtly blends in the cultures while never once seeming to fall off into cliché Asian designs. The entranceway is a rotunda encircling a blue pool in which pewter lotus blossoms seem to float. The blossoms spray water and the domes shine golden in the equatorial sun. In the center stands the enormous heroic statue to the bush fighters who fought for freedom and for peace, largely against the Communists who carried on a relentless war until they were finally suppressed. MAY THE BLESSING OF ALLAH BE UPON THEM, says the lettering. Symbolic of what they won are the buildings of the Parliament and the sharp spires of the Assembly Hall beyond the rift. In the distance one can look off to the white city that is Kuala Lumpur, and the mountains behind it.

The Malaysian culture is on display in the National Museum, a magnificent building which opened in 1963 on the Damansara Road on the way to Lake Gardens. British, European, and American museum experts and designers were

(*Continued on page* 49)

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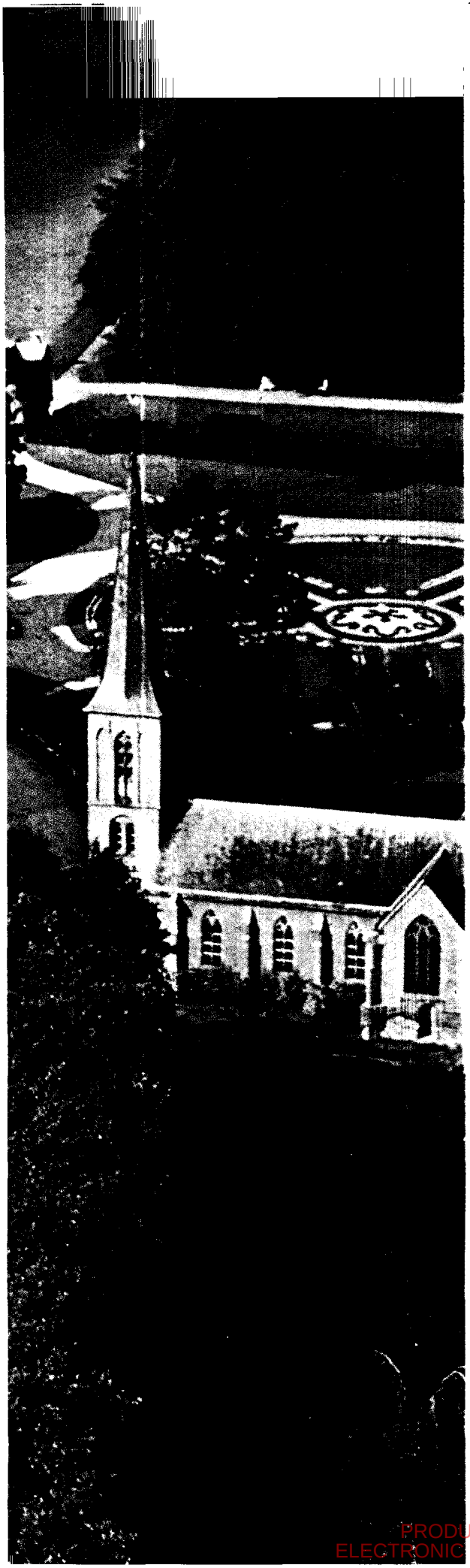

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Continued from page 44

called in to help, but the building is essentially Oriental in tone and Malay in design. It is faced with two enormous murals of Malay life and times done in Italian glass mosaics by local artists. The floor of the main hall sings with a blue mosaic imported from Pakistan, and two Malay wood carvers worked for five months on the doors.

The exhibits on display are said to be only a tentative effort, but they are interesting all the same, and the manner of presentation is both new and noteworthy. On hand is a giant Petala Wati, an ornate bird with a sedan chair on top used to bring boys of ten to the circumcision rites which are sometimes still practiced in this manner. The racial mixture also produces sedan chairs of the type used by brides and grooms of the Straits-born Chinese of Malacca. In the potpourri are tableaux of Malay royal weddings held a hundred years ago, Chinese lions used in dances, a classical Indian dance, and shadow puppets used in Malaysia, Thailand, Indonesia, and even China. Despite the cultural blend, the door for the gents' room is labelled LAKI 2. It's a contraction for laki-laki, the double term rendering it plural. The museum is air-conditioned, and about all that put me off is the necessity of checking one's camera at the door, a practice assiduously followed in Greece. "This is a copyright museum," an attendant said.

Kuala Lumpur was founded not much more than a hundred years ago and there is still much that stands in stone memory of the Moors and the recently departed British. The colonialists, in their day, spent much of their time in the Selangor Club, a half-timbered complex sitting on a greensward that is used for cricket, rugby, and, for all I know, field hockey. In the old days the English could sit over their pink gins and gaze beyond the wickets to the government offices across the way, a maze of onion domes, minarets, towers, and other gingerbread appendages of the builders afflicted with a Moorish predilection. The offices still belong to the government, but the membership is open to all.

MORE of the Moors is on public view in the splendid railway station, a perfect example of Edwardian Moorish, and in the Jame Mosque, built in 1910 at the edge of the River Klang. The new mosque is a stupendous complex using a number of architectural devices, all impressive, especially when put together. Included, besides the great minaret, is a concrete roof that looks like a lavender-tinted dropped handkerchief, and a rooftop with serrated edges first seen in the chapel of the Air Force Academy at Colorado Springs.

Unfortunately for the traveler, none of these brilliant architectural designs have been applied to a hotel. Kuala Lumpur as a national capital and a coming convention center in Asia, is desperately in need of a good one. Almost any third-line hotel in Miami Beach could be a winner here as conditions stand now. The best is unquestionably the Merlin, which has 217 rooms, all air-conditioned. It is passably comfortable, but by no means stylish in the sense that international travelers have come to expect.

The Majestic, which probably ranks next, stands, I would judge with some embarrassment, in a shabby neighborhood in the old part of the city. Its menu makes a lively effort with ginger steak, carpet-bagger steak (oysters inside), and a Kansas City T-bone, albeit a long way from home. Like most hotels in town, it has a Chinese restaurant, and like most hotels, it is large and employs a band and a corps of dancers. The cuisine is Peking style. The rooms upstairs are all air-conditioned, and I would charitably class the furniture as junky but passable. The Federal nearby gives me the feeling of a salesman's hotel in Topeka in 1924. Shirts and ties are on sale at a counter in the lobby. Everything is air-conditioned, and the décor is about as cheerful as the plastic flowers which are strewn on the tables.

I LUNCHED one day, and with great pleasure, at Bilal Restaurant at 33 Jalan Ampang, which few tourists seem to find. The décor is not exactly Louis Seize, but the spicy dishes were wonderful and one could have dabbled among such specialties as brain curry roast, fried sheep's brains, mutton Mysore—all served with huge mounds of saffron rice. Orange-colored pickles were a novelty, and a pleasant surprise was the local fire extinguisher, a brew called Anchor Pilsener.

In somewhat more style we dined one night at Coq d'Or, a restaurant that occupies an ornate mansion. They fit each other like a sable coat on a scarecrow, but there is a terrace for drinks, the waiters are trained to bring sherry bottles, and a small combo plays relatively quietly in the corner. The diners were at work in a dark-paneled room downstairs, seated to windward of the big blower fans while working over the remarkably good New Zealand steaks, Australian oysters, and a few dishes of Indonesian and Malaysian ancestry.

One afternoon, in company with Charlie Yeoh of Ali Baba Tours, we buzzed off to the fringes of the city to view such municipal appendages as the race track, where a three-day meet is held every forty-five days, the horses

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and jocks shuttling between Penang, Ipoh, and Singapore. I let Charlie call the turns and he took us to a Chinese temple where he paused to discourse on the origins and migrations of Buddha and Buddhism. "In your country a girl's family might hire a private detective to find out if her suitor is a good guy," Charlie explained. "Here the girl's mother comes to the temple and shakes sticks."

Indeed, there were women shaking sticks out of a cannister, as I had seen them do before. Each stick is numbered, corresponding to a printed prediction for the future which can be obtained from the counterman in charge of fortunes. Holy water is stored in Gordon's gin bottles, which doesn't seem to affect its holiness, and among the religious goods on hand are large supplies of joss money to burn and thus send to ancestors living, perhaps in poverty, in the hereafter. "You can transfer it to the other guy in the other world," was the way the man from Ali Baba put it. Cheap, too. A million dollars worth costs only 33 cents U.S.

The Jalan Ampang is the road of the ambassadors, and the villas are gracious and handsome, some decorated with orchid plants six feet high. The most elaborate pad of all is the palace built by the Sultan of Brunei, the potentate of the oil-rich Malay province which was going to join Malaysia and then in a fit of independent pique over who was to share in its oil profits, reneged. The Sultan's residence is a supremely elegant relic of a union that collapsed.

While Brunei's oil would have given Malaysia more wealth, it does well enough on its production of rubber and tin. Most of Malaysia's tin is mined on the surface, then rinsed with water to loosen the potential tin ore from the sand. What remains is pumped once more through a spillway. The grayish

(*Continued on page 85*)

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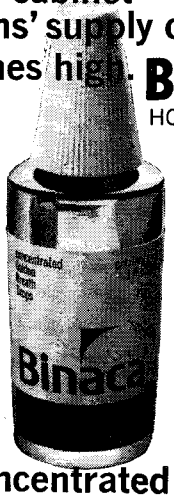

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The New Film Vocabulary

AS MARSHALL McLUHAN loves to remind us, ours is a particularly eye-minded generation; and yet, paradoxically, in our two most visual media, television and the movies, the word tends to predominate. Movies, especially in Hollywood, are made not on the basis of an idea that might be cinematic, but on the basis of a written scenario that might be cinematized. And in television, just about the only non-scripted shows are the quiz programs, the panel discussions, and the ball games (although it is well to remember that talk predominates in all of them). Critics praise films that are "literate" and TV documentaries that "tell us about" our world. Perhaps because they themselves deal primarily with words, they feel less at ease, less at home with the kind of direct sensory perceptions that McLuhan writes about. Certainly, most of the movies that they see are more readily synopsized than responded to.

What brings all this to mind are two pictures that seem to work almost entirely on the sensory level, producing responses instead of fully formed ideas. Of the first, Michelangelo Antonioni's *Blow-Up*, a great deal has already been written [see *SR*, Jan. 7]; the significant thing is that there have been almost as many interpretations of what the film means as there are critics. The final sequence, for example—the tennis game—has been taken by some to mean the hero's ultimate acceptance of unreality, by others as a kind of welcoming back into the flow of life. Both interpretations have validity within the film itself, the first being a somewhat literal translation of events, the other an emotional response to the *feel* of the sequence.

It is this sense of feeling a film, not just understanding it, that is significantly altering the forms of our contemporary cinema. We saw it a few years ago in Richard Lester's *A Hard Day's Night*, in which one of the Beatles races through the corridor of a moving train, then is glimpsed from a window running along beside the train. We have it again in *The Knack* as the old bedstead plows through the streets of London. We have it frequently now in the quick cuts from scene to scene. It is a cinematic shorthand that young people especially—the eye-minded generation—respond to.

Perhaps the most extended and effective use of this new film vocabulary that I have yet encountered is to be found in a remarkable, feature-length, autobiographical first film titled *Chappaqua*, by Conrad Rook. In simplest terms, it is the story of a young man's experiences while undergoing withdrawal from drugs in a sanatorium near Paris. But unlike, say, *The Man With the Golden Arm*, in which we watch the victim writhe and curl in the throes of his agony for some twenty minutes, *Chappaqua* recreates for us the experience itself—the fears, the moments of euphoria, the deep-seated urge to escape, the fragmentary hallucinations, the torture. We see them and feel them as he must have seen and felt them, reconstituted in images that defy description but whose emotional effect is inescapable.

As an example, at the end of the film, Rook is released from the sanatorium. (Rook is the central character, as well as producer, writer, and director.) We see him leave and enter a limousine, the doctor and nurses waving goodby. A moment later he is back in his room, leaping from a window and racing toward a helicopter. The helicopter soars over the chateau that has been his hospital-prison, and, as we look down, we see him again, this time climbing laboriously to the topmost tower, from which he waves at the plane. Has he really been released? The soaring sensation is an affirmation of his new freedom, but is a drug addict ever really free of his affliction? Cinematically, the film suggests all this, but in the most literal sense it tells us nothing.

Chappaqua richly deserved the Silver Lion it won last fall at Venice—not only for Rook's considerable talents, but for his enterprise in enlisting Robert Frank to handle the camera, Ravi Shankar to contribute a superb musical score, and Jean-Louis Barrault to play the psychiatrist. Rook is no less enterprising in his plans to distribute the film. If necessary, he says, he will eschew the normal theater runs altogether, carrying his picture from university to university to show it to the young people who, he feels, "will dig it the most."

SPEAKING of young people, in my article "Where Is the New Talent?" [*SR*, Dec. 24], in referring to the National Student Film Awards at Lincoln Center, I mentioned the fact that the Motion Picture Association of America provided $2,000 in cash awards, but neglected to add that it also contributed $15,000 to the expense of organizing and presenting the event—a substantial evidence of the industry's growing interest in student work today. For the West Coast, the experiment will be repeated at UCLA in March. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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Sales Tacks

AT THIS STAGE of a depressingly disappointing theater season, one is inclined to welcome an unabashed clown and overlook the relative ineffectuality of the stories through which he inspiredly darts.

Thus it was with Soupy Sales, who unfurled himself in *Come Live With Me*, a short-lived farce by Lee Minoff and Stanley Price (which closed the week it opened). In the first scene Soupy seemed lost, like a sailboat looking for a puff of usable wind in a listless sea of introductory detail. Nominally he was portraying a divorced screen writer living messily in a London flat. To put his life in order he needed an *au-pair* (a girl housekeeper who lives in with British families in order to learn the language), and he got one by pretending that he was still married and that his wife had been called away by her sick mother. It was only upon the arrival of the *au-pair*, a nice young Danish girl charmingly played by Hanne Bork, that Soupy rose blithely from his chair like some happy helicopter to take charge of the rest of the evening.

He was madly funny in the scene where his ex-wife, played with just the right touch of camp by Nan Martin, arrived to set him off on an antic session of pep-pill taking and whiskey guzzling. And he was more hilarious still trying to navigate with a hangover. His gag of carefully arranging pillows on the couch and then missing it to lie on the floor instead was a classic. And no one is better at the sudden take when, after frantically dialing the phone to call a neighbor for help, he admitted, "I don't know her number!"

One suspected that most of the best part of the show had been invented by Soupy, and that like London's Spike Milligan he could have strung an anthology of the best devices of his TV show to keep us convulsed for many hours. Perhaps this was why we resented it when the less effective play intruded. At one point Soupy explained the character he was playing by recalling, "I knew when I came home there'd be this nice lady, who happened to be my mother." And despite the humor of the line we saw a capacity for sadness that suggests that Soupy might flourish in a musical or even in *Waiting for Godot*. But even here he flourished enough to make his Broadway debut a more memorable and entertaining evening than are at least three other popular comedies.

* * *

ANOTHER very talented clown, Bob Dishy, is scoring an off-Broadway triumph in a revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical, *By Jupiter*. Fred Ebb's revised version of this 1942 musicalization of *The Warrior's Husband* is a neat if slight spoofing of the femininity of men, who have been brought up in an Amazon-dominated society. Amid this saucily carefree atmosphere -- which, alas, is no longer the fashion in musical comedy—Dishy has a merry time as the sheltered young man faced with the problem of resisting improper advances from predatory young ladies. And while only one song in the score was strong enough to "leave the show"—"Ev'rything I've Got Belongs to You"—all the numbers have that special, tender, funny grace at which Richard Rodgers and the late Lorenz Hart were supreme.

The cast is attractive, especially Sheila Sullivan, and Christopher Hewett has staged the fable crisply. All in all it emerges as a sophisticated excursion that recalls a more lighthearted and naïve era.

* * *

NOSTALGIA ALSO HELPS Sir John Gielgud and Irene Worth in their touring attraction, *Men and Women of Shakespeare*. This new program combines the most effective excerpts from Gielgud's magnificent *Ages of Man* solo program and some fresh selections that permit us to enjoy Miss Worth's skill and beauty. Indeed, the great actor seems deliberately to subdue his own performance so that we may discover how delightful Miss Worth can be in subtler and less severe roles than the ones she usually plays. She is, for instance, both amusing and enchanting as a Rosalind trying to act masculine.

Because the second part of the program shifts from comedy and romance to tragedy and death, the emphasis inevitably returns to Gielgud, who achieves at least two great moments. When he is Hamlet advising his mother to assume a virtue if she has it not, we see a moving depth of compassionate awareness of the universal problem of carnal impulses and self-control. Later, between a sample of his Macbeth and his Lear, Sir John gives us his even more superb Richard II and shows us this character's desperate attempt to see himself truly through the masking self-pity.

It would be unreasonable to expect *Men and Women of Shakespeare* to sustain the level of excitement we remember from our first experiencing of *Ages of Man*. It is enough that we can enjoy such a congenial and frequently splendid theater event. —HENRY HEWES.

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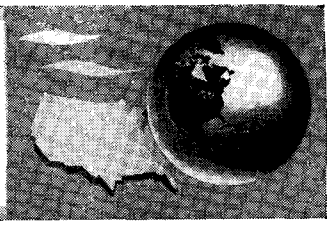

TORONTO:

Eyewitness Report

[Harrison Salisbury's] description of Hanoi as "a wartime city going about its business briskly, energetically, purposefully" does not suggest that war-weariness and defeatism are spreading rapidly among the people.

These reports are further evidence that there is little practical justification for the bombings [of North Vietnam]. They strengthen the contention of many world leaders that a halt to the raids is the logical and essential first step toward negotiations.

It is likely that the bombings have inflicted less damage on the Communist war effort than they have inflicted on Washington's credibility. With their belated and grudging acknowledgment that civilian areas have been hit, U.S. officials are following a pattern established on such matters as the cost of the war, moves to intensify or escalate the conflict, and even the existence of earlier peace-feelers from Hanoi. In each case, officials will reluctantly own up to the reality only when presented with strong evidence—usually collected by enterprising U.S. journalists—that they have been less than honest. . . .

—*The Globe and Mail.*

LONDON:

Actors on the Political Stage

An "actor," it seems, by committing himself to his profession immediately freezes his brain to all outside influences. He cannot think politically, philosophically, or scientifically. . . . Many people in many professions, not least those of professional politicians and their attendant writers, make many stupid utterances. Ronald Reagan as an actor didn't thrill me at all; as a politician his "views" simply appall—but his professionalism in both cannot be denied.

Richard West [referring to actors in politics in the column, "London Diary"] makes no mention . . . of [Marlon] Brando's and [Charlton] Heston's (to name but two) humane stands on the civil rights issue; and though in my knowledge the theater has produced no Casals or Picasso to make a public and lifelong stand on a political platform, it is cruelly . . . ignorant to attribute to us all the character of the strutting player that frets only upon the stage of illusion.

—*Peter Porteous*
in Letters to the Editor,
New Statesman.

Education's New Look

It is not inconceivable that Mr. McGeorge Bundy, Mr. John Gardner, and Mr. Robert McNamara will soon become the next presidents of, respectively, Harvard, Columbia, and California universities, though the odds on Mr. Bundy might be lengthened, given the fact that he was only a graduate student at Harvard and never properly served his apprenticeship there as an undergraduate. Let it be stated immediately that these gentlemen are all at present quite well occupied with other endeavors and that they have not been approached by any of the universities mentioned above.

The point behind this idle touting of future presidential candidates is that education has become a major American industry. It offers more *cachet* and more challenges than can be found in most corporate enterprises and even, perhaps, provides more potential for an aspiring (and imaginative) executive. . . .

It seems likely . . . that the next generation of presidents will consist more of men who have shuttled easily between university, government, industry, and the philanthropic foundations. . . . They will continue to be educators, and even scholars, but they will also be men who are familiar with large scale organizations and with power.

—*The Economist.*

FRANKFURT:

Foreign Policy in Transition

President Johnson's State of the Union message, at once a survey of the past year and a political program, followed the usual pattern this year by emphasizing domestic rather than foreign policy issues. . . . However, the passages dealing with the Vietnam war . . . merely confirm that the American government has no intention of quitting.

Widespread criticism of the prevail-

Collector's Item: On the thin northernmost tip of Manhattan . . . the ground rises steeply to the craggy heights of Fort Tryon Park. A curious medieval citadel crowns the heights, as if commanding the river crossings against barbarians from the outer boroughs—The Cloisters. It is the Architect's Digest of the Middle Ages; it is European building from the twelfth to the fifteenth century, from Reims to Madrid, compressed into one compact corner of space and time.

The Cloisters is a department of the Metropolitan Museum [of Art], and it houses a collection of medieval art. But the fabric of the building is designed as a museum in itself, to incorporate bits and pieces of disused ecclesiastical architecture from all over Western Europe. They were mostly collected by George Grey Barnard, the American sculptor. . . .

Well, it happens to all of us. . . . You pick little oddments up on holiday, and when you get home you can't remember where the devil you got them, or what the devil you got them for. I can imagine George Grey Barnard's surprise when he came back from France and found this spare Romanesque doorway in his bag. He probably discovered it in the customs.

"Any stained glass to declare?" asks the customs man. "Any tombs? Romanesque doorways?"

"Yes," says Barnard. "Two Romanesque doorways."

"Sure it's only two, now? I get an awful lot of wise guys trying to slip the odd doorway past me. Let's have a look."

So they open the bags—and there are the three doorways.

"I swear I only bought two!" protests Barnard. "It was in a little Romanesque doorway shop just behind the Notre Dame . . . I have the receipt somewhere. . . . Someone must have planted it on me—unless that little man in Chartres slipped me a doorway instead of a cloister! Let me see—how many cloisters do I have . . .?"

. . . Anyway, The Cloisters is a brilliant collection, superbly displayed, and I am thinking of doing the same thing for American art in Britain. I've been collecting unwanted floors from various obsolete skyscrapers as I've gone about the country, and I'm in touch with an agent who swears he can get me a considerable portion of the Pennsylvania Station back from where they threw it when they knocked it down. . . .

—*Frayn in The Observer, London.*

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ing credibility gap in respect to official information on the progress of the Vietnam war evidently led Johnson to spell out in intentionally clear terms what still had to be done and to stress that the end was not yet in sight. . . . The uncertainty that surrounds the future course of the war reinforces the feeling that the plans of the President are based on a number of contingent factors. World politics seem to have entered a transition period.

This is especially true of America's fundamental foreign policy problem—its relationship with the Soviet Union. All Johnson's words on this subject, and particularly his references to the necessity of ending the arms race, demonstrate the importance he attaches to reaching agreement with Moscow.

—*Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung.*

DELHI:

Student Protests

NONCONFORMISM among sections of American youth, especially university students, is certainly an important social phenomenon, but it has yet to acquire a consistent social or political direction. Protests against the government's policy in Vietnam, for example, lose much of their force amidst slogans urging young people to make love and not war. . . . Concern with the problems of civil rights or poverty is seldom more than a transient fashion. As a change from the routine and ritual of an affluent society, it provides a kick and so does LSD or any other aid to psychedelic religion.

—*The Statesman.*

TOKYO:

State of the Nation

THE UNITED STATES has had on the whole, despite the Vietnam war, a prosperous year. There is some inflation and prices of everyday commodities have risen. The civil rights agitation appears to have died down lately, but we think we can say the year 1966 has registered some distinct progress for the American Negro. Domestic movements for the improvement of the life of the people at large, especially in the field of education, have been conspicuous.

—*The Japan Times.*

PEKING:

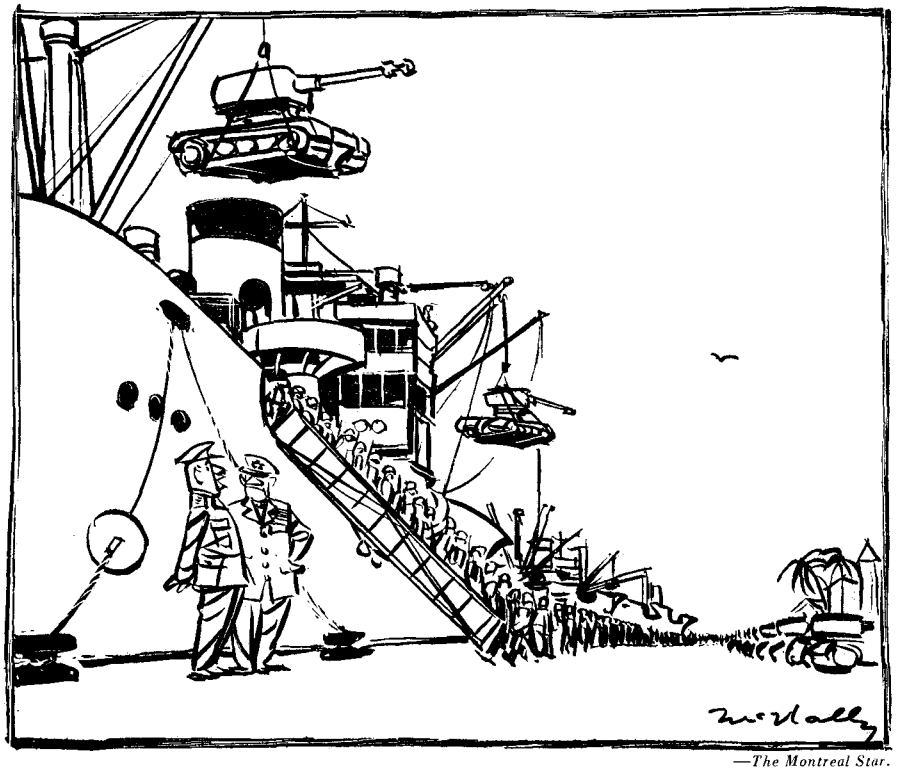
Whose Last-Ditch Struggle?

ALL CORRUPT FORCES of the world are invariably afraid of the new emerging forces as much as all reactionary forces are of the revolutionary forces.

Chairman Mao has said, "Historically, all reactionary forces on the verge of extinction invariably conduct a last desperate struggle against the revolutionary forces." U.S. imperialism, Soviet modern revisionism, and the reactionaries of all countries are mortally afraid of the awakened revolutionary peoples and have no scruples in adopting all kinds of subterfuges and machinations to sabotage their cause of unity and revolution. . . .

In their struggle against U.S. imperialism and its lackeys, the peoples of Asia have gradually come to know that independence and solidarity against imperialism are the only correct road. . . .

—*Hsinhua.*



—*The Montreal Star.*

"Just watch those Congs use the truce for a big buildup."

Pro and Con

Solution for Overpopulation?

THE POPULATION EXPLOSION in India will result in mass starvation in the near future. . . . How can we remedy this when we are fettered by moral impediments even in such a simple matter as abortion? Most of the countries in the world have legalized abortion for one reason or another. And India, at present, has no go but to legalize abortion and induce her women to go in for sterilization, if possible. . . .

—*H. Bhojraj.*

I WONDER whether abortion will be the practical answer in an underdeveloped country like India. . . . Can we, as a poor country, afford the use of doctors and hospitals to destroy a life—no matter how civilized the procedure may be—when there are so many lives to be saved? . . . —*S. Makhijani.*

THE INDIAN Penal Code regards abortion as a crime and has made it illegal. Rationally viewed, abortion is not a crime, for . . . the mind manifests itself only on birth, and it is then that life comes truly into being. There is, therefore, no taking of life in abortion. The punitive article in the Code should be annulled. . . . —*B. S. Sitholey.*

IF, in the name of human welfare, we are prepared to kill a human being, the human welfare we are talking of is not worth its name. . . . Abortion is not justifiable as a means of population control. The latter should limit itself to the prevention of conception. . . . Birth control, unless justified by special circumstances, is immoral; conception control is not. —*Suresh Kanekar.*

—*Letters to the Editor,*
The Illustrated Weekly of India,
Bombay.

On Smoking

IF . . . FEAR is a bad policy maker, why not try to combat cigarette smoking by ridicule? If adolescents were told that smoking, far from being a symptom of coming of age, is regarded by some psychologists as regression to infancy by providing a substitute for sucking, perhaps more would listen. "If you are not weaned of sucking," we could add, "buy yourself a pacifier. It is harmless, cheap, and more gratifying."

—*M. Roshwald.*

MAY I SUGGEST that smokers have their uses? They contribute handsomely to the national revenue and many of them shorten their lives so much that they do not reach pensionable age. The Chancellor of the Exchequer must be glad of such practical help.

—*Stanley P. Wilson, (MD, DPH).*

—*Letters to the Editor,*
Manchester Guardian Weekly.

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The Labyrinth

Continued from page 41

The Inquisitory is, beyond the literal and metaphoric levels, a novel about the writing of a novel. In essence the old man dictates his story, prodded by questions which may be his own. In this sense Pinget's work focuses on the impossibility of writing. Despite the multitude of details—or rather because of it—the overall picture constantly shifts, and no solid texture is allowed to develop out of uncertainty. The reality so carefully constructed in its minute components explodes in its totality. By accumulating countless characters, streets, and placenames, Pinget causes them all to lose meaning as they blend into an overwhelming mass. Ionesco destroyed the concept of personality in *The Bald Soprano* through the device of an entire family whose every member for generations was called Bobby Watson; Pinget achieves the same effect by referring to endless characters, all of whom have different names but who are otherwise indistinguishable. The proper nouns are strangely disturbing, sometimes humorous, more often with ominous overtones; but the translator, Donald Watson, who has brilliantly rendered this difficult work, was forced to leave the fabulous names in French. This was unavoidable; nevertheless it does keep the non-French-speaking reader from fully seizing Pinget's bizarre atmosphere, which is meant to unsettle him. The reader is disconcerted, too, by the many verbal mistakes the old man makes; the title itself is representative of his odd slips.

The Inquisitory is, in fact, a disturbing, bewildering book. But its very confusion dazzles rather than dazes; it creates a compulsive effect on the reader. Once caught in Pinget's maze, he will not want to put it down until he has heard the old servant out.

Autumn Came Too Soon

The Best Years, *by Pierre Gascar, translated from the French by Merloyd Lawrence (Braziller. 185 pp. $5), recalls the boyhood escapades of the author and his friends in the ancient province of Aquitaine. Laurent LeSage teaches French at Pennsylvania State University.*

By LAURENT LESAGE

THIS is a novel in which the only action is the cycle of the seasons, the only characters the stock characters of a French village some forty years ago. There is no hero, for the subject is always "we boys"—the author and the companions he remembers from his childhood spent in the ancient province of Aquitaine.

A reminder of the region's antiquity is the great tower, vestige of a fort constructed by the English during the Hundred Years' War. Nearby this crumbling ruin are the fairground with its plane trees, and the wheelwright's shop where axes and vises conjure up in young imaginations (because of the tower's proximity) awesome visions of medieval instruments of torture. It is as if they behold a victim as they watch the banding of wheels—the dousing of the hot iron causing the hoop to tighten over the wheel and make it creak excruciatingly.

Following the boys, we penetrate other, less fearful shops—the grocery, with its zinc plaque over the window; "Victuals, dry goods, sulphate sprayers"; the harness maker's, heaped high with wool and horsehair—and eventually make a complete tour of this little world of rural childhood. After the shops, the houses and the gardens surrounded by mouldy walls over which the branches of fruit trees bend invitingly to a boy's slingshot. Then the fields, meadows, and stream. Behind the wash house there is a quiet pool where water bugs dart

Pierre Gascar—comic and poetic.

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hither and yon, a pool good for wading on hot days.

There are crayfish upstream, and frogs. In the listless days of summer the boys roam from morning until night, exploring, observing, discovering.

In autumn they exchange their rope soles for wooden shoes and stay closer to home. But there are compensations, like Hallowe'en with its pumpkins and ghosts. Mysteries of life, death, birth, and sex do not preoccupy them unduly; failing to understand, they simply turn to something else. Thus they discover the delight of nonsense-words. The harness maker has a whole repertory, beginning with "snails' boots" and "woolen pistols." The game is over when the wheelwright joins in and the words, promptly transmitted by the boys from one workshop to the other, are turned into epithets of reciprocal insult between the two codgers. The discovery of profanity is next, and when, in honor of a visiting priest, a great altar display is put on after mass, it is greeted with a murmur of admiration: "Son of a bitch!"

The "best years" are the years of those pranks and escapades which, recalled in maturity, strike one as endearingly funny. Pierre Gascar knows how to recreate some highly comic episodes. But, being more than a humorist, he exhibits here his gift for poetic description. Gascar has been accused of being too fancy a writer. That is not my reaction to his magnificent evocations of dawn and nightfall, or to any of the splendid visions of earth and sky that fill this book. The world the boys discover is the world before the Fall—the sounds, smells, and sights of primitive creation. And the mischievous boys, the giggling girls, and all the village types seem as ancient and eternal as the nature that surrounds them.

Gethsemane of a Housewife: Poor Rosie Finck! A fat, slow-witted, ignorant Jewish housewife from London, she is off for a holiday in Spain with her husband, Ben, the most self-centered fictional creation since Meredith's Sir Willoughby. The trip is a disaster from its first moments en route in Morocco, where Rosie, left alone momentarily at a sidewalk café, is leered at by grinning Arabs who shout, "You fock! You fock!" when she tries to arrest their attentions with her characteristic apologetic smile.

The entire holiday, which grinds on in endless monotony, actually spans only a couple of weeks. Such action as there is in Wendy Owen's *There Goes Davey Cohen* (Coward-McCann, $4.50) consists largely of Ben's deliberately contrived physical and mental tortures of Rosie. He pours sand down her bosom, he tricks her into drinking vinegar when she expects wine, he creates public scenes at her expense. She ignores her persistent "heartburn" because she is afraid to ask Ben for money for a doctor.

Ben fits handily the standard anti-Semitic stereotype: cheap, loud, vulgar, ostentatious, pushy. The reader is invited to see Rosie as a "good" woman because, in contrast to Ben, she tips willingly, is pleasant to waiters and shopkeepers, and turns the other cheek. A novel involving minimal activity on the part of simplistic, underdeveloped characters might be redeemed from dullness by style or theme, but Mrs. Owen's prose is curiously wooden and remarkably flat, reading rather like an inept translation.

Her theme, however, is tantalizing. It appears, strangely and murkily, to be about the redemption of Rosie by Christ, for on her sickbed she recognizes Him, in the form of a chromo hanging on the wall, as her rabbi. Indeed, there is more than a suggestion of the fusion of Rosie with Jesus, a vision of the Fat Lady as Christ Himself that Salinger's Glasses were inspired with some ten years ago. The symbols, unfortunately, are not integrated into the fabric of the novel, for each has a little pointer that lights up in neon, shouting "Symbol! Symbol! Watch out!" Even with all the signals, the arrows too often point into blind and empty alleys. —CECILE SHAPIRO.

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THE COLLECTED POEMS OF LOUIS MacNEICE

By LOUIS MACNEICE, *edited by* E. R. DODDS. This volume contains all the poetry written between 1925 and 1948 that Louis MacNeice wished to preserve and all the poems published between 1949 and 1963, the year of the poet's death. The editor's only other addition to the body of MacNeice's published verse is a small group of translations, only one of which has appeared in any previous collection. $9.75

T. E. LAWRENCE

An Arab View

By SULEIMAN MOUSA, *Press and Information Department, Amman, Jordan.* It is the author's contention that all the works written about T. E. Lawrence exaggerated his part in the Arab Revolt of 1916 and failed to do justice to the Arabs themselves. Using little-known Arab sources, and with the help of survivors and observers of the Revolt, he reconsiders the story as told by Lawrence and his biographers. At the invitation of the publisher, A. L. Lawrence (T. E.'s brother) read the work and commented on it. His comments are printed, with Mr. Mousa's approval, at the end of the book. $6.50

SOUTH-EAST ASIA

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By GUY HUNTER. This is the first in a series of comparative studies of race relations in various parts of the world. The author believes that relations between different groups are only fully intelligible, first, in the light of their place in the social, economic, and political structure of their country; and secondly, in relation to the great movement of history in which new countries are moving towards independence and a twentieth-century culture. *2 text maps. (Institute of Race Relations.)* $4.50

VOICES PROPHESYING WAR, 1763-1984

By I. F. CLARKE, *University of Strathclyde, Scotland.* From 1763 onwards, the idea of innovations and future developments in warfare has seized the imagination of writers and artists. Mr. Clarke traces the story in both its political and its technical aspects. "Wholly engrossing . . . by being so engaging . . . both stimulating and amusing, it should spur further interest in this curious, pervading, and perhaps prophetic literature." — ELIOT FREMONT-SMITH, *N. Y. Times. 21 halftones, 11 line illustrations.* $10.00

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By K. L. GOODWIN. Ezra Pound has often been called the major contemporary influence on twentieth-century American and British poetry. Pound certainly spent far more time than any other major poet in cultivating the work of his contemporaries. Mr. Goodwin traces the interests and the friendships of Pound, then examines the literary results of his influence in the work of numerous poets, including Yeats, Eliot, William Carlos Williams, Marianne Moore, Hart Crane, E. E. Cummings, and Archibald MacLeish. $7.00

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Understanding Repairman: In *Balloons Are Available* (Atheneum, $4.50) Jordan Crittenden has written a book about banality which is itself so banal as to thrust beyond the boring into the offensive. Derisive rather than absurd, with a mock-character rather than a mock-hero, the book—stylistically an exercise in non sequiturs—is silliness rather than satire: a performance in notes so hollow that the author sounds patronizing and the reader feels had. Finished, one drops it on the table, half expecting the book will crack.

The fact is, Howard Ormsby, focus of this arch, episodic, pseudo-*Candide*, long-short-story-if-anything is a dimwit, and the people he encounters are dimwits also. In a very few pages it begins to seem much too easy of Mr. Crittenden to have detailed such an idiocy. After page on page of the whimsical irrelevancies which serve weakly for both comedy and point, it begins to seem malicious.

I quote at random:

> Howard made his first installation on his own after he had been on the job for a week. The lady of the house gave him an individual-size sponge cake.
>
> On Howard's second call, to repair a clogged jet, the lady of the house suggested he make love to her, which he did as soon as he got the heater working right. Afterwards they talked in calm, thoughtful tones. Howard said, "I'll be wearing a cap with an emblem on it if Mr. D'Angelo can find it."
>
> She said, "You understand me like no other repairman has ever understood me."

But then, that's not the funniest thing in the book. This is:

> It was she who urged him to enroll in night school to complete his high school education. "Otherwise," she said, "you'll be haunted by those little advertisements on matchbooks for the rest of your life."

The title derives from W. H. Auden: ". . . all the modes of transport, litters, ox-carts, canoes, hansom cabs, trains, trolley cars, aeroplanes, balloons are available, but any sense of direction, any knowledge of where on earth one has come from or where on earth one is going to is completely absent." A lovely, lucid statement which in no way deserved the 180 pages Mr. Crittenden has appended to obscure it.

—Louise Armstrong.

"I'll buy that."

Checklist of New Books

Crime, Suspense

The Face of the Enemy. By Thomas Walsh. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

Fear of a Stranger. By Rae Foley. Dodd, Mead. $3.95.

A Leave-Taking. By George Milner. Dodd, Mead. $3.95.

Murder Is Absurd. By Patricia McGerr. Doubleday. $3.95.

Sly as a Serpent. By Kyle Hunt. Macmillan. $3.95.

Fiction

The February Plan. By James Hall Roberts. Morrow. $4.95.

Digging Out. By Anne Richardson. McGraw-Hill. $4.50.

The Futile Life of Pito Perez. By José Rubén Romero. Prentice-Hall. $4.95.

Grandmere. By Viña Delmar. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.75.

The Great Bonacker Whiskey Bar. By Ralph Maloney. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $4.95.

The Island: Three Tales. By Gustav Herling. World. $4.95.

The Man Who Stole a University. By Phoebe and Todhunter Ballard. Doubleday. $4.95.

The Market Square. By Miss Read. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

Meyer Meyer. By Helen Hudson. Dutton. $4.50.

The Middleman. By Mark Smith. Little, Brown. $5.95.

My Lord of Canterbury. By Godfrey Turton. Doubleday. $5.95.

Remorse. By Alba de Céspedes. Doubleday. $5.95.

The Time of the Hawk. By Andrew Tully. Morrow. $4.95.

Ulterior Motives. By David Garnett. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.50.

U.S.S. Mudskipper: The Submarine That Wrecked a Train. By William M. Hardy. Dodd, Mead. $4.50.

Government, Politics

The Intellectual in Politics. Edited by Dr. H. Malcolm MacDonald. Univ. of Texas Press. $4.95.

Responsibility and Response. By General Maxwell D. Taylor. Harper & Row. $3.50.

International Affairs

Provincial Party Personnel in Mainland China 1956-1966. By Frederick C. Teiwes. Columbia Univ. Press. Paperback, $3.

Law

The United Nations and the Rule of Law: Charter Development Through the Handling of International Disputes and Situations. By John W. Halderman. Oceana. $7.50.

Literary History, Criticism

The Literature and Thought of Modern Africa: A Survey. By Claude Wauthier. Praeger. $8.

The Poet as Critic. Edited by Frederick P. W. McDowell. Northwestern University

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Press. Hardbound, $4.50. Paperback, $2.50.

A PRIMER OF IGNORANCE. By R. P. Blackmur. Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.95.

TOLSTOY AND THE NOVEL. By John Bayley. Viking. $6.95.

TRADITION AND TOLERANCE IN NINETEENTH-CENTURY FICTION. Edited by David Howard, John Lucas, and John Goode. Barnes & Noble. $8.50.

Miscellany

GREAT GAMES OF CHESS PRODIGIES. By Fred Reinfeld. Macmillan. $5.95.

THE MYTHMAKERS. By Mary Barnard. Ohio Univ. Press. $5.

Personal History

THE BLACK POET: Being the Remarkable Story of George Moses Horton, a North Carolina Slave. By Richard Walser. Philosophical Library. $3.50.

EPITAPHS OF OUR TIMES: The Letters of Edward Dahlberg. Braziller. $6.95.

NEGRO MEDAL OF HONOR MEN. By Mary N. Dolim. Morrow. $4.95.

ON PLAYING WITH LIONS. By Virginia McKenna and Bill Travers. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95.

Poetry

CRY OF THE PEACOCK. By Naomi Lazard. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95.

Religion, Philosophy

ARISTOTLE'S METAPHYSICS. Translated by Hippocrates G. Apostle. Indiana Univ. Press. $12.50.

BEYOND ANY KIND OF GOD. By Jack Kevorkian. Philosophical Library. $3.75.

AN INVITATION TO HOPE. By Pope John XXIII. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

LONELINESS AND LOVE. By Libert Vander Kerken, S. J. Sheed & Ward. $3.75.

PERSONAL WITNESS: A Biblical Spirituality. By John Navone, S. J. Sheed & Ward. $4.95.

THE THREEFOLD SOCIAL ORDER. By Rudolph Steiner. Translated by Frederick C. Heckel. Anthroposophic Press. Paperback. $1.95.

TRADITION AND TRADITIONS: An Historical and Theological Essay. By Yves M. J. Congar, O. P. Macmillan. $14.95.

THE UNKNOWN GOD? By Joseph Möller, Herbert Haag, and Gottried Hasenhüttl. Sheed & Ward. $3.95.

Science

THE GOLDEN AGE OF SCIENCE: Thirty Portraits of the Giants of 19th-Century Science by Their Scientific Contemporaries. Edited by Bessie Zaban Jones. Simon & Schuster. $12.

Travel

THE BEHOLDING RUNNER. By Owain Hughes. Morrow. $4.

FRESH FROM THE LAUNDRY. By Ilka Chase. Doubleday. $4.95.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 5, 9, 4, 8, 10, 12, 11, 15, 3, 14, 2, 6, 7, 1, 13.

ONLY ONE MEAL TODAY

CHUNG HAE KYUNG, KOREAN AGE 6. One of three children. Mother dead. Father TB. Grandmother stays at home to look after her sick son and his two younger children. Eldest sister, 18, sells vegetables in market. Earns $7 per month, family's only income. Live in one room. Rent $2 monthly. No facilities. Children always hungry. Winters cold and hard. Insufficient clothing and blankets. Grandmother unable to buy medicine for son and sufficient food for children. Help to Hae Kyung will relieve her grandmother's worries by bringing aid to the entire family.

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New Works by Josephs, Kirchner, Carter

MAX RUDOLF made the last pair of concerts in the Cincinnati Symphony's seasonal visit to Carnegie Hall memorable by presenting the first performance in New York of Wilfred Josephs's *Requiem*. For it the orchestra brought along the University of Kentucky Choristers (Aimo Kiviniemi, director), the Lexington Singers (Phyllis Jenness, director), and the Lasalle String Quartet, all of whom performed on the high professional level of Rudolf and his solo vocalist, Norman Treigle.

Affiliation of a string quartet with a choral work suggests that Josephs's work, which initially attracted attention in October 1965 as first-prize winner in a competition conducted by La Scala, is a *Requiem* with a difference. How much of a difference may be noted from the textual content, which is in Hebrew rather than Latin, and derived from the *Kaddish*, or prayer for the dead. A reaction to the trial and execution of Adolf Eichmann, it began as a work for strings to be called *Requiescant pro defunctis Judeis*, evolving, as Josephs worked on it, to its final, prize-winning form.

Of the composer's involvement with the subject there can be no doubt. It has depth of emotion as well as lofty musical purpose. Some of it makes a noble clamor in the supplications for peace that it implores; the relationship of solo voice to the choral ensemble, and both to the orchestra, often has compulsion, vitality, and a sense of racial identity.

The whole of it, however, is less persuasive than certain of its parts. One accepted the opening string quintet "Requiescant" as a suitably moodful invitation to attention, but the three later "meditations" for the same group could as well have been performed by members of the orchestra. At the least, it struck me that they intruded into the textual development, and, at the most, that they extended the length of the work rather beyond Josephs's capacity to sustain interest. The idiom he has evolved, after a "passing-through" investigation of the twelve-tone method, is supple and intelligible enough. It does not, however, have the variety to command attention over the hour-long span of this *Requiem*. But a composer capable of imagining a work on this scale should also be capable of achieving his purpose fully in time to come.

Rudolf made the occasion doubly productive by beginning with Mozart's beautiful *Vesperae Solennes de Confessore*, a rich tapestry of solo vocal, choral, and ensemble elements rarely encountered in a concert performance of this quality. Its particular pride was the singing of Annie Walker, a young Negro soprano of uncommonly bright, powerful sound. She has not yet the command of ornamentation or the vocal finesse to make everything possible of the opportunities provided by Mozart (especially in the "Laudate Dominum"), but the material she has to work with merits every encouragement. In addition to Treigle, the other soloists in the Mozart were Patricia Berlin, mezzo, and Mallory Walker, tenor.

Leon Kirchner's compositional career took a new turn with the first performance in Town Hall by the Beaux-Arts Quartet of what was described as his Quartet No. 3. By my count, it was a sextet at least, for the live performers were flanked by two *obbligato* (KLH?) speakers for the addition of a taped sound track. Such pieces—and Kirchner's initial venture with a blend of live and prerecorded has been anticipated by more than a few other composers—always give rise to the question: If one such element is prerecorded, why bother with live performers at all? That is to say, the live performers are locked into the time values and dynamic quantities of the prefabricated element and hence become an adjunct of a machine, as a piano to a piano roll. Perhaps there is a way in which a sound track can be conceived as an *extension* of what four string instruments can convey, but Kirchner didn't find it for this work.

The young performers who make up the Beaux-Arts Quartet showed in their performance of an early Haydn in D minor (Op. 9, No. 4) the same qualities of vitality, good sound, and excellent ensemble that have distinguished their recordings. The program (sponsored by the Naumburg Foundation, which also commissioned the Kirchner work) concluded with the Brahms C-minor Quartet.

It was, altogether, a week of K's with Paul Kletzki, Rafael Kubelik, and Istvan Kertesz as guest conductors. In their guest appearances, Kletzki (with the American Symphony) and Kubelik (with the Boston Symphony) functioned with familiar variations on the theme of orchestral command; for Kertesz, the appearance in Philharmonic Hall with the Philadelphia Orchestra showed that it has taken him about ten years to make the transition from raw promise, as a fugitive from Hungary in the uprising of 1956, to productive mastery. His direction of an uncommon Haydn symphony (No. 67 in F), Hindemith's *Noblissima Visione*, and the D major (No. 6) of Dvořák qualified him for a solid place among those of the international set who can go any place, conduct any orchestra, and be sure of winning favor from almost any audience. He has musicality, a lucid way of conveying his intentions to an orchestra, and the kind of background that translates into the language (not necessarily of love) that players understand.

Everything Kertesz did within the prescribed perimeter covered the ground thoroughly. He aroused the most convinced response from the players in the Hindemith sequence (drawn from the ballet *St. Francis*), especially in the finale, which almost made the overhead "clouds" quiver in the proclamative peroration by the brass. He showed his musical sophistication in the preceding Haydn, a deft and lovable piece which requires one string player to tune his G string down to F in the Minuet. Kertesz converted it into an inside joke by handing the musician a small card as if to remind him of what was required. Investigation disclosed that the card was, actually, an IOU in payment to the "piper" impersonated by the violinist. It was, in any case, clear evidence of the happy relationship of men and maestro. The Dvořák went, as Dvořák should, straight to the hearts of the audience.

THE kind of talent attracted from world-wide sources by the Dimitri Mitropoulos International Competition produced another group of promising young conductors in this year's showing of winners in Philharmonic Hall. They ranged, in order of appearance before the Philharmonic Orchestra, from Paul Capolongo, Algerian born, French educated, to Enrique Garcia-Asensio, a native of Valencia; Helen Quach, born in Saigon, reared in Australia; and Alois Springer, originally from the Sudetenland, now associated with the Luxembourg Radio.

However, the order of interest, to this

(*Continued on page 85*)

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Jacqueline Du Pré, 22, cellist.

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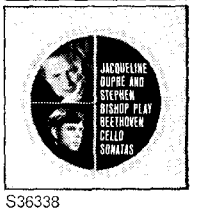

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Angel

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Something to Remember Them By

Dietz (right) and Schwartz—"superb tunes."

By IRVING KOLODIN

ONE DAY in 1926 a "counselor at law," as his Broadway letterhead proclaimed him, addressed a communication to a man he had never met, hopeful that it would achieve its purpose:

> Beans Cerf, a friend of yours and mine, promised to introduce me to you, but he is such a busy publisher these days, I fear he has totally forgotten me.
>
> This is what's on my chest: I'd love to work with you on songs for the Neighborhood Playhouse annual show, The Grand Street Follies. I am developing contacts which are, I think, going to lead to something worthwhile. As I told Beans, I think you are the only man in town to be compared with Lorry Hart, and from me that's quite a tribute, because I know almost every line Lorry has written. I think that three or four tunes of mine will be riots in the Grand Street Follies this year *if* they have lyrics such as only Lorry and you can write.
>
> Don't be amused at the fact that I speak of tune-writing under a lawyer's letterhead. I'm giving up the law in a few months to spend all my time at music.

Unfortunately, the petition fell on deaf, or at least unresponsive, ears. The reply read:

> As I have written a first show in collaboration with a well established composer, I don't think that our collaboration is such a good idea.
>
> What I suggest is that you collaborate with an established lyric writer. In that way, we will both benefit by the reputations of our collaborators, then when we both get famous, we can collaborate with each other.
>
> It's nice to hear from you.

"The well established composer" being none other than Jerome Kern, it is hardly surprising that the unsolicited approach failed of its objective. But neither did the advice so generously offered yield its results. It was a producer, Tom Weatherly, on the verge of putting together something he called *The Little Show* in 1929, who was the go-between several years later. He had already signed the lyric writer, and could urge him to hear the tunes brought in by the erstwhile lawyer. Fortunately, their estimate of the music was the same: Had it not been, there would never have been "I've Made a Habit of You," "I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plans," "You're the Sunrise," and all the other sinuous and insinuating inventions which make *Alone Together*, a selection from the collaboration of Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz, a welcome successor to the prior venture devoted to the music of Vincent Youmans (Evergreen stereo, S-6604-5, $9.79; mono, 6604-5, $7.79).

Unlike some other of their admired contemporaries — Cole Porter, Richard Rodgers, George Gershwin, Irving Berlin, Jerome Kern, and Vincent Youmans —who were identified with "book shows" and thus had the opportunity, at least, to achieve a "revivable" success, Dietz and Schwartz did their earliest, most characteristic work in the "revue" frame. This resulted not only in a certain amount of topicality, but also dependence on specific "stars" to whose talents the show was tailored. In the first *Little Show*, for example, they were Clifton Webb, Fred Allen, and Libby Holman. In either case, the likelihood of revival was remote. When it came to such a Dietz-Schwartz show as *The Band Wagon* of golden memory, with the Astaires, Helen Broderick and Frank Morgan, Tilly Losch, and the most beguiling décor seen in a musical show to that time, a revival would have been not merely difficult, but futile.

What has remained the same, however, and even grown in stature since, are the superb tunes that followed the first few cited earlier. It was in *Three's a Crowd*, which reunited Webb, Holman, and Allen a year after the initial success, that Dietz and Schwartz produced one of their most characteristic collaborations, a mating of words and music that any of the Big Six of the American musical stage would have been happy to call their own. Whether the finely original first strain or the ingeniously constructed "middle," with its rising line to a climax, rates higher on the scale of values than the plaintive, free-flowing words, could be argued. But it is a matter of record that it was first sung, in an English show of the previous year, to a lyric beginning, "I have no words to say how much I love you." Nothing happened until Dietz rewrote it as "Something to Remember You By."

It is the characteristic of the true Dietz-Schwartz song—"Dancing in the Dark," "Alone Together," "You and the Night and the Music," "If There is Someone Lovelier than You"—to be as well bred lyrically as it is well shaped musically. Lyrically they do conform to the convention that the title should be in the first line, in the last line, and maybe two or three times in between. But there is almost invariably something unexpected in the resolution of a Dietz lyric to match the grace and distinction of Schwartz's musical idea.

The present collection confines itself to less than ten of the score of shows and movies they have worked on together, with thirty-two tunes spread over the two LPs. This is a reasonable procedure to permit concentration on the products of their first eight years together (ably documented by Stanley Green's thoroughgoing notes). Thus there is "The Moment I Saw You" from *Three's A Crowd*, "Confession" and "Where Can He Be?" from *The Band Wagon*, and "When You Love Only One" and "Maria" from *Revenge with Music*, as well as the "standards" for which each is remembered.

As products of a particular period of the Broadway musical, they are well suited to the kind of treatment that prevailed in the Youmans survey. That is, two pianos (well played by Paul Trueblood and Marion Coben) and a rhythm trio (where appropriate) rather than a full orchestra. This preserves intimacy as well as promoting verbal audibility. Of the four singers, the female participants are better than the male, and the talented Karen Morrow succeeds even better with her episodes than does the more celebrated Nancy Dussault. Neal Kenyon does nicely in some of the patter and rhythm songs, but Clifford Davis is heavily burdened by the demands of such a ballad as "Dancing in the Dark." However, the essential element remains the material itself, the warp of Dietz and the woof of Schwartz making, truly, something to remember them by.

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SEVEN JAZZ BOOKS

IT WAS A significant coincidence that Fats Waller died on December 15, 1943, just when jazz was on the threshold of revolution. The music world could ill afford to lose him, not merely because of his enormous talent as a pianist and a composer, but also because of his spirit and humor. A heavy drinker, he lived a happy, careless life, but he brought abundant happiness to a huge international audience that has never forgotten him.

To many, Waller was the epitome of jazz—boisterous, fun-loving, defiant of authority and convention alike. To others, he was one of the great piano soloists and a real strength in any rhythm section. In grayer times, there were to be those who would seek to diminish the artist by equating his *drôlerie* with vulgarity, but their efforts were unavailing. His songs and records defeated them. *Ain't Misbehavin'* (Dodd, Mead, 248 pp., $5) is an account of Waller's life as told by Ed Kirkeby, his one-time manager. It is a tale overdue between book covers, and it contains much welcome information about his career. The writing, unfortunately, fails to bring Waller alive as he was—a giant in front of an often tawdry background. The book would have been better had it been written twenty years ago when the legend was fresh in everybody's mind, although there still remain scores of musicians and friends whose anecdotes could have enhanced the picture.

Waller dispensed hospitality with a lordly generosity, and there is a warm story here of how he entertained friends like Duke Ellington and Earl Hines in Chicago. I remember, too, how he used to rehearse his big band. He would sit at a table with two fifths of gin before him, one for himself and guests, and one for the band. When a musician distinguished himself, Waller would signal his valet to reward him from the band's bottle. A flow of ribald banter ensued as the men sought to retain and circulate their portion, but the leader invariably frustrated them, meanwhile refreshing himself and his guests from his own fifth.

It is a pity that the tape recorder came into general use too late for Waller. Just how effective it can be in capturing the thoughts and mores of the jazz musician is shown in the oddly titled *Four Lives in the Bebop Business* by A. B. Spellman (Random House, 241 pp., $4.95). Although theirs have been relatively more enlightened times, his four subjects—Cecil Taylor, Ornette Coleman, Jackie McLean, and the late Herbie Nichols—do not appear to have enjoyed their lives as Waller did his, nor have they been accepted to anything like the same extent. This, Spellman tends to argue, is not their fault, but society's. In his opinion, the "managers of record companies and club owners" are villains, "blameless villains, perhaps, but villains nonetheless."

Ever since the bop revolution of the mid-Forties, when jazz musicians deliberately turned their backs on entertainment values, illogical complaints of this kind have been made. Unfortunately, society never guarantees a living to artists, proved or unproved, and the money the "villains" risk is very often their own. Musicians such as Taylor and Coleman have big reputations as revolutionaries, but they cannot expect, simultaneously, the financial rewards of established artists whom they may ultimately overthrow.

A prime stupidity of the bebop world, as Spellman points out, was heroin addiction. Influenced by Charlie Parker's example, the boppers regarded heroin as "one of the greatest symbols of hipness." Ira Gitler recognizes the tragic effects of this attitude in a well-balanced picture of ten difficult years entitled *Jazz Masters of the 40's* (Macmillan, 290 pp., $4.95). He likes the music and is acquainted with many of its makers; he is never blind to its faults and excesses. The "masters" with whom he is concerned are men such as Parker, Bud Powell, J. J. Johnson, and Dizzy Gillespie, all of whom must now presumably be regarded as dated by the "innovations" of the avant-garde. Yesterday's revolutionaries are already adopting their traditional attitude. "I can't find anything in their music that I can appreciate," Gillespie said recently of the "new-wave guys." The absence of overstatement and thorough documentation make Gitler's book a valuable reference to the decade when Gillespie began his reign.

John S. Wilson's *Jazz: the Transition Years, 1940-60* (Appleton-Century-Crofts, 185 pp., $4.95) is a lucid survey of the same decade and the one that followed. The author's lack of bias is extremely rare in jazz criticism, but he is not a dispassionate writer. Added to his dry wit and very evident honesty, his quiet perception in many widely different areas of jazz makes the book rewarding to read. "The cool musician's concept of jazz roots" is how he sums up Jimmy Giuffre's experiments in "low-keyed, folk-flavored music."

Such Sweet Thunder (Bobbs-Merrill, 366 pp., $5.95) contains "forty-nine pieces on jazz," by Whitney Balliett, from *The New Yorker*. While his two preceding collections consist mostly of writings about jazz concerts or jazz on records, this one benefits from several interviews with the musicians themselves. Balliett does these well, and his encounters with Pee Wee Russell, Cootie Williams, Earl Hines, Mary Lou Williams, and Henry "Red" Allen add variety and life to the book, as does his account of a trip to New Orleans. The story on Hines, incidentally, was to a considerable extent responsible for that great pianist's comeback. Like Wilson's, Balliett's taste is broad and independent, the appreciations here ranging from New Orleans veterans to the formidable Cecil Taylor, with discerning appraisals en route of neglected musicians such as Dicky Wells.

Fats Waller—"a giant."

Where's the Melody? by Martin Williams (Pantheon, 205 pp., $4.95) has been assembled for the most part from articles which appeared in *SR* and other magazines. Williams's purpose is "to clear the way, to help listeners discover their own responses by putting them more directly in touch with the music itself." The analyses of records are interesting and the descriptions of record

(*Continued on page* 65)

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Manny Albam: *The Soul of the City*. Albam, composer and director, with big band. Solid State 18009, stereo, $5.79; mono, $4.79.	The city and the sound effects are something of a gimmick, but they enframe a good musical canvas that has rich color, brightness, and depth. Soloists are listed, but the precise composition of the band is not revealed, Solid State being more meticulous with regard to its electrical equipment than to the men it records. It is a big band, however, and Albam uses a sizable string section from time to time for mood and color contrasts. With excellent solos by Joe Newman (trumpet), Phil Woods (alto saxophone), and Burt Collins (flugelhorn), "Museum Pieces," "View from the Outside," and "View from the Inside" are outstanding.
Hank Crawford: *Mr. Blues*. Crawford, alto saxophone and piano, with sextets and septets. Atlantic 1470, stereo, $5.79; mono, $4.79.	This is Crawford's eighth Atlantic album, made to much the same formula as all the others, and with groups of similar instrumentation. Evidently the records are popular, but unfortunately they seem to be deteriorating. Primarily this is because Crawford, with familiarity, becomes a tedious soloist. He features himself extensively, but he is not imaginative, and his tone doesn't help. The unpretentious ensemble passages and backgrounds he writes have a rough honesty, but he doesn't swing like such comparable predecessors as Eddie Vinson, Pete Brown, Louis Jordan, and Tab Smith. The concessions to teen-age tyranny are tiresome, too.
Sonny Criss: *This Is Criss!* Criss, alto saxophone: Walter Davis, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Alan Dawson, drums. Prestige 7511, mono and stereo, $4.79.	Criss has a light-fingered musical personality that is robbed of some of its effectiveness by a predilection for Charlie Parker figurations. These reminders of another artist often occur as intrusions in the flow of his own conceptions. The well programed set contains standards and blues, the first side opening with a thoughtful version of "Black Coffee," the second with a happy, shuffle-rhythm blues entitled "Greasy." The accompanying trio gives skillful support and Alan Dawson's wire brushes are worth following on their own. They perform a background dance that is always sensitively complementary to the work of the other musicians.
Duke Ellington: *Greatest Hits*. Ellington, piano, with fourteen-piece band; Milton Grayson, vocal. Reprise, stereo, S-6234, $4.98; mono, 9-6234, $3.98.	This album's release, so close on the tail of RCA Victor's *The Popular Duke Ellington* (LPM 3576), is ill timed. Apparently recorded during Ellington's 1963 European tour, it duplicates four of the RCA titles, is shorter, and generally not quite so good. Some interest may attach to the Grayson vocals on "Do Nothing Till You Hear from Me" and "The Blues" (from *Black, Brown and Beige*), but the most rewarding performance is of "Don't Get Around Much Any More," where the familiar routine is discarded in favor of a string of solos—by Cootie Williams, Johnny Hodges, Lawrence Brown, Harry Carney, Paul Gonsalves, Jimmy Hamilton, and the leader. This was a common practice before Ellington began tailoring whole numbers to fit star soloists. If it bolsters individual egos less, it is arguable that it benefits the listener more.
Bill Harris: *Caught in the Act*. Harris, guitar. Jazz Guitar JGL-P100, mono only, $5. (Obtainable from Jazz Guitar, 2021 Hamlin St., Washington, D.C.)	Harris plays unamplified classical guitar in these refreshing excerpts from a 1962 Washington recital. As annotator Tom Scanlan insists, Harris shows himself a better guitarist than when he made his first Emarcy album in 1957. There is a new version of "Stompin' at the Savoy," and he explores "Cherokee" with good results, eschewing the obvious and playing long, single-note lines that hold the attention. His conceptual range is indicated by his interpretations of "Lover," Thelonious Monk's "Well, You Needn't," an original called "Intaglio Monk," and an evocative blues for the old school, "Where Is Big Joe Williams?"
Joe Masters: *The Jazz Mass*. Masters, musical director; Allan Davies, choral director; Gary Barone, trumpet; Anthony Ortega, alto saxophone; Harold Land, tenor saxophone; Mike Wofford, piano; Bobby West, bass; Johnny Guerin, drums; Jerry Williams, timpani; Loulie Jean Norman, soprano; Clark Burroughs, tenor. Columbia, stereo, CS 9398, $4.79; mono, CL 2598, $3.79.	The vocal sections of this mass are well conceived and executed, except for the bop phrases allotted the girls' voices in the "Credo." Hard to sing, these give a contrived and artificial quality to a statement that is otherwise reverent and moving. There is nothing objectionable in the way jazz rhythms are used, but there is the customary misunderstanding of the place of improvisation in a church service. It is appropriate as the congregation assembles and departs, but a drum solo during the "Sanctus" is an unwarrantable distraction from worship. Again, the feverish intensity of the instrumental solos in the "Pater Nostros" [*sic*] are at odds with the dignity of the swinging choral work. But by all means hear this, for the best of it is very good, especially the way the "Agnus Dei" is sung.
Buddy Rich: *Swingin' New Big Band*. Rich, drums, with 16-piece band. Pacific Jazz PJ 10113, stereo, $5.79; mono, $4.79.	The album title is accurate—Rich's band swings, is new, and big. It is an entity built around his electrifying drum skills. All the musicians sound committed, and together they compose the kind of band that creates excitement rather than just nostalgia. In this respect, it resembles some of the better "herds" led by Woody Herman in recent years. The soloists have something to say and are fluent, notably John Bunch (piano), Jay Corre (tenor saxophone), John Boice (trombone), Walter Battagello (trumpet), and Barry Zweig (guitar). Of the arrangements, Phil Wilson's Basie-ish "Basically Blues" and Corre's driving "Sister Sadie" have the most impact.
Various Artists: *Collectors' Items, 1922-1930*. Harvey Brooks Quality Four; Kansas City Five; Thomas Morris Hot Babies; California Poppies; Five Musical Blackbirds. Historical Records 11, mono only, $5.00. (Obtainable from Historical Records, Box 4204, Bergen Station, Jersey City, N.J. 07304.)	Like the other heterogeneous collections from Historical Records, this is fascinating to play without prior reference to the notes. One never knows what or who is coming next, and to guess at identities is often to be humbled. Noble characters like Bubber Miley, Fats Waller, Rex Stewart, and Elmer Snowden consort here with others long forgotten. Among the latter is Ernest Coycault, a New Orleans cornetist who went to California in 1914 and made the two sides included here some eight years later. His muted playing over stop-time on "Lou" is further proof of how early a positive New Orleans style existed on his instrument. The same label has a similar collection entitled *Rare and Hot* on 12, fourteen obscure sides made by Fletcher Henderson in 1923-24 on 13, and fourteen equally obscure female vocals from 1923-26 on 14.
Harold Vick: *The Caribbean Suite*. Vick, tenor and soprano saxophones and flute; Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Bobby Hutcherson, vibes; Al Dailey, piano; Everett Barksdale, guitar; Walter Booker, bass; Mickey Roker, drums; Montego Joe, conga; Manuel Ramos, bongos. RCA Victor, stereo, LSP 3677, $4.79; mono, LPM 3677, $3.79.	Kenny Graham, a British composer and arranger, organized a group called the Afro-Cubists in 1949 and began writing for it in Caribbean musical idioms. His exotic but subtle *Caribbean Suite* was only a local *succès d'estime* until it happily occurred to Vick to revive it. The melodic content of Graham's eight themes, and the varied rhythms they required, obviously stimulated the saxophonist, whose playing here is firm and tasteful. The record is best regarded as a successful team effort, however, for all concerned have contributed unselfishly to this intriguing realization of Graham's intentions. —Stanley Dance.

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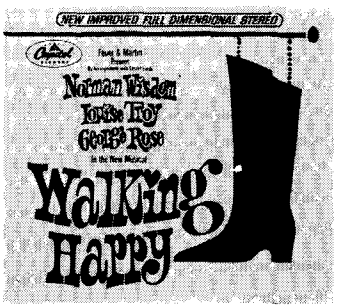

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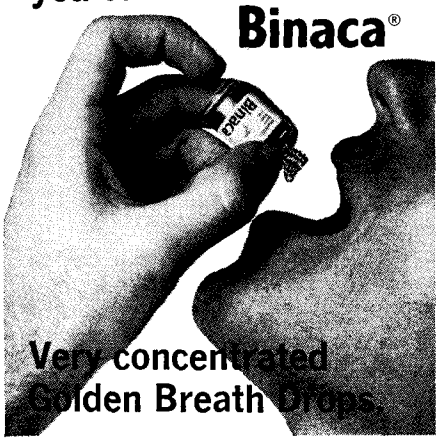

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Bechet the Prophet

IN FRANCE in the 1950s, New Orleans clarinetist and soprano saxophonist Sidney Bechet found himself a celebrity: His records were collected by ardent teen-age fans; his company was sought by socially ambitious matrons; and his night club and music hall appearances were as avidly attended as those of Chevalier or Piaf. In our country probably only Louis Armstrong among jazzmen has received comparable adulation. But Bechet did not sing, did not mug, did not clown; he played his instruments, accompanied by French New Orleans "revivalist" ensembles of highly uneven quality, and he announced his numbers in the softly accented Creole French of his New Orleans upbringing. Armstrong, the glorious instrumentalist of the New Orleans school, was a prophet without honor at home to larger audiences until he became the grand old man. Bechet remained without honor at home to even a sizeable audience. Yet among instrumentalists, he was the second greatest glory of New Orleans music and her greatest reed man.

Bechet was recognized as a major jazz musician outside his own city by the teens of this century. He was the subject of the first serious appreciation ever written about a jazzman, conductor Ernest Ansermet's tribute of 1919. Ansermet saw in Bechet's work the beginnings of a new style and he conjectured that tomorrow perhaps the whole world would be following his path. During subsequent developments in jazz, Bechet was admired by musicians of all styles and schools; he was one of Charlie Parker's favorite players, and one of his last record dates was done with the respected modernist French pianist, Martial Solal.

In Antibes there is a square named after Bechet with a bust of the musician in its center. It would probably be foolhardy to expect such a thing in this country, but perhaps one can hope at least for an adequate posthumous tribute to his music in the form of LP reissues, for, although he remained a major player to the end, he did his best playing here and made his best records here, and for a jazzman, records are the enduring statements of his work.

Bechet made his most mature recorded statements between 1938 and 1941, most of them for Victor. Those recordings show him to be everything that a great jazz musician of his generation might be, and more. Like the best clarinetists of his home city, he could improvise a superb secondary heterophonic ensemble part ("I Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None of This Jelly Roll"). And because his approach on soprano sax combined elements of both the trumpet and clarinet traditions, he could provide a unique lead part in ensemble as well ("Shake It and Break It"). He could discreetly interpret a lyric theme ("Indian Summer") or more boldly paraphrase a line ("Mood Indigo"). On occasion, he might even invent melody only within the harmonic guidelines of a piece ("Sleepy Time Down South"), a rare practice for a musician of his era. Above all, he was a great blues player ("Texas Moaner," "Nobody Knows the Way I Feel This Mornin'"), and that means also that he could use the jazzman's growls, smears, bent notes, shouted notes, and whispered notes with innate esthetic discretion in any context.

Bechet—"admired by all schools."

When he growled or shouted or laughed, Bechet sang. And if the paradox of simultaneous shout and song were not enough, he was at once harsh and tender, introspective and declamatory, personal and communal, melancholy and joyous, and never egocentric. "The music," he said, "that's a thing you gotta trust. You gotta mean it." The words come from his book *Treat It Gentle*, which, for at least half its length, is one of the most remarkable autobiographies ever written by an American artist.

Bechet's Victor recordings were made with pick-up groups; their size and instrumentation varies from trios through septets, and the approaches and styles of the players roam widely for the time —his drummers, for example, included traditionalist Baby Dodds and then-

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modernist Kenny Clarke, his trumpeters Sidney de Paris and Charlie Shavers. For a listener, one of the revealing pleasures in these recordings is Bechet's adapting not only to the range of the selections of each date but also to the sizes and shapes of the ensembles and the personalities of his fellow improvisors—and sometimes on each of his two horns. Bechet accomplishes things which only a player of his technical and emotional largess could accomplish.

Thus Bechet's Victors present the strongest argument for an orderly LP presentation ensemble by ensemble, record date by record date. Alas, the two LPs in RCA Victor's Vintage series, the new *The Blue Bechet* (LPV-535) and the earlier *Bechet of New Orleans* (LPV-510), do not follow this obvious and easy procedure. Rather, they follow some strange principle of separating blues from stomps, a principle which does not work in practice—more than half the pieces on the *The Blue Bechet* are *not* blues, but one of the best performances on *Bechet of New Orleans* is. (The albums provide further disappointments: Neither contains Bechet's "What Is This Thing Called Love," which has never been issued in this country and which is quite possibly his greatest reading of a standard ballad, and the albums mistakenly claim to present a previously unissued "take" of "Sidney's Blues.") These reissues do give us a great musician at the peak of his greatness, and all of the above examples of his range come from just two Vintage LPs.

I would like to single out another performance from the second Vintage set, "Blues in Thirds." It was made during a Chicago visit in 1940 by a trio consisting of Bechet, pianist Earl Hines, and drummer Baby Dodds. As I have remarked in this space before, Hines is no bluesman, but he discovered in this piece a unique lyric modification of the blues idiom. And here that lyric mood is reinterpreted by a master bluesman, Bechet. Hines, in his two opening choruses, states his theme superbly and then provides a variation. Bechet enters, first with a return to Hines's melody, then with a powerful, contrasting Bechet blues invention. He continues with fresh improvisation in the final chorus, while Hines counterpoints the opening theme.

For Bechet, the performance exhibits nearly all the powers I have attributed to him—powers of paraphrase, powers of invention, powers of adaptation to a particular musical climate—plus a good sense of overall structure. "Blues in Thirds" is Bechet's masterpiece on clarinet, I think; indeed for both men, and possibly all three, it is a superb performance. This is its first American reissue and hence its first issue in twenty-six years. That is at least some kind of tribute. —Martin Williams.

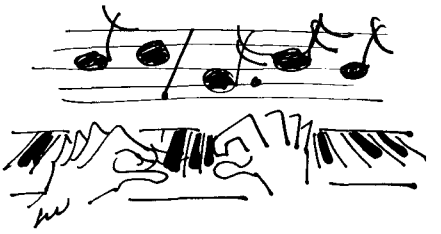
Jazz Books

Continued from page 61

sessions—where more jazz in the active state of creation is to be heard than anywhere else today—should prove illuminating to many. "A Basic Library of Jazz," always difficult to do, is perhaps more indicative of Williams's taste than it is basic. It cites, for example, three albums by Charlie Parker, two each by Miles Davis and Charles Mingus, but none at all by Johnny Hodges, Jimmie Lunceford, or Fletcher Henderson.

The Encyclopedia of Jazz in the Sixties by Leonard Feather (Horizon, 312 pp., $15) is a supplement to his encyclopedia published in 1960. Together, they compose the most useful work on jazz now available. The present volume contains some 1,100 biographies; it is a mine of accessible information which anyone concerned with jazz will find invaluable. In view of the enormous amount of work involved, any criticism may seem ungenerous, but there are serious defects which should be remedied in future editions.

Many biographies begun in the previous volume that should have been continued are not (e.g., Jimmie Crawford, Sir Charles Thompson, Doc Cheatham, Claude Hopkins). Many musicians active in the Sixties are not included (e.g., Roger Ramirez, Reuben Phillips, Money Johnson, Bobby Donovan, Billy Butler, and two Basie trumpets: Al Aarons and Wallace Davenport). Moreover, the decision to exclude men because they did not have the good fortune to record seems distinctly arbitrary, as is Feather's system of crediting sources. Among performers of minimal jazz significance to



whom space is devoted are Herb Alpert, Barbra Streisand, Dionne Warwick, Lou Rawls, Miriam Makeba, Claus Ogerman, Morgana King, Nancy Wilson, and H. B. Barnum. Though the author wanted to give the book an international cast, there are far too many obscure, non-American musicians in it.

In short, more concentration on American jazz biographies and less attention to the magazine-like features could effect a considerable improvement in a work that is indispensable to the jazz community. —Stanley Dance.

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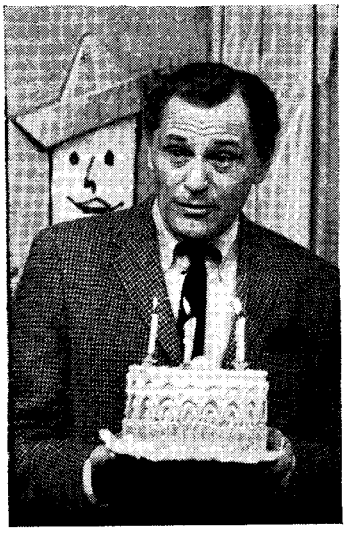
WHEN YOU THINK OF BIRTHDAY PARTIES, DO YOU THINK OF NBC?



There are few occasions as enchanting as a children's birthday party. In New York, NBC Owned Television Station WNBC-TV proves it each weekday morning with "Birthday House," on which Paul Tripp and Company fete birthday-celebrating youngsters. Informative as well as festive, the program won the 1965-66 Governors' Citation of the New York Academy of Television Arts and Sciences.

Local programs that capture this sort of community attention are typical of the NBC Owned Stations. It's that way in Washington, Cleveland, Chicago and Los Angeles, as well as New York. In each of these cities, the NBC Owned Station stands alone in its range of community programming and service. No wonder viewers look first to their NBC Owned Stations — broadcasting almost exclusively in color — for news, entertainment and coverage of community activities.

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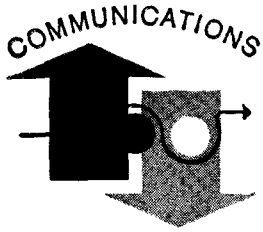
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



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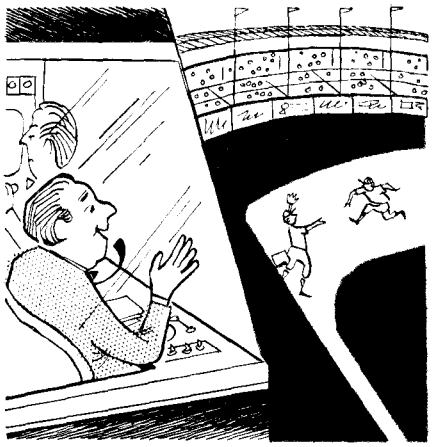

It Happens Every Spring

THE BALL CLUBS are going South again, spring can't be far behind, and in many ways it is the happiest time of the year, particularly for those who follow what was once undeniably the national pastime but which now may be second to football in the American interest. Along with the clubs go hundreds of sportswriters, commentators, play-by-play broadcasters, and general hangers-on posing as newsmen. Some of the press contingent thoroughly know baseball and its complex rules, but many couldn't distinguish a triple from a squeeze play. At least one man in each ball park, however, has to be the official scorer and, since he is always a journalist appointed to this job, baseball scoring rules lie pretty much in the jurisdiction of those who earn their living by broadcasting or writing about one of the truly great games to play or watch.

Baseball rules are forever being changed, particularly the rules of scoring. Few winters go by without alteration here or there, in spite of the fact that major league baseball has been played in this country for more than two-thirds of a century and one would think every conceivable scoring subtlety would have been ironed out by now. Only last month changes were made in two scoring rules for the 1967 baseball season that bring to mind some others we think should be made in fairness to the players, the game, and the vast national audience. One new rule goes like this: A player who bunts for a hit will no longer automatically escape being charged with a time at bat, even if base runners advance on the play. Charley Segar, chairman of the scoring rules committee, says that it has been obvious in recent years that major league players have been bunting for a base hit when their teams were losing 8-1 or 9-1. So, instructions have been sent out to official scorers throughout the American and National Leagues as follows: "Do not score a sacrifice bunt when in the judgment of the scorer the batter is bunting for a base hit and not solely for the purpose of advancing a runner or runners. In that event charge the batter with a time at bat." Another change for 1967 credits a base runner who is trapped off base and reaches the next base without the help of an error with a stolen base, even if the runner didn't attempt to steal.

We once covered major league baseball (the New York Giants) and we'd like to put in our two cents' worth on a few of the anomalies we think still need correction in the scoring rules. We have always thought it unfair to charge a pitcher with a base on balls when that base on balls is intentional. Most intentional bases on balls are by order of the manager. A pitcher's record at the end of the season is judged in part by the number of bases on balls, as well as hits and runs, he has allowed opposing batsmen. Good pitchers will average a couple of intentional bases on balls per game, particularly in low-scoring games. If a star pitcher starts, say, thirty ball games and intentionally walks two men per game this may be a fair percentage of the total bases on balls marked against his record by the end of the season. It has always seemed to us that there should be a special category, perhaps an asterisk or another column of statistics, reporting the inten-

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tionally passed batsmen as distinguished from the unintentional base on balls.

We have also thought it wrong for a batsman not to get credit for a run batted in on a double play. The fact is that the run has scored and that the batsman has actually hit the ball. Had he failed to hit the ball at all—striking out for example—no run would have scored. The fact that he hit the ball at all and actually drove in the base runner is to us more important than the liability of having created two outs on one play.

Many years ago a batter driving in a base runner with a long fly ball was not penalized with a time at bat, but given a sacrifice fly. Then, some years back, the sacrifice fly rule was dropped for a time, and properly so, we felt. Anyone who has watched a long-ball hitter swing from the heels for the center-field fence and only incidentally drive in a run on the fly that did not become a homer realizes how ridiculous the word "sacrifice" is in this case. In recent years the scoring rules have reverted to a no-time-at-bat and a sacrifice on the fly ball driving in a runner. We think this rule should be dropped and that the change made a few years ago charging the long fly ball hitter with a time at bat, regardless of scoring results, should be re-established.

WE also think that the method of selecting "winning pitcher" is a total botch and ought to be completely revised. Under present rules, a starting pitcher must pitch at least half a game to be eligible, but a Sandy Koufax (that dates us) can go twelve full innings and not get credit for a pitching victory because the relief pitcher came in after the pinch hitter and worked only one inning. Other scoring changes are long overdue in such categories as "mental errors"—those ghastly occurrences when, through mental lapses afield, professional ball players fail to play their defensive positions professionally. Under present rules if they do not come near the ball they were supposed to have caught they cannot be charged with an error, though in the opinion of professional writers and broadcasters in the press box any average major league fielder should have made a put-out on the play. Joseph Durso of *The New York Times* sports staff suggests there ought to be some such category as "team error" for mental lapses, particularly when they involve more than one fielder.

In a word, baseball scoring rules aren't perfect yet, well over two-thirds of a century after the game became a national pastime, and they're still fun to talk about, though the hot-stove league will never be quite as exciting as the thing that happens every spring, hypnotizes most of us all summer, and ends in a blaze of autumn glory. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Ally of the Right to Know

STANFORD SMITH of the American Newspaper Publishers Association called to my attention R.L.T's thoughtful and perceptive editorial, "The People's Right to Know" [*SR*, Jan. 14]. Our committee is grateful for the generosity of his appraisal of our report, which, by the way, was drafted by Sam Ragan of the Raleigh *News and Observer*.

He has pointed out so clearly the danger to all individual liberty inherent in the restrictions recommended by the bench and bar for imposition upon the press that I feel sure we can count on *SR* for support in our continuing dialogue with the ABA committee and others who seek to aggrandize the importance of the Sixth Amendment at the expense of the First.

The citizens of this country are only vaguely aware of the efforts being made to circumscribe their right to know by those who stigmatize the American newspaper press as self-seeking, sensational, and commercially motivated. In our opinion this will be a continuing struggle and we are heartened to have you as an ally.

DAVID TENNANT BRYAN,
Chairman and Publisher,
Richmond *Times-Dispatch*
The Richmond *News Leader*.
Richmond, Va.

I ALWAYS look forward to the Communications Section and read it with great interest. Most of the time I am in agreement with your editorial stands. However, I have to ask, "Are you kidding?" about a comment in your editorial "The People's Right to Know." Within the editorial you report this comment which you evidently agree with: ". . . the ANPA Committee admits that, in isolated cases, pre-trial reporting may be a small factor in creating prejudice in potential jury panels." Isolated cases? Small factor? How small was the factor in the case of Sam Sheppard's trial in Cleveland? Or numerous others that could be cited?

You also mention many of the procedural remedies that a trial judge has at his disposal. You don't mention the fact that the trial judge is usually a resident of the community and one who is influenced, as a member of the public, directly or indirectly by the same influences. How many changes of venue do we see in the United States as a result of trial reporting?

No, the Bar Association should certainly not get its way in suppressing news, but let's also take with several grains of salt the continuing outcry about "The People's Right to Know" by our newspaper publishers. If they had their way, unhindered and unfettered, the drawing of justice which adorns your editorial page would really show the lady blindfolded and on her knees rather than standing upright and holding the scales.

MITCHELL M. BADLER,
Manager,
Public Relations Department,
First National City Bank.
New York, N.Y.

Wiser than the Boss

THE PUBLIC RELATIONS ESSAY, "Wanted: Sophisticated Management" [*SR*, Jan. 14], is one of L.L.L. Golden's best in a long list of good ones. His statement, "today's corporation has the kind of public relations that management wants; no better and no worse," speaks volumes.

What is so often blamed on the public relations official of a corporation, institution, or agency is not his fault at all. Indeed, he probably recommended otherwise. But too often the management view is that the PR man is supposed to take what inherently is bad and make it look good. He simply can't do it. And because he can't perform miracles, he becomes the whipping boy for bad policy, bad practice, and bad management.

On the whole, the PR men I have known have been abler, wiser, and a good deal more concerned with the public interest than the bosses to whose buzzers they must respond.

JAMES W. ARMSEY.
New York, N.Y.

Mary Haworth's Worth

TWO CORRESPONDENTS in the January 7 issue ask for an article about columnist Mary Haworth. Let me make it three and, at the same time, disagree with one of them, who says that Miss Haworth has no appeal for teen-agers, that they want the glib, no-sweat wisecrack, Abby and Ann style.

Our daughter is seventeen, and a little over a year ago she was panting to quit school and be a court reporter. She had read those ads about the stenotype machine that writes in "plain English"; how the notes

(*Continued on page* 83)

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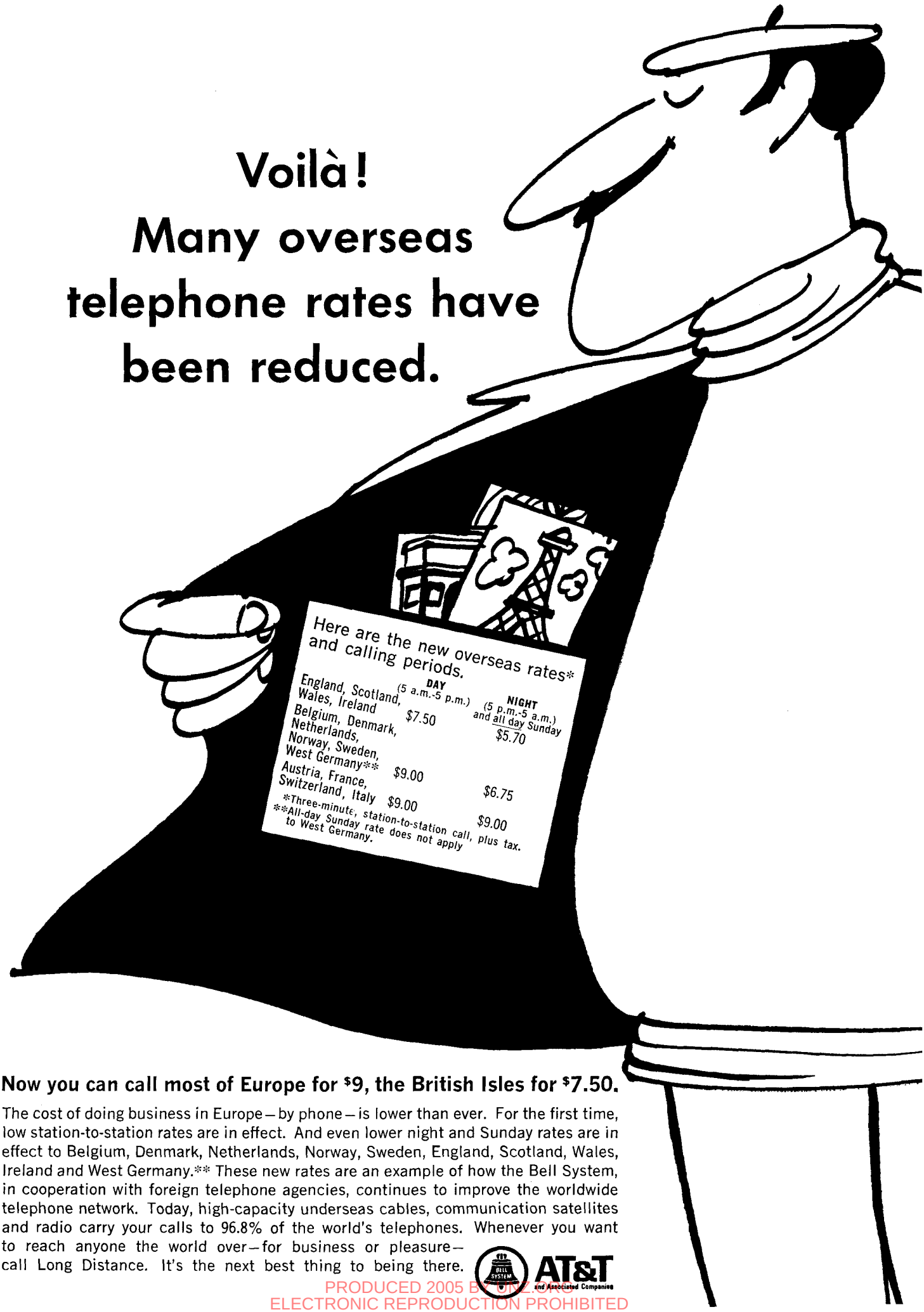
Voilà! Many overseas telephone rates have been reduced.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Austria, France, Switzerland, Italy $9.00 $9.00
*Three-minute, station-to-station call, plus tax.
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CHILDREN'S TV, EUROPEAN STYLE

By JOHN TEBBEL

ROME.

IF IT IS any consolation to Americans who deplore television programing for children, a good many Europeans share their belief that what is done is not enough, and often inferior.

The Europeans have somewhat less reason to view with alarm, however. Their children are given programs of a generally higher caliber than most of those offered in America, and what is perhaps more important, the broadcasters seem to be seriously concerned with what they are putting on the air for young eyes. "Broadcasters" means "government" in these countries, but, with a few exceptions, there is little or no attempt to use the medium as a means of indoctrination.

As in America, European programmers are confronted with the common dilemma of defining exactly what a children's program is. In the golden days of radio, there was no such difficulty. From 5 to 7 o'clock, American children were entertained with the good clean fun of *Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy*, and a procession of storytellers who concentrated on action dramas that were unquestionably juvenile.

Television mass audiences and the space age have changed all that. Except for the phenomenon of Soupy Sales, whose complicated appeal would take a qualified psychologist to explain, children in the United States and Europe have, for several years, been sharing the tube with fathers, and even mothers, who also enjoy the endless horse operas, crime stories, and science fiction tales that appear to enchant all ages. (A somewhat similar phenomenon occurs in the book business. Children today are reading books written for adults at increasingly early ages, although picture and story books for the very young continue to hold their own. But the YA designation used in the trade for "young adult" titles is coming to mean less and less.)

This problem hung like a large black cloud over the Fifth International Television Festival and Third Seminar, held at Cairo last November, which was attended by representatives of thirty-six nations, including nine delegates from broadcasting, motion picture, and government interests in the United States. When it was followed a week later in Rome by another conference on children's television, with delegates from eighteen countries, the cloud simply moved across the Mediterranean. Conferees in both cities listened respectfully to a few of the papers, yawned their way through most of them, and over their drinks later complained that no one really knew exactly what to do about child television watchers, and that few, if any, new ideas had been advanced.

"Live and let live, I always say."

WHAT might have interested lay observers, however, if there had been any, was the paper from Soviet Television on "Television and the Child," and one titled, "Spanish Research and Studies on the Influence of TV on Children and Young People," offered by Luis Ezcurra, vice-director general of television in Spain and director of Television Española.

In the Soviet Union, surveys have disclosed that children predominate in the television audience, and that they are the most impressionable of viewers and the least organized. Consequently it was no surprise to hear the Soviet spokesman assert, "Children's television in the Soviet Union is organized on Soviet educational principles and serves the Communist education of the coming generation." He added that the problem of dealing with children in the television medium was not the same as producing for them in the cinema and theater, because tube images come to them daily and speak to them directly.

"The main task facing children's television in the Soviet Union," said the Russian representative, "is to educate cultured people with a community spirit, active in social life, and capable of standing up for human ideals." That is done, he continued, through a five-point program: 1) by drawing as clear a line as possible between programs for children of different age groups; 2) by carefully selecting the most significant, important, and interesting themes for these programs, keeping in mind "the cultural and civic development of the child"; 3) by making a strict rule that a definite part of each program "must stimulate collec-

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tive or individual activity after viewing"; 4) by providing a great variety of subject and art forms; and 5) by arranging for the direct participation of the children.

To carry out these ideas, or rules, the Soviet Central Television children's and youth programs department has five editorial groups at work preparing programs for preschool children (to seven years), junior schoolers (to ten), middle schoolers (to fourteen), senior schoolchildren (up to seventeen and eighteen), and "youth," meaning viewers from eighteen upward. Each editorial group prepares programs of all kinds for children in its special category.

Soviet Television has definite ideas about what a children's program should be. First consideration is given to the program's educational aim—that is, it should have substance and interest, be free of "all preachification," and be both interesting and entertaining. For example, programs for those from ten to fourteen that are documentary in character are presented in the form of a game; the same material is given to the fifteen- and eighteen-year-old group "straight."

A DEFINITE periodicity is also considered important in Soviet programing. Preschool children in Russia, for instance, know they can always see programs for their age group on Tuesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays. Similarly, schoolchildren can be assured a science program on Monday, a sports show on Wednesday, a musical on Thursday, a public interest (meaning indoctrination) program on Friday, and on Saturday and Sunday general entertainment and mass programs.

Although, of course, he did not label the process as such, the Soviet delegate made absolutely clear how the government indoctrinates its small viewers. Very small children, he said, are given "general examples of what is good and bad." When they begin going to school, they are told about Lenin, popular heroes, the exploits of labor, the Civil War, and the "Great Patriotic War" (World War II), among other things. Thus the Soviet uses television to help inculcate the spirit of patriotic nationalism—which in America is done largely through textbooks.

Under the heading of "stimulating individual and collective activity," Soviet Television regards as highly important its annual organization of scientific Olympiads, in which thousands of senior students take part; the certificates they win help them in entering a college or university. While the Olympiads are going on, professional people meet with them and provide vocational counseling. Television also helps to organize All-Soviet children's sporting events, and currently a children's television sports society is being formed to provide regular programs under the title, "School of Young Sportsmen." Another television club called The Seekers has a membership of several hundred and will send representatives to Moscow next November for a convention.

"I've noticed a big improvement in my teeth since they fluoridated the water."

Believing that education in literature and art cannot start too early, Soviet Television gives programs about books to the three-to-five age group, and continues art and literature presentations straight through the age spectrum. In this and its other endeavors, Soviet TV gets the help and cooperation of various associations, educational bodies, schools, kindergartens, and publishing houses for children's literature. These contacts also make it possible to draft the services of people prominent in the arts and sciences.

Recruiting of personnel to operate the editorial groups is done with the greatest care. Such a worker, said the Soviet representative, "must be a person belonging to a new profession requiring a knowledge of the sciences of pedagogy and psychology combined with those of a journalist, in this case a television journalist." The highest premium is placed on creative initiative, he concluded.

Spanish Television is also state controlled, but its children's programing follows a different pattern, as Señor Ezcurra outlined it. Television is growing rapidly in Spain: There are now 2,250,000 receivers in use, with four or five viewers per set in the cities. In rural areas, where fewer people can afford to own sets, more than 1,000 teleclubs have been formed, bringing the total viewing audience to 10,000,000 at peak hours—about one-third of Spain's population. There are two channels, a VHF channel transmitting an average of ten hours per day, reaching 85 per cent of the country and 86 per cent of the population; and a UHF channel, which transmits three hours a day but only in the principal cities. There is no tax on television use in Spain, as there is in so many countries. Stations are financed by fifteen-second spot commercials which represent only 6.8 per cent of programing time. In 1966, the income from these commercials amounted to $25,000,000.

ALTHOUGH television is a state service, those who work in it are not civil servants. For the past two years, what they do has been regulated by advisory committees, comprising about fifty members who are not professionally associated with television—artists, scientists, and others. Only programs approved by the eight advisory committees are produced. The committee in charge of children's programing consists of teachers, sociologists, specialists in child psychology, and

(*Continued on page 84*)

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THE TV NEWS EXPLOSION

By JAMES HARDEN

A DECADE ago in Chicago a petroleum firm agreed to pay $10,000 a week to CBS station WBBM-TV to sponsor the top-rated 10 p.m. program, *Fahey Flynn and the News*. Many sponsors then were aghast at the thought of paying that much money for a local newscast. Today Chicago's most popular newscaster is Floyd Kalber of NBC station WMAQ-TV. According to James Hoel, local sales manager for the station, Kalber's thirty-minute late-evening newscast, broadcast seven nights a week, grosses $175,000 weekly and is Chicago's top-rated TV program—network or local, news or entertainment. Backing him and other WMAQ-TV newscasters is a news staff of more than 100 persons—four times the total five years ago.

Chicago's early-evening TV schedule also is news-oriented. Nightly, WMAQ-TV airs a one-hour local newscast, including material provided by a branch news bureau in Gary, Indiana, from 5 to 6 p.m. This is followed by the half-hour *Huntley-Brinkley Report*, giving viewers a chance to watch ninety minutes of news—a pattern repeated in many other major markets.

The *Huntley-Brinkley Report*, *CBS Evening News with Walter Cronkite*, and ABC-TV's *Peter Jennings and the News* all have expanded from fifteen to thirty minutes, and all are in color. Old rivals Huntley-Brinkley and Cronkite have separate staffs apart from regular network news operations in New York City, Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, and key cities overseas. Each of their shows is sold out months in advance—and, trade publications report, each grosses some $30,000,000 annually.

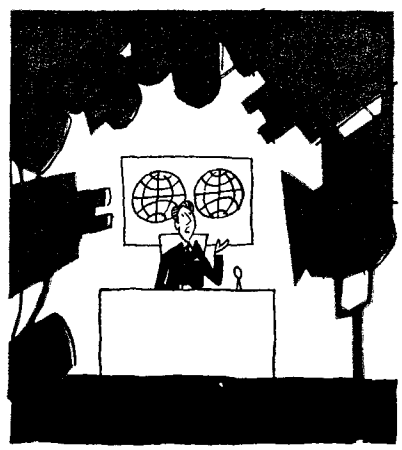
Everywhere there are similar manifestations of the TV news explosion. One of New York City's best known and most consistently solid performers in TV ratings, for example, is newsman Gabe Pressman. His *Gabe Pressman's Late Edition*, which is part of WNBC-TV's nightly coverage starting in the Eastern time zone's prime news period of 11 p.m., now has two three-member camera crews assigned to it daily, and Pressman spends each day and part of the night roving the New York metropolitan area to cover stories.

Twenty-two TV stations now carry business news programs. Many stations employ their own meteorologists as weathermen, and there are science editors, education reporters, and political analysts. KNBC, Los Angeles, even has a full-time arts director, Ray Duncan. He covers theater, music, sculpture, painting—all the arts—and regularly reviews live theater in a way that catches the attention even of viewers who never before have evinced interest in the field: He and a camera crew spend six to eight hours filming a live rehearsal in color and sound. The crew may shoot important scenes four or five times, then return on opening night for audience shots. The result is a three-minute summary of the play, plus Duncan's sharp commentary—at a cost to KNBC of up to $1,000.

THE new status of TV news has enabled stations to do things that previously only networks could do. It is not unheard of for some to rent jet planes to rush film crews to major news stories. KNBC has designed a portable microwave unit that not only enables telecasting from a moving truck, but also is being converted so that it can fit into a helicopter. Many other stations have proved equally enterprising.

Technological changes also have affected news coverage. Portable TV cameras now are in use around the world—from events such as sports contests or political conventions to the war in Vietnam. There TV cameramen even travel with combat patrols, lugging not only a poncho, canteens and rations, but a 27-pound Auricon sound camera, a power pack, and 10 pounds of film.

With all three networks committed to



color telecasting, all have pushed network-owned stations to film and broadcast news in full color as well. For a time, various problems with color newsfilm constituted a real stumbling block to its use: Color film cost three times more than black and white to buy and process; you needed so much light to get good color that it was nearly impossible to film at night; the extra lighting needed indoors made it cumbersome to try to film a fast-breaking story; and the sound quality on color film was poor. But in the past three years Eastman Kodak and Ansco have worked closely with networks and individual stations to overcome the difficulties. You can now shoot in color, day or night, and expect good quality without special lighting, and the sound striping on color film gives clear, sharp tones.

Eastman Kodak claims to have simplified the color film processing to the point where technicians can process a station's own newsfilm easily at a modest cost. Kodak says that 160 of the nation's 700 commercial television stations now either have, or are gearing up for, their own color processing. Installation of a new machine and related equipment costs about $20,000.

The great strides in color newsfilm have helped to make possible some dramatic coverage of the war in Vietnam. Battle footage sometimes is telecast in the United States within twenty-four hours. (Film editors are cautioned not to show close-ups of the faces of the casualties, for the next of kin may not have been notified.)

In August 1965, the Cronkite show ran Morley Safer's film story of U.S. Marines burning the Vietnam village of Cam Ne, with international reverberations. On December 13, 1965, the *Huntley-*

James Harden has been a news editor for WGN-TV, WBBM-TV, and NBC-TV in Chicago, and now is Huntley-Brinkley field producer for NBC-TV in Los Angeles.

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Brinkley Report carried another of the memorable film stories of the war—an interview with Marine Colonel Michael Yunck as his leg was being amputated. Yunck had refused to call in bombers to hit a Vietnam village, and a Vietcong machine gunner had hit the colonel's helicopter. Strong stuff for television, and there were angry letters of protest. But villages are being burned and Americans are being wounded and killed; television must report war as it is.

As recently as 1960 each network assigned comparatively few people to spend a month or so to prepare for election night. Predictions were made late at night, and if they were wrong, no one thought too much about it. By 1966, each network had a full-time election staff. Dozens of newsmen worked for months pouring millions of items of information into the most modern computers. Based on computer information, newscasters were able to project winners and explain voting trends, in some cases a few minutes after the polls closed. Viewers protested when NBC projected the wrong winner in the Georgia governor's race and CBS made mistakes in Georgia and Maryland. Yet both networks were correct in predicting winners in 100 other races.

ALL this costs money. Last year, for example, the three networks spent an estimated $3,000,000 on covering the war in Vietnam (each now maintains a staff of at least twenty-five people there, and individual stations have been moving their own correspondents and camera crews back and forth to Southeast Asia for more than two years). Los Angeles's KNBC, which now has a seventy-five-member staff which produces local news programs, has an annual news budget of $2,000,000 a year. It and its chief rival in Los Angeles, KNXT, have full-time news bureaus in the capital city of Sacramento. KNXT also has bureaus in San Francisco and in Los Angeles's suburban Orange County.

But TV has left behind it the era when many broadcast executives regarded news shows as loss leaders. Indeed, when one examines the reasons for today's exalted status of TV news, he finds that the "vast wasteland" charges of Newton Minow, investigations by the Federal Communications Commission, and a period of pressure from Congress are only part of the explanation. The major factor is black ink. TV executives have discovered that they can make a handsome profit in news.

Further, as James Hoel of Chicago's WMAQ-TV points out, a slick, polished news program carries side benefits far beyond the money earned by the newscast. Potential advertisers are far more eager to buy time on a station that is dominant in news—for it is the station they generally watch in their own homes.

In fact, news has become so profitable and so important to network and stations' public images that TV versions of old-time newspaper circulation wars have begun to break out. One example of this occurred last year in New York City. There, top CBS executives ordered former radio newsman Lee Hanna to put WCBS-TV on top as a local news showcase.

The number of camera crews was doubled from five to ten; the station expanded to eleven radio-equipped cars and twenty-two walkie-talkie units; the film editing staff was increased from eight to twelve. WCBS-TV added a special election unit and a new documentary team. Station brass went looking for reporters in Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Cleveland, and New Orleans. WCBS-TV reportedly offered $100,000 a year to newscaster Kalber in Chicago, but he decided to remain where he is. (Kalber, who last month was tapped by NBC-TV to appear on *Today* during part of Hugh Downs's vacation, is one of perhaps a dozen television newscasters in the $40,000 to $100,000 class in the three major markets—New York, Los Angeles, and Chicago.)

The competition has resulted in zooming pay for non-stars as well. News writers in major network-owned stations generally earn $250 per week, plus overtime; cameramen earn up to $300 a week, plus overtime; working reporters on the street earn $15,000 to $30,000 per year.

YEARS ago, virtually all local television newscasters aimed for the fatter paychecks at the network level. Now it is a two-way street. Robert Abernethy, former NBC Congressional correspondent, left Washington to anchor the one-hour local news on KNBC beginning last August 29. Not to be outdone, rival KNXT raided CBS network management in New York to get Bill Eames as a local political reporter. Both Abernethy and Eames were lured with higher salaries than they had received at the network level, and their selection was made after a careful search—typical of the time, money, and effort spent by top station management in selecting news personnel today. KNXT held a top-level meeting at which it was decided to drop the "E" from "Eames" because "Ames" would be easier for an audience to understand.

What does all this mean to the TV viewer?

TO the extent that it has enabled network and station executives to attract and hold better news talent and to give that talent more opportunities to report in depth, it obviously has strengthened TV's reporting function. But it has done more than that. Prosperity also has made major television news departments virtually immune from pressure from individual advertisers and local politicians.

Ten years ago, a Midwest TV station spent an estimated $100,000 to film a documentary, which it never aired. The documentary showed the bribe of a traffic policeman. Political pressure forced the station to cancel the documentary. In November 1966, that same station—in one of its regular editorials—endorsed a candidate for Senator over the incumbent endorsed by powerful local politicians. The politicians howled in protest—but the TV station stood firm.

Television news had come a long way.

"You kids better get in the groove! Your fan mail has dropped off, and Senator Dirksen is zooming way ahead of you in gross sales!"

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New York Subway, 1932.

35mm IN THE THIRTIES

PRINTING SERVICES ROW—that narrow sector of communications commerce wedged between Manhattan's fashionable Turtle Bay and Tudor City residential areas—is currently the scene of a modest photographic exhibit that not only communicates its visual message but explodes a few myths in the process.

This one-man show, on view at Modernage headquarters through March, focuses on a single period in the long press photography career of Frank J. Scherschel, chief of the photo lab of the United States Information Agency. In thirty prints representative of his work as the Milwaukee *Journal*'s chief photographer, there is black-and-white proof that 35mm camera and film in the Thirties were neither the allegedly exclusive property of European photojournalists, nor the distinguishing hallmark which separated the national picture-magazine cameramen from the news photography boys.

What's more, there is enough evidence to make the viewer wonder about the amount of emphasis now being lavished on the new fast-fast-fast lens and film. The "improved picture" is more likely the result of a photographer's pushing to the limit his own capability and that of whatever film and equipment he may have at hand to work with. In photography, too, the sum is greater than any of its parts. Results are not merely a coordinate of lens and film speeds or of technological improvements, but of a concentration of skills equal to the visual challenge of volatile subjects and far-from-ideal lighting conditions. What Scherschel's camera captured thirty-five years ago in its daily round of news coverage—in the subway, on the fairgrounds, at sports events, in the railroad yards—differs little in approach, quality, and effectiveness from the news pictures appearing in print today.

In reminiscing about the "embryo days of 35mm," Scherschel remarked, "Many of the photographers had 35mm cameras, but most newspapers didn't realize 35mm was here to stay! Papers like the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and the Louisville *Courier-Journal* were ahead of New York; New York, Washington, and Chicago have always been the slowest to change. The Chicago *Tribune* is still using 120 film."

WHEN his show opened, one question was raised by Scherschel's news-gathering colleagues: How had he managed to locate and assemble those vintage negatives from which the exhibition prints were made? "Since the Milwaukee *Journal* doesn't file its negatives," he explained, "the photographers may have any they want for their own files." In this case, the "file" was a paper bag, which over the years has traveled the unpredictable trajectory of his professional assignments—from Milwaukee to the *Life* bureaus in New York, Chicago, Paris, and Lima, Peru, to free-lancing in Houston, and finally to his present post in Washington, D.C.

The exhibit demonstrates something else Frank Scherschel appears to have had "in the bag" as well—a perceptive, inventive approach and the technical skill to support it.

—MARGARET R. WEISS.

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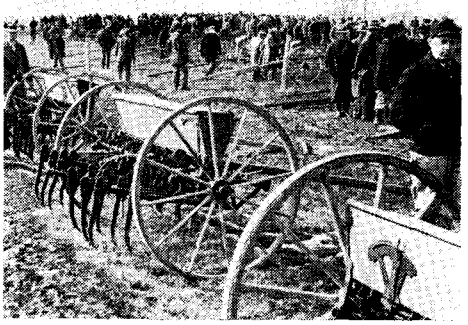
—Photographs by Frank J. Scherschel
(Courtesy of Modernage).

Ice Boats, Lake Winnebago, 1933.

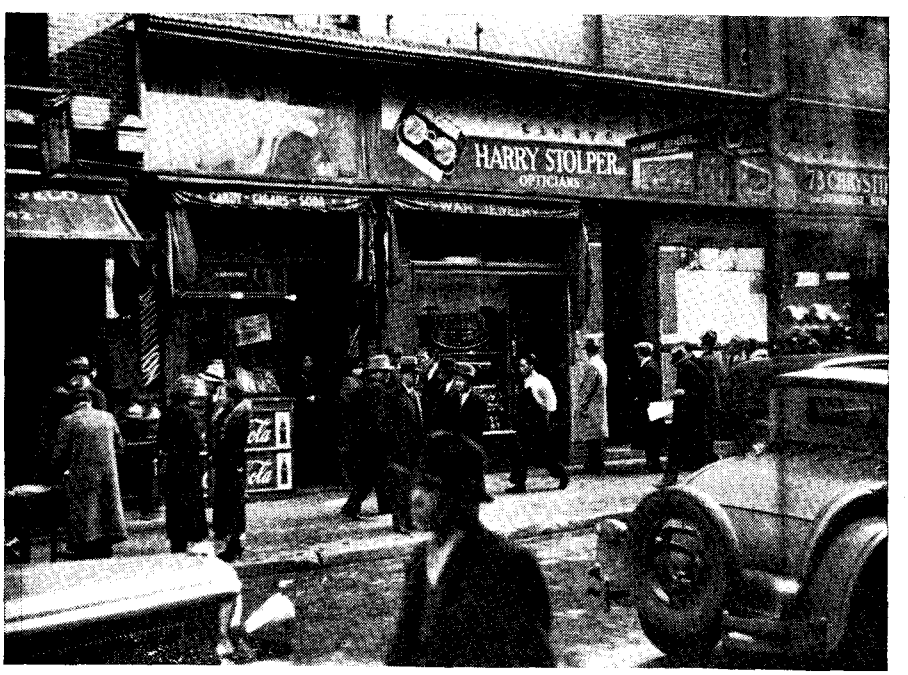
Wisconsin State Fair, 1936.



Farm Auction, Wisconsin, 1930.

Chinatown, New York, 1934.

Railroad Repair Yard, Wisconsin, 1934.



Chinatown, New York, 1934.

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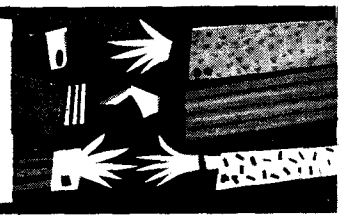
Public Relations



No More Starched Collars

COMMERCIAL BANKS were relatively late in developing good relations with the general public. One reason, of course, was that they were largely wholesale bankers. But with the growth of retail banking and an increasing understanding on the part of banks' chief executives that the step between the public's lack of sympathy with bank policies and restrictive legislation was short, banking public relations began to take on modern forms. Today it is hard to find an important commercial bank which does not have a public relations program.

The position of public relations departments in the corporate structure in banks, as in other businesses, varies widely. In some banks, the direct public relations function is relegated to a role not far above that of the maintenance divisions. In others, public relations is used as an adjunct to the marketing department. But the better banks appreciate the importance of a professional public relations department.

Of these, one of the best—and certainly the most extensive—is that at the Chase Manhattan Bank. Even here it was slow in growth. During the Thirties and early Forties, the department had ten people, including clerical help. From 1930 until 1961, the year it moved into 1 Chase Manhattan Plaza, advertising and public relations were part of a combined operation. It was only in 1961 that advertising became part of the marketing operation and a separate public relations division was organized with a roster of thirty-two people.

It was in 1961, too, that David Rockefeller became president of the bank and chairman of the executive committee of the board of directors. Mr. Rockefeller believes that "banks must accept their social responsibilities even as individuals should. Unless the banks act so as to assure public acceptance of their practices and policies they may, in the long run, find that their activities will be so circumscribed as to make them ineffective in their commercial role. It is our clear policy to encourage our executives to be active in the community and do their share of public service. To ignore the public interest in our actions is to court disaster."

Today the budget of the bank's public relations department is close to $1,000,000. It is headed by a vice president, Joseph T. Nolan, a seasoned practitioner who reports, along with all other corporation division heads, to an executive vice president. Mr. Nolan, however, has direct access to Rockefeller and the chairman of the bank's board, George Champion. His staff of fifty-eight includes twenty-four professionals, twenty-one special staff personnel, including tour guides, and thirteen clerical workers. Nolan has an assistant director, and his department is divided into six major units, all of whose chiefs report directly to him.

THE news bureau, which has a staff of sixteen, including eight editorial members and five in photographic services, handles publicity, press liaison, the *Chase Manhattan News* (a monthly for staff and retired employees), and the photo studio, with its own photographers. Editorial services does the research for and often drafts speeches for bank officers; assists senior management with correspondence; handles stockholder relations, including the publication of *Stockholder News* and helping to prepare the annual report; writes booklets for internal and external use; has a staff of five, including three editorial workers.

Community relations, which is staffed by eighteen, including eight tour staff members, has under its wing the Chase Manhattan Bank Foundation, which in 1966 contributed slightly more than $1,000,000 to various causes (40 per cent going to colleges and universities); shows and exhibits; the Money Museum; and bank tours. Public affairs, which has a staff of four, has one of the best programs in the country to help bank staff members become more effective citizens through active participation in political and community affairs; it prepares nonpartisan bulletins on key political and economic issues; runs drives to stimulate contributions to the party of the employees' choice; conducts courses in economics for the bank's staff, and sets up conferences between the bank's senior officers and government leaders and legislators in Washington and Albany.

Special events and services, which has a staff of five, supervises the activities of four units: the noon-hour entertainment programs on the bank's two-and-a-half-acre plaza for the 400,000 people who work in the downtown area; the art program, run by a seven-member art committee of art museum directors, which picks the art to be bought for use in the head offices' public and private areas; the speakers' bureau, which provides speakers for outside organizations; and the bank offices' promotion and publicity. International public relations, with a staff of four, is responsible for public relations activities overseas and the public relations activities in this country involving the bank's international business (there are two public relations officers overseas—one in Paris covering Western Europe and the other in Puerto Rico for the Caribbean).

In addition to the programs which fall directly under these six major units, there are others, one of the most interesting of which is BET (Business Experience Training program). Begun in January 1964, its objective is to give young people from disadvantaged areas in New York City experience which will help them qualify for jobs with the bank. High school students, from first semester juniors up, are given on-the-job training and counseling at the bank from 2 to 5 p.m. each day. These students, chosen with the help of their high school counselors, are encouraged to continue their schooling while they put in their afternoons at the bank at $1.78 per hour. The program has worked so well that it is being expanded. Of the sixty-nine youngsters from areas with high dropout rates who were accepted for BET, sixty-six took full-time jobs with Chase.

All this is a long way from the time, as reported in the *Wall Street Journal* of August 22, 1951, when negotiations for the Chase National Bank to take over the banking business of Bank of Manhattan were terminated because of "legal obstacles." No Chase Bank officials were available for comment, reported the *Wall Street Journal*, and a vice president at Bank of Manhattan, when asked what the legal obstacles were, would give no comment and told the newspaper that if comment were wanted, "Send your reporters to the bank in the morning."

The cages came down at the commercial banks some time ago. High starched collars are out of style. Bankers now know that public opinion has immense power, and effective public relations is essential to profitable banking. Not all the banks have gone ahead as fast as Chase Manhattan. But the trend is there.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

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Phoenix College
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ARKANSAS
Arkansas State Teachers (Conway)
Arkansas State (Jonesboro)
U. of Arkansas

AUSTRALIA
University of Melbourne

CALIFORNIA
Cal. Inst. of Technology
California State (San Bernardino)
Cal. State (Sacramento)
Cal. State (Hayward)
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Cal. State (North Ridge)
Cal. State (San Francisco)
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Blackburn College
Bradley
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Concordia Teachers Col.
Eastern Illinois
Greenville College
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Illinois College (Jacksonville)
Ilinois State Normal
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Springfield College
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Western Illinois

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DePauw
Earlham College
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Indiana U. (Indianapolis)

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Kansas State Teachers
Kansas State
Kansas State Teachers
Kansas State
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Kentucky (Lexington)
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MARYLAND
Maryland
Naval Academy
Johns Hopkins
College Park

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Boston College
U. of Massachusetts
Dean Junior College

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Michigan State
Albion College
Eastern Michigan
U. of Detroit
Wayne State
Central Michigan
Detroit Inst. of Tech.
Western Michigan

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MISSISSIPPI
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Mississippi

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Christian College
Rolla School of Mines
Crowden College
Cottey College
Southwest Baptist
S.W. Missouri State
Evangel College
Central Missouri State
Central Missouri State (Warrensburg)
Central Missouri State (Independence)
Kemper Military School
Junior College of Flat River
Hannibal-La Grange College
Forest Park Community
N.E. Missouri State
Jefferson City Junior College
Kirksville College of Osteopathy and Surgery
Lindenwood College
Moberly Junior College
St. Mary's Junior College
Stephens College
Westminster College
William Woods College

MONTANA
U. of Montana

NEBRASKA
Nebraska
Concordia Teachers
Creighton
Nebraska State (Kearney)

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Dartmouth
U. of New Hampshire

NEW JERSEY
Ruger's
Rider College
Princeton

NEW MEXICO
New Mexico State
New Mexico

NEW YORK
Auburn
Colgate
Elizabeth Seton
State U. (Fredonia)
*Cornell
Crowden College
State Teachers (Oneonta)
*Columbia
Harper College
State U. (Brockport)
St. Lawrence U.
Utica College
Syracuse
West Point
N.Y. State (Binghamton)
N.Y. State (Buffalo)
N.Y. State Teachers College (Potsdam)
Corning Community
Ithaca College
Hartwick College
Sullivan County Community
N.Y.U. (New York)
Long Island U. (Brooklyn)
City College (N.Y.)
St. John Fisher College

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Barber Scotia College
Davidson College
Appalachian State Teachers
Fayetteville State Teachers
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Biltmore College (Asheville)

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North Dakota State
Jamestown College

OHIO
Denison U.
U. of Toledo
Kent State
*Ohio State
Ohio Wesleyan
Antioch College
Miami U.
Oberlin
Ohio Northern University
Ohio State (Wilberforce)

OKLAHOMA
Northwestern State
Oklahoma Baptist
Tulsa
Oklahoma
Northeastern State

OREGON
Central Oregon
Oregon
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PENNSYLVANIA
Edinboro State
Millersville State
Misericordia College
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Temple
Pittsburgh
Westminster
Swarthmore
Penn. State
Franklin & Marshall College
Penn. State Teachers (Slippery Rock)
Penn. State Teachers (E. Stroudsburg)
Carnegie Inst. of Tech.

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Univ. of the Philippines
Diliman Rizal
Philippines

RHODE ISLAND
Brown

S. CAROLINA
South Carolina

S. DAKOTA
Southern State
Northern State Teachers

TENNESSEE
*Memphis State College
Memphis State U.
University of the South
Tennessee
Tennessee Tech.

TEXAS
Baylor
St. Mary's
St. Phillips
Texas Christian
Texas
Wayland Baptist
Texas Tech
Hardin Simmons
Wiley College
*Lamar State
West Texas State
*North Texas State
Texas A&M
S.M.U.
Texas Southern
Rice
Arlington State
Austin College
East Texas State

UTAH
Brigham Young
*Utah
Utah State (Logan)

VERMONT
Vermont

VIRGINIA
Sullins College
Virginia Polytechnic
William & Mary
St. Paul College
Chris Newport College
Marymount
Virginia
Concord College

WASHINGTON
Green River Community (Auburn)
Seattle Community
Washington

WEST VIRGINIA
Concord College
Marshall
Potomac State

WISCONSIN
Beloit College
Lawrence College
Marquette
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Wis. State (Superior)
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WHAT DID A YOUNG CRITIC READ?

By WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

AS FAR BACK as I can remember I have been a bookworm. When there was access to a fair collection of books my parents had no problem in keeping me amused in an age when television, and even radio, were unknown. I cut my reading teeth on such normal childhood favorites as *Tom Sawyer*, *Huckleberry Finn*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *Ivanhoe*, and *Waverly*, but soon developed a taste for heavier fare.

I first read Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* when I was ten years old; the process required several months and I made it a rule to reread the work every year, beginning during the Christmas holidays. So this majestic and greatest of all histories is still associated in my mind with the simple delicacies of the holiday season: white grapes, tangerines, stuffed dates, and fudge. For I acquired very early a lifelong habit of eating something light (chocolate preferred) while I read.

Along with Gibbon I took up two very readable and vivid British historians, Macaulay and J. R. Green. They naturally gave a Whig bias to my sympathies. From my own experience I should guess that anyone who takes an early interest in history is apt to become a partisan, with a set of heroes and villains to match.

I was especially attracted by England's period of greatest civil dissension, in the seventeenth century, and I was ardently for Cromwell, Pym, and Hampden and against Charles I, Laud, and Strafford. I still recall a sense of anguish on reading in an authoritative work that some of Cromwell's actions were more arbitrary than those for which Charles I was beheaded. Something, I felt, must have gone wrong; but I could not understand why. It was at a much later and more mature period that I could realize, in Russia, how far revolutions can go beyond the intentions and desires of their pioneer leaders.

Given an instinctive taste for history, I found Gibbon, Macaulay, and Green to be natural authors with whom to start. All abounded in just those elements which would most impress a youthful imagination—personalities, battles, invasions, the rise and fall of states. I conscientiously tried not to cheat in my reading, to read every line of the book with which I was engaged. But in retrospect I can realize that laws, economic developments, and theological controversies were much less thoroughly assimilated than such stirring events as the fall of Rome to the Goths, of Constantinople a thousand years later to the Turks, or the decisive battles of the English civil war, Marston Moor, and Naseby, or the defense of Londonderry —one of the finest examples of Macaulay's pictorial style.

Although my bent was always for history, which seemed to combine the excitement of a novel with the added charm of being a chronicle of men who lived and events that happened, I got away to a fair start on British Victorian fiction as I took books from behind the glass doors of our old-fashioned bookcase. I went through Thackeray and Dickens (much preferring the former), Thomas Hardy, and Walter Scott, many of whose novels strengthened my interest in English and Scottish history. My favorite among Scott's numerous works was, and still is, *Old Mortality*, fascinating not for its rather painfully conventional hero and heroine, but for its re-creation of the atmosphere of wild fanaticism that caused the Covenanters, the more extreme Presbyterians, to break out in revolt against the government of Charles II. Our modest library also contained Robert Louis Stevenson, George Eliot, and such lesser lights as Bulwer-Lytton (whose *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *The Last of the Barons*, and *Rienzi* I devoured), and a French writer of detective stories named Gaboriau.

SO far my reading was what might be expected of a bookish boy with the limited resources of an American middle-class library. But as I advanced into my teens I broke two new trails. One was a result of pure chance. Somehow I got hold of a history of medieval Germany by a romantic nationalist, Wolfgang Menzel. This especially fired my imagination with its vivid description of the rise and fall of the House of Hohenstaufen, whose members held the crown of the Holy Roman Empire, with one break, from 1138 until 1254. At least two members of this dynasty, Frederick I and Frederick II, were exceptional among medieval sovereigns.

Frederick I, who was active in the politics of Italy as well as Germany, and lost his life leading a crusade in his later years, left behind the nickname Barbarossa (Redbeard) and the legend that he was immured in a mountain, from which he would emerge to lead the Fatherland in some moment of dire emergency. Frederick II was a more sophisticated character, a man born ahead of his time, who would have fitted the Renaissance or the eighteenth century, with its enlightened despots, better than the thirteenth.

Frederick II spent little time in Germany, preferring his southern kingdom of Naples and Sicily. He founded the University of Naples and proved himself a thoughtful legislator and skilled administrator. His court was a center of learning and culture; the Emperor was an accomplished linguist, with considerable knowledge of and sympathy with the Moslem East. Most modern-minded of the medieval emperors, he had as his fate to fall into bitter and implacable conflict with two of the most intransigent of the contemporary Popes, Gregory IX and Innocent IV.

Although there was nothing German in my childhood background, I conceived a strong sympathy for this medieval German dynasty, a sympathy enhanced by its tragic fall. For the House of Hohenstaufen came to an end when its last scion, the sixteen-year-old Konradin, grandson of Frederick II, was captured and beheaded in Naples after an unsuccessful attempt to wrest the throne of Naples from Charles of Anjou, a French adventurer who had been invited into southern Italy by the Pope to make an end of the Hohenstaufen.

My curiosity about this episode was unlimited; available information in English was very scarce. I came across a four-volume work on the period by an English author, Mrs. Busk, with the ponderous title, *Medieval Emperors, Popes, Kings, and Crusaders* and read it over and over again. I delved for more information in works like Milman's *History of Latin Christianity*. Out of this intellectual crush on a little known (at least in America) imperial family I derived some idea of the panorama of medieval Europe, with its Emperors, standing somewhere between the rulers of ancient Rome and of more modern states, its papal dreams of theocracy, its crusaders and adventurers, tyrants and saints, its castles, cathedrals, and cloisters, its wandering scholars and begging friars.

Unsatisfied with what I was able to find in English, I conceived the wild

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project, without knowing a word of German, of making a handwritten translation of the standard work on the subject, Friedrich von Raumer's *Geschichte der Hohenstaufen und ihrer Zeit (The History of the Hohenstaufen and their Time)*. I remember the thrill with which I opened the six neatly and stoutly bound volumes of von Raumer, shipped from Leipzig; it was my first direct cultural contact with Europe.

With the aid of a huge German-English dictionary I set to work. As a method of language study this was clumsy and wasteful and my first efforts would scarcely have got me a passing grade in an examination. But I persevered and, over a period of years, acquired a rough knowledge of the structure of the German language and a vocabulary that would help me, in time, to read Goethe and Schiller and Heine.

My other bit of trail-blazing, involving less arduous application but yielding more varied cultural fruits, took the form of a browsing visit, every Saturday afternoon, to the Philadelphia Public Library, then located, as I recall, on South 12th Street. My family at that time lived in Camden, across the river, and after lunch on Saturday I would walk to the ferry, cross the river on the *Arctic,* the *Baltic,* or one of the other old boats on the service, walk to the library, and settle down with a book, or perhaps two or three, and begin a reading period—broken, in winter, by an expedition to Whitman's for a cup of hot chocolate with whipped cream. Toward evening there would be another break, for a supper of three lamb chops, French fried potatoes, and biscuits, then obtainable at what now seems the fantastically low price of 35 cents. (Of course wages and salaries were at a corresponding level.) Then I would return to the library for a final go at my books before going to the evening concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra, to which we had free tickets, thanks to my father's newspaper association and occasional work as a music critic.

THE Philadelphia Public Library in those years before World War I would have taken no prizes in a competition for architectural design. Its interior conveniences were sketchy; the air was musty; the lighting inadequate. Yet it is with nostalgia that I recall the Saturday afternoons spent there in entirely voluntary reading assignments. For, with no guidance, not even a conscious plan, I was making one exciting contact after another.

In this connection I owe a debt to James G. Huneker's biographies of Chopin and Liszt. Gossipy and anecdotal, full of allusions to the thinkers as well as to the musicians of the nineteenth century, these works, more perhaps than any others, were guideposts to the treasure-trove of nineteenth-century continental European novelists, dramatists, and philosophers. A few entries in my diary for 1912, when I was in my last year of preparatory school, convey an idea of the uncritical, sometimes naïve, but thoroughly genuine enthusiasm with which I reacted to this informal course of self-education:

> November 9—I spent my afternoon and evening reading Flaubert's great novel *Salammbô*. Flaubert's Carthage, with its wealth, its pride, its cruelty, and voluptuous Baal-worship, is as realistic as Bulwer's Pompeii or Sienkiewicz's Rome.
>
> November 16—At the library I finished Balzac's *Deputy of Arcis* and *Salammbô*. I began what promises to be a very interesting novel, Turgenev's *Rudin*.
>
> November 23—This afternoon I discovered another very congenial author, the quaint, shrewd Gascon philosopher and essayist, Montaigne.
>
> December 7—In the library this afternoon I read Byron's *Lament of Tasso*, the work which partly inspired Liszt's symphonic poem. I found the poem almost as magnificent as the music. Reading the preface to Schopenhauer's *Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*, I was somewhat daunted by the formidable list of necessary preliminary works. I took refuge in Balzac's *Memoirs of Two Young Married Women*.

Despite gallant efforts I did not master the more abstruse metaphysics of Schopenhauer, Kant, and other German philosophers. I thoroughly enjoyed Schopenhauer's general essays, also those of Matthew Arnold, with their ringing denunciations of "philistinism," which I promptly identified with a good deal of contemporary American life. I became fascinated with Nietzsche, who became the favorite author of my college years, and I read with enthusiasm Ibsen's plays, adopting as a personal motto the words of Dr. Stockman at the end of *An Enemy of The People*: "He stands strongest who stands most alone."

LOOKING back at this bookish boyhood (which did not prevent me from being an enthusiastic baseball fan and enjoying such outdoor exercise as tennis and long country walks), I find in my diary the typical faults of youth: extravagance, bombast, hasty and one-sided judgment. I would have welcomed the guidance of some older scholar or the companionship of someone of my own age with similar interests. But, although my preparatory school, Penn Charter, in Philadelphia, and my college, nearby Haverford, were above average in quality, I never had the luck to find either.

Reading just for the fun of it, with no special goal but a rather vague desire for cultural development and enrichment, did not seem to be popular. I won a college prize for "outside reading" rather easily because I was the only competitor and because, amateur though I was, I knew more about my chosen subject, Russian literature, than the gentlemen who conducted the informal examination.

At least I brought to my utopian project of translating von Raumer and to my voracious browsing in the pasture of the Philadelphia Library one precious quality of youth: enthusiasm. Probably no education can compare in value with self-education. And there are worse ways of promoting this goal than turning loose a bookish youth in a library and letting him come up with what he finds most interesting and congenial.

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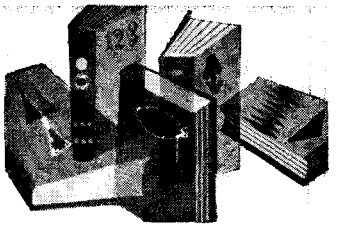
Books
in Communications



Media and Change

WHAT ROLE can communications play in hastening progress in the less developed countries? Many of the answers to that question aren't known. Indeed, one of the most disturbing aspects of retarded national development is that even the experts know so little about it. But in 1964 the Institute for Advanced Projects of the East-West Center sponsored an International Development Seminar that cast a few rays of light into the void, and now the proceedings have been published under the title *Communication and Change in the Developing Countries* (East-West Center Press, Honolulu; $9.50), edited by Wilbur Schramm and Daniel Lerner.

Some of the developing countries' communications-media deficiencies seem overwhelming. Schramm, for example, writes: "Recently I was in a young country in which I was told that there was a total of one native trained newspaperman, and another in which the difficulty of replacing a certain kind of pressman forced the suspension for several weeks of the largest periodical in the country. . . . Many countries could effectively use as many as ten times the number of radio receiving sets they now have, if local manufacturing or the supply of foreign currency were adequate to the need."

Lucian W. Pye, a colleague of Lerner's at MIT's Center for International Studies, describes an all-too-typical case in Burma, which at the time of his study had a per capita income of $60 a year: Twenty-eight newspapers were being published in Rangoon, each on so shaky an economic base that regular reporters had to sell stories to many papers in order to subsist.

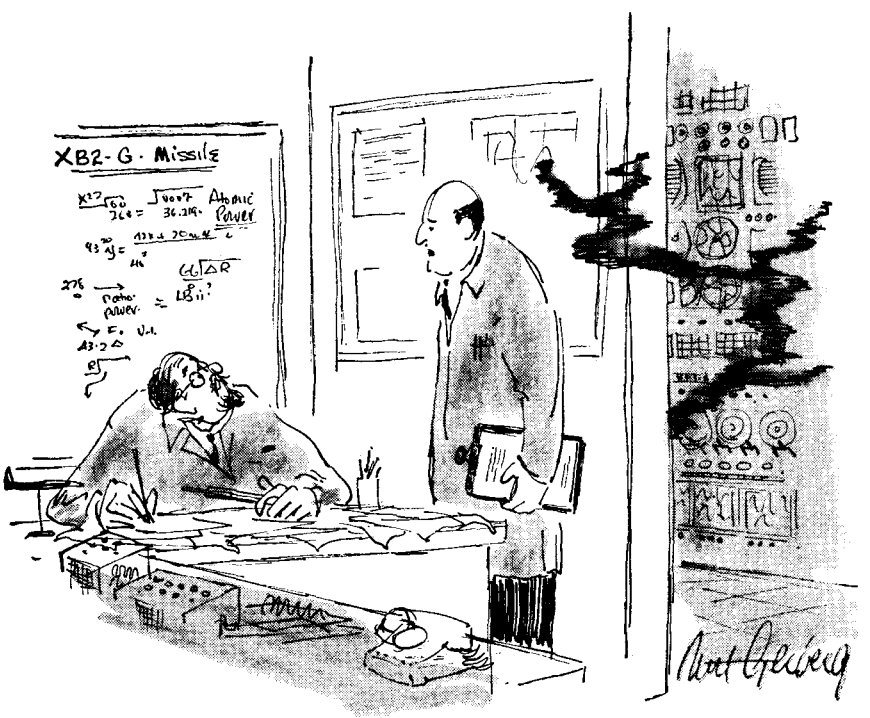
Several contributors note how, even when modern media are utilized, clumsiness or misconceptions in approach frequently negate much of the potential positive effect. "[Radio] programs aimed at rural audiences, in the past and even today, are generally dull, statistics-ridden, and heavy," writes S. C. Dube, professor of anthropology at the University of Saugar, India. "The popular image of the film, in the rural mind, associates it with two attributes: 1) [Films] provide entertainment; and 2) they have a corrupting and deruralizing influence . . .; [also] most films have an urban bias. . . ."

Simpler and less costly media vehicles such as posters and cartoons "can carry simple messages effectively," he says, "[but] the possibilities of this . . . have not been fully exploited. . . ."

As Schramm points out, quoting Ithiel de Sola Pool, there is a fundamental difference in attitude between Communist and non-Communist societies: "The practice in non-Communist countries 'is for development plans to provide large amounts for the education of children and for the eradication of illiteracy but relatively small amounts for other communications investment. The practice in the Communist countries is . . . in addition, to . . . invest much in the press, movies, loudspeaker systems, etc.' This is a type of policy which the developing countries would do well to review."

Several promising plans for action are discussed. Economist Harry T. Oshima of the University of Hawaii, for example, believes that the type of televised agricultural talks and demonstrations which have been successful in Japan could be adapted to underdeveloped countries, and Professor Dube writes of an Indian broadcast innovation known as Radio Farm Forums, which function in connection with organized listening groups of agriculturalists. "It has been found," he reports, "that the message conveyed over the radio penetrates deeper if it is followed by a discussion between the village people and some of their leaders."

Daniel Lerner summarizes the consensus of participants in the concluding chapter: "Only communication—especially the mass media—has the 'multiplier property' . . . to produce productive development attitudes *rapidly*. . . . Hence, major investment in the mass media as a Rostovian 'leading sector' is needed. . . ." This, of course, has been said before, and said in books that have fewer shortcomings than this one—at least in geographical comprehensiveness and adequacy of data on communications experiments that work. But it needs to be repeated again and again until national and international aid authorities act on it. To the extent that this book brings the day of action closer, it performs a valuable service indeed.



"The computers seem to be protesting, sir. They're burning their IBM cards."

Other Books Worth Noting: *Newhouse, Newspapers, Nuisances* (Exposition Press, $4.50), a "house" biography (with the inherent defects the term implies) of Samuel Newhouse, by John A. Lent; *The Mad Old Ads* (Dick Sutphen Studio, Minneapolis; $4.95), a nostalgic look at the patent-medicine era; and *Off Madison Avenue* (Putnam, $5.95), by David G. Lyon, who left a big agency for the "cure" of a small suburban one.

—ALFRED BALK.

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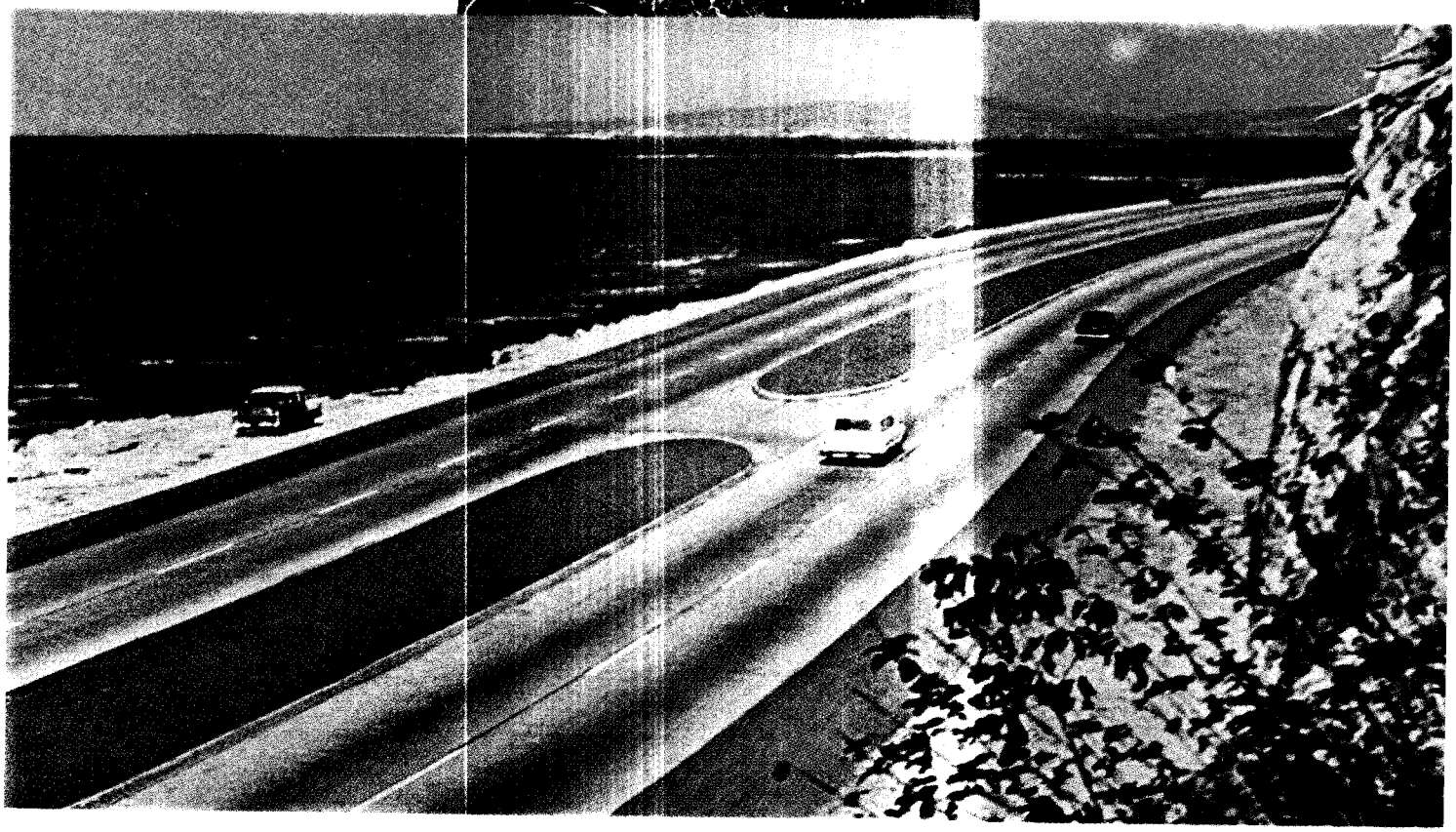
The high road



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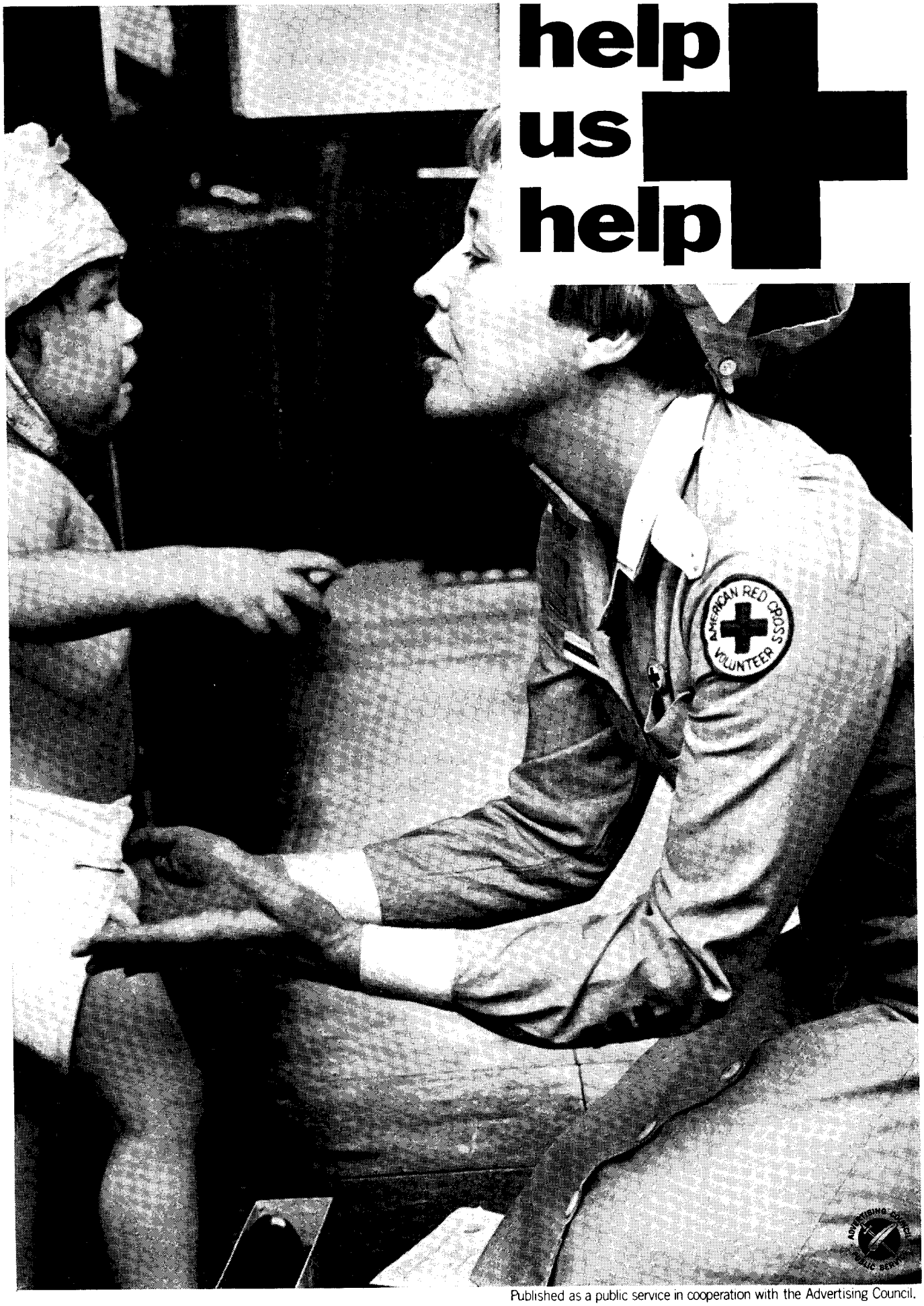

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Letters to the Communications Editor

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never get "cold"; and that glamorous jobs await the student (how that company has eluded the FTC I'll never know). So she wrote Mary Haworth along the lines of: Why should I go to college when a court reporter earns more than a teacher, etc., etc. Miss Haworth's reply brought several comments from court reporters, not one of whom told the kid to abandon the idea of reporting; all told her to stay in school—that the profession is searching for English majors, not C-average dropouts.

On the advice given in one reply, our daughter got a summer job in a court reporter's office doing detail work incidental to getting out transcripts. She went back to school in the fall with a different approach to the mental as well as physical aspects of court reporting. She knows that her sixty words per minute typing wouldn't even qualify her to be a dictaphone transcriber in a reporting office, but she has brought her grades up to a B-average and will graduate in June.

I don't know what Abby's or Ann's answer would have been but Mary and her readers who happen to be court reporters performed the miracle that her mother and I couldn't.

Cincinnati, O. J. D. WELLER.

Georgie Anne Geyer, Reporter

IT WAS INTERESTING to come across Georgie Anne Geyer's article on the Cuban press in the November 12 issue ["Cuba's Press Today"]. It is so rare that news of Cuba can be found in any form in this country that even an article that discusses only one aspect of Cuban life is refreshing.

Miss Geyer has raised some interesting points on the difference between the press in the United States and in a seven-year-old socialist revolutionary country. The problem of objectivity resulted in a draw in my opinion, with both presses standing accused of seeing news from the point of view of their own biases. For example, on any one day a U.S. headline may report the number of Vietcong killed while the Cuban headline would report the number of additional U.S. troops that arrived in Vietnam. Which is more objective? As Prime Minister Castro suggested, objectivity doesn't mean freedom of the press or vice versa. The possibility of criticism and disagreement with the government is a more telling point in journalism. When there is a party or government newspaper, it seems less likely that it or rival newspapers will dare criticize the government.

The problem of the relations of the press with Mr. Castro was interesting—especially when compared to complaints registered against President Johnson. Castro seems to have a relatively enlightened attitude toward the press—his comments about interviewing procedure are very astute, since it is clear that the interviewer's attitude and the questions he asks are as important as the interviewee's willingness to answer the questions. Despite his obviously unfavorable press in this country, Prime Minister Castro seems to have a relatively tolerant attitude toward U.S. reporters. Mr. Johnson, on the other hand, has been accused of treating American reporters as if he expects his position to free him from criticism and second guessing.

The restrictions placed on U.S. reporters in Cuba can be compared with President Johnson's berating reporters who ask critical or probing questions at his impromptu news conferences. And the propaganda of the Cuban press on the Chilean situation can be compared with the misleading statements and white lies of the U.S. State Department.

I wish Miss Geyer had been more explicit as to the treatment by *The New York Times* of its Cuban expert, Herbert Matthews. By refusing to print articles on the conditions and political thinking in Cuba, the *Times* has raised serious doubts in my mind as to the extent of free press in the United States.

PETER POLLAK.

Albany, N.Y.

Self-discipline the Cure

PERHAPS A FEW SNORTS of annoyance from an old hack newspaperman would have some relevance in this discussion of the press and the courts [see "A Four-Letter Word Called News," SR, Dec. 10].

First, let us dispense with these recurring references to the strictures on the British press. This would work here, too, if our bench and bar had a long history of self-discipline. It doesn't. Or they don't. The principal difficulty most newspapermen have covering a headline court case is choosing from among the tidbits offered by the defense counsel, the prosecuting attorney, and, much more often than is supposed, the bench.

Second, let us not forget that the strictures which would supposedly aid a Sheppard in getting a fair trial would probably wipe out whatever small chance of fair treatment is available to a Southwestern itinerant or a Southern Negro. Much too often only a nosy, curious, or just plain bored newspaperman has stood between such a person and a thoroughly miserable time.

Agreed, Lindbergh-type circuses are unpardonable. Agreed, Sheppard could not hope for an unbiased consideration of his case. Agreed, there was a great deal of irresponsible journalism then, before, and since. And will be again. But let us never forget that an editor need not retain an irresponsible reporter, nor print his irresponsible report; and no publisher need retain an editor more concerned with a big splash than with good newspaper coverage.

The cure for irresponsibility is discipline; and, in the case of adults, self-discipline. Let the bench and the bar police their own members, the press take another long look at itself, and the public keep an eye on them both.

JOHN A. ULLMAN.

Eastham, Mass.

"Good news, General, there's nothing organically wrong. You're suffering from metal fatigue."

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European TV

Continued from page 71

representatives of young people's organizations and religious institutions.

Spanish Television devotes more than three hours a day on Saturdays and Sundays to children's programs. During the rest of the week, about a half hour a day is allowed, plus daily cartoon shows. From 2 p.m. to 9 o'clock in the evening all programs in Spain are designed for family viewing. At nine a musical cartoon tells young children it is time for them to be in bed, and since Spanish children in general are well behaved, it was presumed until recently that they went.

Probably the two most popular programs are a Spanish version of the internationally famous *Romper Room,* for very young children, and *Cesta y Puntos,* a question-and-answer contest for teen-agers, which is also seen by many adults. Like an American quiz show, it annually pits thirty-two teams of children from grammar schools against each other. Four groups, formed into two teams, compete on each show. The scoring system is like the one used in basketball. The prizes are impressive: school buses, European holiday tours, books, and personal gifts. Millions of Spaniards watch this show.

A RECENT survey by the Spanish Institute of Public Opinion, using a sampling of a thousand children and young people of both sexes, produced some rather surprising conclusions. Neither boys nor girls preferred programs specifically designed for young viewers. Sports shows were not as well received as the programmers had expected. Adventure programs were most successful among working-class families. Girls enjoyed variety programs more than boys, but tended to be either ardently for or adamantly against them, and the same could be said for humorous programs, except that families in higher income groups enjoyed them more. Education, information, and religious programs were decidedly unsuccessful.

Television occupies first place among the activities of Spanish children, with cinema, friends, and reading for pleasure following behind, the survey showed. Younger viewers from working-class backgrounds are most addicted. Children watch during their lunch hours in more than 50 per cent of homes; when the home has no set, they go to a neighbor's house.

There was one disturbing final conclusion—disturbing, at least, to Spaniards, who pride themselves on their children's behavior. It was found that programs definitely not intended for children were hugely successful with them, which meant that they were viewing such shows with or without parental consent.

This survey, made two years ago, has prompted a drastic revision of scheduling and content by the advisory committee on children's programs, which is continuing at this moment. The overhauling has included breathing life into purely educational programs, bolstering adventure shows, producing new musical programs for teen-agers, promoting sports with the idea of inducing participation, the introduction of new humor programs, more programs for all age groups at mealtimes, a new approach to informative programs to make them more attractive, new religious programming specially designed for the young, the creation of a club for junior viewers (it enrolled more than 100,000 members the first year), and a more determined effort to keep children away from programs containing sex and violence, mostly by direct admonition to parents from the announcer.

Scottish Television was not represented at either the Cairo or Rome conferences, but producers of children's programs everywhere could learn something from the fare it offers young Scots. Scotland, in fact, is a world leader in educational television in the schools. Its Glasgow studios are connected by coaxial cables to seven city school districts, embracing more than 300 schools, with daily instruction of a most inventive and imaginative kind.

In its 1966-67 series for children, Scottish Television offers nearly a score of excellent programs. Seven-year-olds, for example, get one called *Finding Out,* which employs film, movement, art work, drama, and storytelling to encourage children to discover more, but does not dictate what their discoveries should be. It introduces numbers, music, poetry, mime and movement, and stories, some of which the children must complete.

Those a year or two older look at *Picture Box,* which helps the primary school teacher by bringing exciting film into the classroom, stimulating children to write, draw, and explore the world around them. Young students from nine to eleven get a course in *Primary Mathematics,* which uses things within a child's own experience to make him more familiar with mathematical concepts. The same age group also gets such programs as *The World Around Us,* a junior science show often involving the students themselves; *People At Work,* showing such familiar yet unknown community figures as the fireman, the postman, and the bus crew; and *A Time and a Place,* which studies in detail the kinds of work which take place in a zoo.

OLDER children, from twelve and up, get their English study in a series called *Ways With Words,* using film, mime, songs, and paintings. In another program, they are shown how a play is produced, both in the theater and on television. *The Golden Age* re-creates the time of Elizabeth; *Afternoon Edition* uses documentary techniques to describe the Communist and non-Communist world today; *The Art of Music* employs everything from solo lectures and performers to full orchestras. The French and German languages and British drama are studied in other programs, and—daringly for an essentially religious country—*Discovery* includes a series of ten programs on evolution, as well as ten more on machines for the new age, and six more on modern chemical technology.

It can be argued—and it is—how long it will be possible to treat children as children on television, or when a child becomes an adult viewer, but in Europe at least there is presently an earnest effort going on to provide programing which will both inform and entertain, and give them something better to think about than crime and violence.

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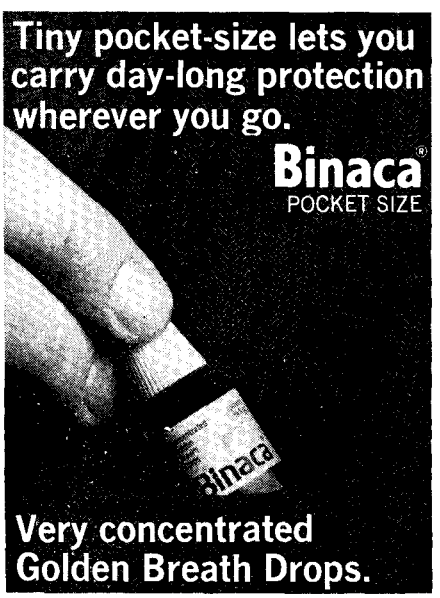

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 58

taste, was not quite the same. Garcia-Asensio impressed, in his direction of Rossini's *Scala di Sieta* Overture and Revueltas's *Sensamayá,* as the most poised and musically refined; and Springer, whose choice was Strauss's *Tod und Verklärung,* as the most mature (likewise, perhaps, with a smaller margin for development). Capolongo clearly has temperament and a strong sense of identification with the orchestra, though the way he roughed up Schubert's C-minor (*Tragic*) Symphony invited some skepticism about basic taste and musical judgment. As for Miss Quach, she is clearly a dragon lady of the baton, determined to dominate the orchestra from the first abrupt summons to attention, and possessed of a wide-ranging vocabulary of Bernsteinish gestures to match the needs of Beethoven's *Leonore No. 3* Overture. The Philharmonic responded with the practiced patience of men who had been there many times before. Garcia-Asensio will spend his award year with Howard Mitchell and the National Orchestra, the other three as assistants to Bernstein.

Thanks to the series of tape-derived broadcasts of Boston Symphony concerts (distributed in the New York area by WQXR), the first performance of Elliot Carter's piano concerto was recently available to anyone with the interest, without the need to travel to the home base in Symphony Hall. A two-movement work written in response to an invitation (on Ford Foundation money) from Jacob Lateiner, who performed the solo part, it stands high among the best of Carter's works. As experts both here and abroad have come to recognize, this means among the best by a contemporary anywhere.

With the orchestral elements divided in ways that would not have suited the purposes of any of the nineteenth-century composers of concertos, it continues the exploration of musical dialogue that has absorbed Carter for some time. The first movement, in a sportive, expository vein, establishes the individual views of the solo piano vs. the instrumental mass, with a string-wind ensemble mediating the discussion. In the second movement, slower, more reflective, the separation of ways grows more pronounced, to the point, indeed, where tempers flare, musically. However, as in certain of Ives's works (such as "The Unanswered Question") in which the instruments pursue personal purposes of their own, it is not a postulate that discussion should produce agreement. Nor is it purely a contemporary concept that music can discuss or expound musical problems. Vivaldi's *Il cimento dell'armonia e dell'inventione* is not without such overtones.

However Carter planned it, the outcome was not entirely disagreement. One could agree, heartily, that Erich Leinsdorf had done a masterful work of exposition and that the concerto should be included in one of his forthcoming New York programs. —Irving Kolodin.

Travel

Continued from page 50

sludge runs through a gate, but a mixture of tin and bauxite sinks into a trap. A ton of tin is worth $10,000, Malay, or $3,000, U.S.

The first rubber trees were planted in Malaya in 1896 and the first rubber poured from the trees in 1900. Rubber trees grew wild in the Amazon and the world's first rubber came from Brazil. The first seedlings were supposed to have been smuggled out of South America by an English priest and brought to Kew Gardens in England, but that is a romantic tale being dispensed by Ali Baba. In 1873 about 2,000 seedlings were indeed brought to Kew. Six plants were sent to Calcutta, where they perished, but a later attempt at Kew was more successful, and the plants sent to Ceylon started the plantations there. The trees in Malaya can trace their ancestry to Ceylon, and through that strain back to the hothouses of Kew.

THE automobile industry pressed the demand for plantation rubber at marketable prices, and the great growth of rubber trees, which seem now to run over endless tracts in the planned forests of Malaysia, in turn caused a shortage of labor. Indians came from the subcontinent and their ancestors now number nearly 800,000 citizens in the new nation.

About half of Malaysia's Indians are Hindus, about a third are Moslems, and there are some Sikhs, Christians, and lesser sects. About 45 per cent of the nation is Chinese; most of these worshipping in some combination of Taoism, Buddhism, and Confucianism. About 46 per cent are Malays, the original race of the peninsula and the archipelago. Virtually all of this segment of the population are Moslems.

The Chinese, as always, are small businessmen and big businessmen, the Malays are civil servants and farmers, and the Indians are largely plantation workers. About 40 per cent of the rubber comes from small growers, but the plantation through which we drove spread in all directions, acre upon acre. It was used for location scenes for the film *The Seven Dawns.* The road that bisects it, over which we rode, was a dangerous highway during the Communist Malay wars of the Fifties. The insurgents, some Communist Chinese, some Communist Malays, and a few Indians, were either killed or repatriated. The emergency was declared at an end in 1960, but there is no doubt that some of the guerrillas melted into the jungle and are being employed, what with their experience, to make new trouble in northern Thailand. —Horace Sutton.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1714

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Amateur astronomer.	181 23 100 174 113 9 131 71 41
B. Take charge of; be present at.	94 14 156 152 72 177
C. Divisions of bowling greens, long enough for matches to be held on them.	43 13 160 86 52
D. High peak in Grand Teton Nat'l Park.	21 186 3 110
E. Natural phenomenon whose spirit Shelley invited to "Swiftly walk over the western wave."	60 53 46 48 84
F. A part torn and hanging.	124 125 47 130 64 25
G. Body of people, sworn to decide on some matter of fact, which cannot agree (2 wds.)	172 148 114 96 36 118 30 58
H. Another item, in Calverley's ballad refrain, with *butter* and *a pound of cheese (The Auld Wife.)*	142 39 147 12
I. Small rodent animal, genus *Cricetus.*	108 158 68 63 151 15 185
J. Inspection to ascertain certain causes, usually unpopular at bridge, often legally essential.	165 37 112 42 29 135 176
K. Brightest star of a constellation.	70 95 157 103 35 122
L. Effect a termination by means of (2 wds.)	34 80 38 105 18 175 167
M. One of the agricultural phenomena amid which Ruth stood, in Thos. Hood's poem.	107 129 11 161 134
N. Given name of the famous woman swimmer of a generation ago, Miss Kellerman.	139 76 50 168 183 119 31
O. Describing an Arabic noun, as altered normally in its declension.	121 155 140 144 187 171 56 81
P. A matter of doubt.	102 146 126 20 117 162 166
Q. Add a finishing touch to (2 wds.)	7 78 10 16 65 182
R. George Washington's means of transportation from Mount Vernon to New York City for his inauguration, 1789.	2 128 188 180 27 154 145 138 51
S. Ring around.	87 133 55 49 67 5 123
T. Boat propelled by three rowers, only the middle one using two oars.	57 178 93 153 106 104
U. One highly esteemed weasel.	40 83 4 173 45 101
V. English treasury notes of World War I, as slangily nicknamed for the Secretary who signed them.	90 69 99 189 141 79 169 132 137 32
W. Observation.	170 179 82 163 143 111 136 77
X. Point in the moon's revolution of greatest northing or southing.	115 59 22 44 33 164 92 73 184
Y. A French king who was canonized (2 wds.)	75 8 97 62 6 109 28
Z. Temporary locale of the *Three Men* whose adventures convulsed our ancestors in the Nineties (3 wds.)	116 159 150 127 74 85 1
Z^1. Agent.	89 17 91 98 24 54 66 149
Z^2. Most recent.	19 120 61 26 190 88

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

				1 Z	2 R	3 D		4 U	5 S	6 Y	7 Q		8 Y	9 A	10 Q	11 M	12 H							
13 C	14 B	15 I			16 Q	17 Z^1	18 L	19 Z^2	20 P	21 D	22 X	23 A		24 Z^1	25 F	26 Z^2		27 R					
28 Y	29 J	30 G	31 N	32 V	33 X	34 L	35 K		36 G	37 J	38 L	39 H	40 U		41 A	42 J	43 C							
44 X	45 U	46 E		47 F	48 E	49 S	50 N	51 R	52 C		53 E	54 Z^1		55 S	56 O	57 T	58 G							
	59 X	60 E	61 Z^2	62 Y	63 I	64 F		65 Q	66 Z^1	67 S		68 I	69 V		70 K	71 A	72 B							
73 X	74 Z	75 Y	76 N		77 W	78 Q		79 V	80 L	81 O	82 W	83 U	84 E	85 Z	86 C	87 S								
88 Z^2	89 Z^1		90 V	91 Z^1		92 X	93 T	94 B	95 K	96 G	97 Y	98 Z^1	99 V	100 A	101 U	102 P								
103 K	104 T		105 L	106 T	107 M	108 I	109 Y	110 D	111 W	112 J	113 A	114 G		115 X	116 Z	117 P	118 G							
119 N	120 Z^2	121 O	122 K	123 S	124 F		125 F	126 P	127 Z	128 R	129 M		130 F	131 A	132 V	133 S	134 M							
135 J		136 W	137 V		138 R	139 N	140 O		141 V	142 H		143 W	144 O	145 R	146 P	147 H	148 G							
149 Z^1	150 Z	151 I	152 B	153 T		154 R	155 O	156 B		157 K	158 I	159 Z	160 C	161 M	162 P		163 W							
164 X	165 J	166 P		167 L	168 N	169 V	170 W		171 O	172 G	173 U	174 A	175 L	176 J		177 B	178 T							
179 W	180 R		181 A	182 Q	183 N	184 X	185 I	186 D	187 O	188 R	189 V	190 Z^2												

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue.

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